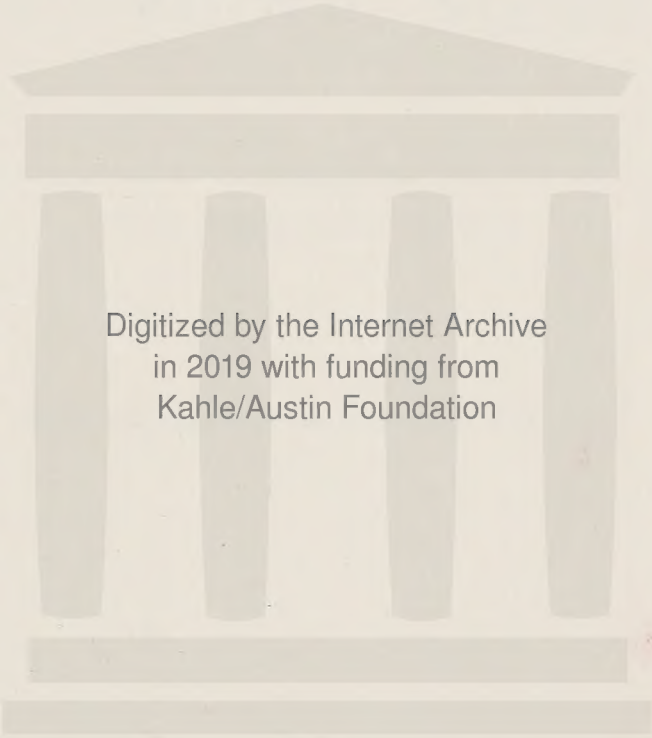
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HOUSEHOLD STORIES.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD H. WEHNERT.

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CONTENTS OF SECOND SERIES.

		Page
XCI.	The King of the Golden Mountain,	2
XCII.	The Raven,	17
XCIII.	Old Hildebrand,	23
XCIV.	The Water of Life,	27
XCV.	The Spirit in the Bottle,	34
XCVI.	The Two Wanderers,	40
XCVII.	The Experienced Huntsman,	52
XCVIII.	Professor Know-All,	59
XCIX.	Bearskin,	62
C.	The Wren and the Bear,	68
CI.	The Sweet Soup,	71
CII.	The Faithful Beasts,	72
CIII.	Three Little Tales about Toads,	77
CIV.	The Poor Miller's Son and the Cat,	79
CV.	Hans the Hedgehog,	83
CVI.	The Child's Grave,	89
CVII.	The Jew among Thorns,	90
CVIII.	The Flail which came from the Clouds,	96
CIX.	The Goose Girl,	98
CX.	The Two Kings' Children,	105
CXI.	The Valiant Tailor,	113
CXII.	The Blue Light,	117
CXIII.	The Three Army Surgeons,	122
CXIV.	The Seven Swabians,	125
CXV.	The Three Journeymen,	128
CXVI.	Ferdinand the Faithful and Ferdinand the Unfaithful,	132
CXVII.	The Shoes which were Danced to Pieces,	137
CXVIII.	The Three Brothers,	142
CXIX.	The Bright Sun brings on the Day,	144
CXX.	The Prince who was afraid of Nothing,	146
CXXI.	The Evil Spirit and his Grandmother,	152
CXXII.	The Idle Spinner,	156

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PAGE

CXXIII. The Four Accomplished Brothers, ... 159
CXXIV. The Donkey Cabbages, ... 164
CXXV. Little One-Eye, Little Two-Eyes, and Little Three-Eyes, . 172
CXXVI. The Fair Catherine and Pif-Paf Poltrie, ... 180
CXXVII. The Fox and the Horse, ... 182
CXXVIII. The Six Servants, ... 184
CXXIX. The Old Woman in the Wood, ... 192
CXXX. The White and the Black Bride, ... 195
CXXXI. The Man of Iron, ... 200
CXXXII The Three Black Princesses, ... 209
CXXXIII. Knoist and his Three Sons, ... 211
CXXXIV. The Iron Stove, ... 212
CXXXV. The Maid of Brakel, ... 218
CXXXVI. The Little Lamb and the Little Fish, ... 219
CXXXVII. Simeli-Mountain, ... 221
CXXXVIII. Going Out a-travelling, ... 224
CXXXIX. The Little Ass, ... 226
CXL. The Old Griffin, ... 230
CXLI. Snow-White and Rose-Red, ... 233
CXLII. The Family Servants, ... 246
CXLIII. The Turnip, ... 247
CXLIV. The Hen Roost, ... 251
CXLV. The Old Beggar-Woman, ... 252
CXLVI. The Three Sluggards, ... 253
CXLVII. The Little Shepherd Boy, ... 254
CXLVIII. The Undutiful Son, ... 256
CXLIX. Star Dollars, ... 257
CL. The Stolen Farthings, ... 258
CLI. The Bride-Choosing, ... 260
CLII. The Shreds, ... 261
CLIII. The Sparrow and his Four Children, ... 262
CLIV. The Tale of Schlauraffenland, ... 265
CLV. The Lying Tale, ... 267
CLVI. A Puzzling Tale, ... 268
CLVII. Wise Hans, ... 269
CLVIII. The Glass Coffin, ... 270
CLIX. Lazy Harry, ... 277
CLX. Strong Hans, ... 280
CLXI. Lean Betty, ... 288
CLXII. The House in the Wood, ... 290
CLXIII. Love and Sorrow to Share, ... 296
CLXIV King Wren, ... 298
CLXV. The Sole, ... 301
CLXVI. The Bittern and the Hoopoe, ... 302
CLXVII. The Owl, ... 303

PAGE

CLXVIII. Misfortune, ... 306
CLXIX. The Duration of Life, ... 307
CLXX. Death's Messengers, ... 309
CLXXI. Master Cobblersawl, ... 311
CLXXII. The Nix in the Pond, ... 316
CLXXIII. The Presents of the Little Folk, ... 323
CLXXIV. The Giant and the Tailor, ... 326
CLXXV. The Goose-Girl at the Well, ... 329
CLXXVI. The Nail, ... 341
CLXXVII. The Poor Boy in the Grave, ... 342
CLXXVIII. The True Bride, ... 346
CLXXIX. The Hare and the Hedgehog, ... 354
CLXXX. The Spindle, the Shuttle, and the Needle, ... 358
CLXXXI. The Countryman and the Evil Spirit, ... 362
CLXXXII. The Robber and his Sons, ... 364
CLXXXIII. The Master-Thief, ... 373
CLXXXIV. The Drummer, ... 382
CLXXXV. The Ears of Wheat, ... 393
CLXXXVI. The Grave-Mound, ... 394
CLXXXVII. Old Rinkrank, ... 399
CLXXXVIII. The Ball of Crystal, ... 402
CLXXXIX. Jungfrau Maleen, ... 406
CXC. The Boots made of Buffalo-Leather, ... 418

CHILDREN'S LEGENDS.

CXCI. Joseph in the Forest, ... 418
CXCII. Humility and Poverty lead to Heaven, ... 422
CXCIII. The Three Green Twigs, ... 424
CXCIV. The Old Widow, ... 427
CXCV. The Golden Key, ... 429
CXCVI. The Rose, ... 430

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SECOND SERIES.

PAGE

THE TWO WANDERERS 50

THE GOOSE GIRL 101

THE THREE BROTHERS 143

THE MAN OF IRON 207

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED . . . . . (*Frontispiece.*) 240

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD 393

THE NIX IN THE POND 316

THE MASTER-THIEF 377



Grimm's Household Stories.

XCL.

The King of the Golden Mountain.

CERTAIN merchant had two children, a boy and a girl, who, at the time our tale begins, were both so little that they could not run alone. This merchant had just sent away two richly-laden vessels in which he had embarked all his property, and, while he hoped to gain much money by their voyage, the news came that both ships had sunk to the bottom of the sea. Thus instead of a rich merchant he became a poor man, and he had nothing left but a field near the town where he dwelt, and therein, to divert his thoughts for a while from his loss, he went to walk. While he paced to and fro there suddenly appeared a little black Dwarf, who asked him the reason of his sorrowful looks, and what he took so much to heart?

"If you are able to help me," said the Merchant, "I will tell you."

"Who knows," replied the Dwarf, "whether I can or no?"

So then the Merchant told him what had happened: how all his wealth was sunk at the bottom of the sea, and nothing remained to him but this one field.

"Do not grieve yourself any longer," said the Dwarf; "for, if you will promise to bring me here in twelve years, whatever first rubs itself against your leg on your return home, you shall have all the money you can require." The Merchant thought it would be his dog who would meet him first, for he remembered not, just then, his children, so he gave the little black Man his word and honour to the bargain, and returned to his home.

Just as he came within sight of the house his little Boy saw him, and was so glad that he waddled up to him and clasped him by the knees. The Father was frightened, for his promise occurred to him, and he knew now what he had sworn to; but still, as he found no money in his coffers, he imagined it was only a joke on the part of the Dwarf. A month afterwards, however, he went on his land to seek for anything he could find to sell, and there he saw a great heap of gold. Now was he again prosperous, and bought and sold and became a great merchant, as he had been before. Meanwhile his Boy grew up clever and sensible, and the nearer he came to the age of twelve years the sadder became his Father, till people could see the traces of his anguish in his countenance. One day the Son asked him what was amiss; the Father would not tell him at first, but at last he related how he had sold him without knowing it to a little black Dwarf for a heap of money, and how he had set his seal and name to the bargain, so that when twelve years had passed he must deliver him up. "My Father," answered the Son, "do not be sorry about

such a matter; all will yet go well, for the Dwarf can have no power over me."

After this the Son caused himself to be blessed by a Priest, and, when the hour came, he and his Father went together to the field, and the Son drew a circle within which they both placed themselves.

Presently came the black Dwarf, and asked, "Have you brought with you what you promised?" The Father was silent; but the Son replied, "What do you want here?"

"I came to speak with your Father, and not with you," said the Dwarf.

"You have deceived and betrayed my Father," said the Son; "give up the paper you extorted from him."

"No! I will not surrender my rights!" replied the Dwarf.

Then they consulted together for some time, and at last they agreed that the Son, because he would not obey the Dwarf and did not any longer belong to his Father, should place himself in an open boat which laid upon the waters, and then that his Father should give the vessel a push that it might float whither it would. The Son, therefore, took leave of his Father, and set himself in the boat, which the Father thereupon pushed off; but, unhappily, the boat turned bottom upwards with the force of the shock, and the Father was forced to return home with the belief that his Son was dead, which grieved him sorely.

But the boat did not entirely sink, but floated quietly away, with the Youth clinging to it, till at length it touched on an unknown land and remained there. The youth then scrambled on shore, and saw, just opposite, a fine castle, towards which he hurried. As soon as he entered he found that it was an enchanted palace, and he walked through all the rooms, and found them all empty, till he came to the last, in which he discovered a snake curling itself round

and round. This Snake, however, was an enchanted Maiden, who was overjoyed to see the youth enter, and she said to him, "Are you come to deliver me? for twelve years have I waited for you, for this kingdom is enchanted, and you must free it from the spell."

"How can I do that?" he asked.

"This night," she replied, "twelve Black Dwarfs will come, laden with chains; and they will ask you what you do here; but, mind, give them no answer, and let them do what they will to you. They will torment you, beat and poke you about, but let all this happen without a word on your part and then for twelve years they must be off again. The second night twelve others will come, and the third night four-and-twenty, and these last will cut off your head; but at midnight their power passes away, and if you restrain yourself till then, and never speak a word, I am saved. Afterwards I will come to you with a flask which contains the water of life, and with this I will sprinkle you, that you shall regain your breath and be as healthy and well as before."

"I will save you willingly," he replied.

Now everything happened as the Snake said. The Black Dwarfs failed to compel him to speak, and the third night the Maiden became disenchanted, and came with the water of life, as she had said, to the youth, and restored him to life. Then the beautiful Princess fell around his neck and kissed him, and through all the castle there were joy and gladness. Soon their wedding was celebrated, and the Merchant's Son became the King of the Golden Mountain.

The happy pair lived in great contentment, and in course of time the Queen bore a son, and when eight years more had passed over their heads the King bethought himself of his Father, and his heart was so touched with the recollection that he wished to revisit him. The Queen

would not at first hear about such a thing, but he talked of it so often that at length she was obliged to consent, and said, "I know the journey will cause misfortune to me." At his departure she gave him a wishing-ring, and said, "Take this ring and wear it on your finger, and then, wherever you wish to be there you will find yourself; but this you must promise me, that you will not wish me to leave here to visit your Father's house."

The King promised, and, putting the ring on his finger, he wished himself before the town where his father dwelt. At the same moment he found himself there, and tried to go into the town, but as he came to the gate the guards would not let him pass, because he wore clothes so peculiar, and so rich and magnificent. Thereupon he climbed up a hill where a shepherd was watching sheep, and with him he changed clothes, and thus passed into the town unquestioned in the rough smock. When he came to his father's house he was not recognised, and the merchant would not believe it was his son, but said he certainly once had a son, but that he had been dead some years. Still, because he saw he was a poor thirsty shepherd, he willingly gave him a plate of food. At last the Youth asked his parents, "Do you know of any mark on my body whereby you will recognise me, for indeed I am your true son?"

"Yes," said the Mother; "our son had a mole-spot under his arm."

Instantly he drew his shirt back from his arm, and there they saw the mole-spot, so that they no longer doubted that he was their son. Then he told them that he was King of the Golden Mountain, and had a beautiful princess for his wife, and a child seven years old. But the merchant laughed at his son, saying, "Never can this be true! Here is a fine King indeed, who comes here in a ragged shepherd's smock!"

This made the son very angry; and, without consideration, he turned round his ring and wished both his child and wife were with him. In a moment they appeared; but the Queen wept, and complained that he had broken his promise, and made her unlucky. The King told her he had done it without thought and with no bad intention; and she appeared to be reconciled, but, in reality, she had evil in her heart.

After a while he took her to the field, out of the town, and showed her the water where his boat had been overturned, and there, feeling tired, he said to her, "I am weary; so rest yourself awhile, and I will lay my head in your lap and go to sleep." He did so, and the Queen waited quietly till he was sound asleep, and then she drew the ring off his finger, and carefully laid his head on the ground. Thereupon she took her child in her arms, and wished herself back in her kingdom. When, then, the King awoke, he found himself all alone, his wife and child gone, and the ring from his finger too. "Home to your parents," said he to himself, "you cannot go; they will say you are a magician; so you must travel about till you come again to your kingdom." With these thoughts he raised his courage, and by-and-by came to a mountain, before which three Giants stood, and contended with each other, because they knew not how to share their paternal inheritance. As soon as they saw the young man passing by, they called to him and said, "Come! little men have often wise heads: you shall divide our patrimony."

Now, this inheritance consisted, firstly, of a sword, which if one took into his hand and said, "Heads off all round, but not mine!" instantly every head near lay on the ground; secondly, of a cloak which rendered its wearer invisible; and thirdly, of a pair of boots which were capable of taking their wearer wherever he wished. The youth therefore said, "Give me these three things, that I

may prove them whether they are in good order or not." So they gave him the cloak, and as soon as he put it on he became invisible, in the form of a fly. He soon took his old form again and said, "The cloak is good; now give me the sword." "Oh, no!" said the Giants, "we do not give you that; for if you should say, 'Heads off, all round, but not mine!' all our heads would fall off, and you alone would have one." Still they gave it him on condition that he should prove it on a tree. This he did, and the sword cut the trunk in two as if it were a straw. Then he wished to have the boots, but the Giants said, "No, we do not give them away; for if you should pull them on, and wish yourself on the summit of this mountain, we may stand here without anything!" But the youth said that he would not do that, and so they gave him the boots, and, as he had now all three things, he thought of nothing but his wife and child; and he said, "Ah! were I upon the Golden Mountain!" Immediately he disappeared from the sight of the Giants, and thus divided their inheritance. As he came near his castle he heard great rejoicings, and the notes of flutes and fiddles, and the people told him that his consort was about to celebrate her wedding with another husband. This put him in a passion, and he exclaimed, "The false wretch! she has deceived and left me while I slept!" Then he put on the cloak and rendered himself invisible while he entered the castle, and in the hall he saw a large table spread out with costly delicacies, and guests eating and drinking, singing and laughing. In the middle sat the Queen, dressed in royal clothes, upon a magnificent throne, with a crown upon her head. The true King placed himself behind her; but nobody saw him and when they placed meat upon her plate he took it up and ate it himself; and each glass of wine which was handed to her he drank out, and so it went on: neither plate nor glass stayed in its place, each one disappeared in

a moment. This disturbed the Queen very much, and put her to shame, so that at length she got up, and went to her own chamber to weep; but here also he followed her. There she called out, "Is this the devil who persecutes me? or did my deliverer never come?" At these words he struck her on the cheek and cried, "Did thy deliverer never come? He is beside thee, thou traitress! Have I deserved this of thee?" Then he rendered himself visible again, and, going into the hall, he cried, "The wedding is over! the true King is come!" Then the kings, princes, and counsellors, who were assembled, mocked him and jeered him; but he gave them short answers, and asked, "Will you be off or not?" Then they tried to catch and imprison him; but he drew his sword, and said, "Heads off, all round, but not mine!" So all their heads rolled down the hill, and he was left master alone, and became once more "King of the Golden Mountain."



XCII.

The Raven.

ONCE upon a time there was a Queen who had a daughter so small that she was carried about on people's arms, and one day the child was so naughty that, spite of all the mother said, she would not be quiet. At last the Queen lost all patience, and, because the ravens were then flying about the palace, she opened the window and said, "I wish you were a raven, and could fly away, and then I should have some peace!" Scarcely had she said the words when the child changed into a raven, and flew away off her arm out at the window, and away into a dark forest, where she remained a long time, and the parents heard nothing about her.

Some little time afterwards a man, while travelling along, found himself in this wood, and there he heard the Raven cry, and he went after the sound. As he came near, the Raven said to him, "I am a princess by birth, and am bewitched; but you can deliver me from the charm."

"What can I do, then?" he asked.

"Go on further into the wood," she replied, "and you will find a house wherein sits an old woman, who will offer you meat and drink; but do not venture to take anything, for if you do you will fall into a deep sleep, and fail to free me. In the garden behind this house is a large heap of tan, whereon you must stand and wait for me. For three days I shall come at two o'clock, in a carriage drawn, the first time, by four white horses, then by four red, and lastly by four black; and if you are asleep when I come you will not rescue me; so you must mind to keep awake."

The man promised to do all that she desired; but the

Raven said, "Ah! but I know well you will not deliver me, for you will take something from the old woman." The man promised again he would not touch either the meat or drink, and then he went on, and, when he came to the house and entered, the old woman met him, and said to him, "Poor man, how weary you look! come, and refresh yourself with these dishes." But he said, "No, I will neither eat nor drink." Still she pressed him, saying, "Well, if you will not eat, take a draught of wine; once is nothing at all." So the man allowed himself to be persuaded, and drank a little, and by-and-by, when midnight came, he went out into the garden, on to the tan-heap, and waited for the Raven. But while he stood there he became all at once very tired, and could not shake off the feeling, so he laid down a bit, without venturing to sleep. However, he had scarcely stretched himself out when his eyes closed of themselves, and he soon began to snore, and was so very fast asleep, that nothing on earth could have awakened him. About two o'clock came the Raven, drawn by four white horses, and as she came along she felt assured she should find the man asleep; and so it was: as soon as she came into the garden, she saw him lying on the tan-heap fast asleep. She alighted from her carriage, went up to him, shook him, and shouted to him; but he did not awake. The next night, at twelve, the old woman came, and brought the man food and drink, but he would take nothing, till she pressed him so long and left him no rest till at last he took a long draught out of the glass of wine. About two o'clock he began again to watch upon the heap of tan for the Raven, but, as before, he soon felt so weary that his legs would not support him, and he was forced to lie down, and he fell into a deep sleep. When the Raven, therefore, came with her four red horses, she was in great distress, for she had a presentiment of finding the man asleep, as she did, and all her efforts to awaken

him were in vain The next day the old woman scolded the man and said, "What will happen if you neither eat nor drink? you will die!" "I dare not, and will not, eat and drink," replied the man. Nevertheless, the old woman set the dishes before him, and, the savour of them was so nice, he could not resist, and he made a hearty meal, and afterwards, when the time came, he went out into the garden, and there waited for the Princess upon the tan-heap. Soon he felt more weary than he had ever been before, and he laid down, and went as fast asleep as a stone. About two o'clock came the Raven, drawn by four black horses, and the coach also was black, and all the harness. She was already in tears, for she knew, as she drove along, she should find the man asleep; and so he was. She shook him and called to him, but in vain; she could not awaken him. So she laid by him a loaf of bread, a joint of meat, and a bottle of wine, of which he might take as much as he would, without lessening the quantity. Then she drew a golden ring off her finger, and put it on his finger, and on it her name was engraven. Lastly, she laid beside him a letter, wherein was stated what was given to him; and further it said, "I see well thou wilt never save me here; but, if thou yet desire to do so, come to the Golden Castle of Stromberg; it is in thy power." And as soon as she had done all this she placed herself in her carriage again, and was driven to this castle.

By-and-by the man awoke and saw what happened, and he was sad at heart, for he thought, "Now she has gone away, and I have not saved her." Then his eyes lighted upon the things she had left, and he read the letter which contained the account of them. Soon he arose and marched off on his way to the Golden Castle of Stromberg, but he recollected he did not know where it was. For some time he wandered about the world, and at length he came to a large forest, wherein for fourteen days he walked

to and fro, and could not get out. One day, as evening came on, he felt tired and laid down in a thicket and went to sleep. The next day he walked still further, and laid down at night beneath another thicket; but there he heard such a howling and groaning that he could not sleep. When the time came that people put out their lights he saw a lamp glimmering, towards which he made his way, and there he came to a house before which stood a Giant. But he thought to himself, "If I go in, and the Giant see me, my life is scarce worth counting on;" and with this idea he waited a long while before he entered. At last he ventured, and as soon as the Giant saw him, he cried, "It is well that you have come, for I have eaten nothing for a long time, and you will serve for my supper."

"Let that be!" said the man; "I am not at all willing to be roasted; but, if you want to eat, I have enough here to satisfy you!"

"Well, if that is true," said the Giant, "you may rest quietly: I only meant to eat you because I had nothing else!" Thereupon they went in and sat down to table, and the man produced bread and meat and wine. "This pleases me well enough," said the Giant; and he ate to his heart's content. By-and-by the man asked him, "Can you tell me where the Golden Castle of Stromberg is situate?"

"I will look at my map," replied the Giant, "whereon are laid down all the cities, villages, and houses hereabouts." So saying, he fetched the map, which he kept in another room, and looked for the castle, but it was nowhere to be found. "It does not matter," said the Giant, "I have a still larger map upstairs in a closet;" but when they looked over that the name was not to be found there either. The man would then have proceeded further, but the Giant begged him to stop a couple of days, until his brother returned who was gone to seek for something to eat. As soon as the brother came home, they asked him

after the Golden Castle of Stromberg, but he would not talk about anything till he had satisfied his hunger, and then he mounted with them to his chamber, and there they searched all over the map for the castle, without success; so then they fetched other maps, and did not leave off looking till at last they found the place; but it was many thousand miles away from where they were. "Now, how can I get there?" asked the man.

"I have two hours to spare," said the Giant, "and in that time I will carry you near the castle, but I must then return at once and feed the child we have." So the Giant took the man within about a hundred miles of the castle, and there set him down, and told him he could easily go the rest of the way by himself. So saying, he turned homewards; but the man journeyed on day and night, till at length he arrived in sight of the Golden Castle of Stromberg. Now, this castle stood upon a glass mountain, and he could see the Princess riding round in her carriage, and then go into the gate. At this sight he felt very glad and began to mount up to the place, but every step he took he slipped back again. When, therefore, he perceived he could not reach the Princess, he became very sorrowful, and said to himself, "I will stop here, and wait upon her." So he built himself a hut, and for a whole year lived in it, every day seeing the Princess driving about up above while he was unable to reach her.

One day he perceived from his hut three robbers beating one another, and he called to them, "God be with you!" They ceased at the voice, but when they saw nobody they began again to knock each other about, so that it was quite dangerous. Then he called to them a second time, "God be with you!" They ceased at the word, looked about, but saw nobody, and they began to beat each other again; and so the man exclaimed for the third time, "God be with you!" and went out and asked the three

combatants what they wanted. The first said he had found a stick which opened every door against which it was struck; the second had found a cloak which rendered its wearer invisible; but the third had caught a horse upon which any one could ride up the glass mountain. Now, they could not agree whether they should keep company with one another, or should separate; so the man said, "These three things I will exchange with you; money certainly I have not, but other things which are more valuable. Still, I must first have a trial, that I may see if you have spoken the truth." So they let him mount the horse, and hung the cloak around him, and put the stick into his hand, and when they had given him all he was invisible to them. Then he gave them heavy blows upon the shoulders, and exclaiming, "Now, you bear-hunters, now you have your deserts; be content therewith!" he rode up the glass mountain, and as he arrived before the castle door he found it closed. He, therefore, tapped upon it with his stick, and immediately it flew open, and he entered and mounted the stairs which led to the room where the Princess sat with a golden cup full of wine before her. She could not see him, because he wore the cloak, and as he came close to her chair he drew off the ring which she had given him, and threw it into the cup of wine, so that it rang against the side. Then she exclaimed, "That is my ring, and the man must also be here who will deliver me!" and she made a search for him all over the castle; but he had gone out meanwhile, and now sat on his horse outside the door with the cloak thrown off. As soon, therefore, as she went out at the door she saw him, and cried for joy, and the man, dismounting from his horse, took her in his arms, and the Princess kissed him and said, "Now you have indeed saved me, and to-morrow we will be married!"

XCIII.

Old Hildebrand.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old Farmer, and his Daughter with him, whom the Parson of the village, having once seen, took a great fancy to; and he thought he should be very happy if he could manage one day to have a long talk with her alone. To this the Daughter had no objection, and the Parson one day said to her, "Oh! my dear maiden, hear what I have to say: I will tell you how to manage, that we may have a whole day all to ourselves. About the middle of this week do you lie in bed one morning, and tell your father you are very ill, and groan and sigh very badly, and keep that up all the week. Then, on Sunday, when I come to deliver my sermon, I will preach that whoever has at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father or mother, a sick sister or brother, or any other relative, and shall make a journey to the Bell Mountain in Wales, such an one's sick child, sick husband or wife, sick father or mother, sick sister or brother, or any other relative, shall become well on the instant."

"Oh! that I will do for you," said the girl; and thereupon, about the middle of the week, she laid a-bed, and, spite of all her Father brought or did for her, she groaned and sighed till the Sunday, as if she were full of pain. On Sunday the Daughter said to her Father, "Oh! I am really so miserably ill, I feel as if I should die; but once before my end I should like to hear the Parson again, and hear the sermon which he will deliver to-day."

"Ah! my child," replied the Farmer, "you must not do that you would be all the worse for it if you got up

But never mind; I will go to church, and pay great attention to the sermon, and afterwards come and tell you all the Parson said."

"Ah! very well," said the Daughter, "but mind you are very attentive, and tell me everything."

So away went the Farmer to church; and, after the Parson had chanted and read all the service, he got into the pulpit and began his sermon. In the course of it he said, "If any one here has a sick child, a sick husband or a sick wife, a sick father or mother, a sick brother or a sick sister, or any other relative, and shall go to the Bell Mountain in Wales, to such an one shall the sick child, sick husband or wife, sick father or mother, sick sister or brother, or any other relative, regain health immediately; especially if he take with him a cross and some laurel leaves which I will give him after service." Then was nobody quicker than the Farmer in going to the Parson after service for his laurel leaves and cross; and as soon as he had received them he hurried home; and almost before he got to the door he called out, "Come, my dear daughter, you will soon be well. The Parson has preached to-day that whosoever having a sick child, a sick husband or wife, a sick mother or father, a sick brother or a sick sister, or any other person, shall go to the Bell Mountain, with a cross and laurel leaves given him by the Parson, his sick child, sick husband or wife, sick father or mother, sick sister or brother, or any other relative, shall recover immediately. Now, the laurel leaves and cross I have received from the Parson, and I shall set out immediately on the journey, that you may be the earlier in good health." So saying, he set out; but scarcely had he gone when the Daughter got up, and very soon afterwards in stepped the Parson. Here we will leave them a bit while we follow the Farmer in his wanderings. As we have said, he had set out at once, that he might reach the Bell Mountain the sooner

and on his way his Cousin met him, who was an egg-merchant, and was just come from market, having sold his eggs.

"Good day to you," said the Cousin; "whither are you going?"

"To Wales, cousin," he replied, "my daughter is very ill; and the Parson said yesterday in his sermon that whoever having at home a sick child, a sick husband or wife, a sick father or a sick mother, a sick brother, sister, or any other relation, should then make a journey to the Bell Mountain in Wales, carrying in his hand some laurel and a cross, blessed and given by the Parson—whoever should do this, then that his sick child, sick mother or sick father, husband or wife, sick brother or sick sister, or any other relative, would immediately be restored to health. So this laurel and cross I have received from the Priest, and now I am hastening to the mountain."

"But hold, cousin, stop!" said the other to the Farmer, "are you so simple as to believe that? Why, how do you know that the Parson may not perchance wish to have a comfortable talk with your daughter alone, and therefore has contrived this tale to take you away from home?"

"Mercy on us!" said the Farmer, "if I did but know whether that were true or not!"

"Well, you soon can see," replied the Cousin; "just get into my cart, and I will drive you home, that you may satisfy yourself."

It was soon done; and as they drove nearer to the house they heard the sounds of merriment. There had the Farmer's Daughter gathered the best of everything out of the farmyard and garden, and made all manner of savoury dishes, and the Parson was there to partake of them. So the Cousin knocked at the door, and the Maiden inquired who was there.

"It is only me, cousin," replied he; "will you give me

a night's lodging. I have just sold my eggs in the market, and I meant to have got home to-night; but it is so dark already that I dare not go."

"You have come at a very unlucky moment, cousin," replied the Farmer's Daughter; "but since you are quite alone you may come in and set yourself down in the chimney corner."

So the egg-merchant, carrying his basket, came in and sat down where he was bid, while the Parson and the Daughter made themselves very merry together over their meal. Presently the Parson said, "You can sing I think, my dear; just give us a bit of a song."

"Well," said she, "I could sing once when I was very young; but now I have forgotten how, and it is almost all lost to me."

"Never mind; do just try!" entreated the Parson. So the Farmer's Daughter began:—

"Oh! well have I sent my father away
To the mountains in Wales so high!"

and then the Parson joined in—

"And there he shall stop for a year and a day;
And merry the time will pass by."

Presently the Cousin within struck up—(but here I must tell you the Farmer's name was Hildebrand)—

"Hearest thou that, my Hildebrand dear?
Why sit'st thou so quiet, so near, so near?"

And directly the Farmer made answer—

"Oh! more of your singing I never can stand!
And out of this basket I must get my hand!"

With these words he jumped up from the basket, and bundled the Parson out of the house.

XCIV.

The Water of Life.

ONCE upon a time there was a King who was so ill that every body despaired of his life, and his three Sons were very sorry, and went out into the palace gardens to weep. There they met an old Man, who asked the cause of their grief, and they told him their Father was so ill that he must die, for nothing could save him. The old Man said, "I know a means of saving him: if he drinks of the water of life it will restore him to health; but it is very difficult to find."

"I will soon find it," said the eldest Son, and, going to the sick King, he begged his permission to set out in search of the water of life, which alone could save him. "No; the danger is too great," said the King; "I prefer to die." Nevertheless the Son begged and entreated so long that the King consented, and the Prince went away, thinking in his own heart, "If I bring this water I am the dearest to my Father, and I shall inherit his kingdom."

After he had ridden a long way about he met a Dwarf on the road, who asked him, "Whither away so quickly?"

"You stupid dandyprat," replied the Prince proudly, "why should I tell you that?" and he rode off. But the little Man was angry and he wished an evil thing, so that soon after the Prince came into a narrow mountain pass, and the further he rode the narrower it grew, till at last it was so close that he could get no further; but neither could he turn his horse round, nor dismount, and he sat there like one amazed. Meanwhile the sick King waited a long while for him, but he did not come; and the second Son asked leave to go too and seek the water, for he

thought to himself, "If my Brother is dead the kingdom comes to me." At first the King refused to spare him; but he gave way, and the Prince set out on the same road as the elder one had taken, and met also the same Dwarf, who stopped him and asked him, "Whither ride you so hastily?" "Little dandyprat," replied the Prince, "what do you want to know for?" and he rode off without looking round. The Dwarf, however, enchanted him, and it happened to him as it had to his Brother: he came to a defile where he could move neither forwards nor backwards. Such is the fate of all haughty people.

Now, when the second Son did not return, the youngest begged leave to go and fetch the water, and the King was obliged at last to give his consent. When he met the Dwarf, and was asked whither he was going so hurriedly, he stopped and replied, "I seek the water of life, for my Father is sick unto death." "Do you know where to find it?" asked the Dwarf. "No," replied the Prince. "Since you have behaved yourself as you ought," said the Dwarf, "and not haughtily like your false Brothers, I will give you information and show you where you may obtain the water of life. It flows from a fountain in the court of an enchanted castle, into which you can never penetrate if I do not give you an iron rod and two loaves of bread. With the rod knock thrice at the iron door of the castle, and it will spring open. Within lie two lions with open jaws, but if you throw down to each a loaf of bread they will be quiet. Then hasten and fetch some of the water of life before it strikes twelve, for then the door will shut again and you will be imprisoned."

The Prince thanked the Dwarf, and, taking the road and bread, he set out on his journey, and as he arrived at the castle he found it as the Dwarf had said. At the third knock the door sprang open; and, when he had stilled the Lions with the bread, he walked into a fine large hall,

where sat several enchanted Princes, from whose fingers he drew off the rings, and he also took away with him a sword and some bread which lay there. A little further he came to a room wherein stood a beautiful maiden, who was so pleased to see him that she kissed him and said he had freed her, and should have her whole kingdom, and if he came in another year their wedding should be celebrated. Then she told him where the fountain of the water of life was placed, and he hastened away lest it should strike twelve ere he gained it. He came next into a room where a fine clean covered bed stood, and, being tired, he laid down to rest himself a bit. But he went to sleep, and when he awoke it struck the quarter to twelve, and the sound made him hurry to the fountain, from which he took some water in a cup which stood near. This done, he hastened to the door, and was scarcely out before it struck twelve, and the door swung to so heavily that it carried away a piece of his heel.

But he was very glad, in spite of this, that he had procured the water, and he journeyed homewards, and passed again where the Dwarf stood. When the Dwarf saw the sword and bread which he had brought away he declared he had done well, for with the sword he could destroy whole armies; but the bread was worth nothing. Now, the Prince was not willing to return home to his Father without his Brothers, and so he said to the Dwarf, "Dear Dwarf, can you tell me where my Brothers are? they went out before me in search of the water of life, and did not return." "They are stuck fast between two mountains," replied the Dwarf; "because they were so haughty, I enchanted them there."

Then the Prince begged for their release, till at last the Dwarf brought them out; but he warned the youngest to beware of them, for they had evil in their hearts.

When his Brothers came he was very glad, and he

related to them all that had happened to him ; how he had found the water of life and brought away a cup full of it; and how he had rescued a beautiful Princess, who for a whole year was going to wait for him, and then he was to return to be married to her, and receive a rich kingdom. After this tale the three Brothers rode away together, and soon entered a province where there were war and famine raging, and the King thought he should perish, so great was his necessity. The youngest Prince went to this King and gave him the bread, with which he fed and satisfied his whole people; and then the Prince gave him the sword, wherewith he defeated and slew all his enemies, and regained peace and quiet. This effected, the Prince took back the bread and sword, and rode on further with his Brothers, and by-and-by they came to two other provinces where also war and famine were destroying the people. To each King the Prince lent his bread and sword, and so saved three kingdoms. After this they went on board a ship to pass over the sea which separated them from home, and during the voyage the two elder Brothers said to one another, "Our Brother has found the water of life and we have not; therefore our Father will give the kingdom which belongs to us to him, and our fortune will be taken away." With these thoughts they became revengeful, and consulted together how they should kill him, and one day waiting till he was fast asleep, they poured the water out of his cup and took it for themselves, while they filled his up with bitter salt-water. As soon as they arrived at home the youngest Brother took his cup to the sick King, that he might drink out of it and regain his health. But scarcely had he drunk a very little of the water when he became worse than before, for it was as bitter as wormwood. While the King lay in this state, the two elder Princes came, and accused their Brother of poisoning his Father; but they had brought the right

water, and they handed it to the King. Scarcely had he drunk a little out of the cup when the King felt his sickness leave him, and soon he was as strong and healthy as in his young days. The two Brothers now went to the youngest Prince, mocking him, and saying, "You certainly found the water of life; but you had the trouble and we had the reward; you should have been more cautious and kept your eyes open, for we took your cup while you were asleep on the sea; and, moreover, in a year one of us intends to fetch your Princess. Beware, however, that you betray us not; the King will not believe you, and if you say a single word your life will be lost; but if you remain silent you are safe." The old King, nevertheless, was very angry with his youngest Son, who had conspired, as he believed, against his life. He caused his court to be assembled, and sentence was given to the effect that the Prince should be secretly shot; and once as he rode out hunting, unsuspicious of any evil, the Huntsman was sent with him to perform the deed. By-and-by, when they were alone in the wood, the Huntsman seemed so sad that the Prince asked him what ailed him. The Huntsman replied, "I cannot and yet must tell you." "Tell me boldly what it is," said the Prince, "I will forgive you." "Ah! it is no other than that I must shoot you, for so has the King ordered me," said the Huntsman with a deep sigh.

The Prince was frightened, and said, "Let me live, dear Huntsman, let me live! I will give you my royal coat and you shall give me yours in exchange." To this the Huntsman readily assented, for he felt unable to shoot the Prince, and after they had exchanged their clothing the Huntsman returned home, and the Prince went deeper into the wood.

A short time afterwards three waggons laden with gold and precious stones came to the King's palace for his

youngest Son, and they were sent by the three Kings in token of gratitude for the sword which had defeated their enemies, and the bread which had nourished their people. At this arrival the old King said to himself, "Perhaps after all my Son was guiltless," and he lamented to his courtiers that he had let his Son be killed. But the Huntsman cried out, "He lives yet! for I could not find it in my heart to fulfil your commands," and he told the King how it had happened. The King felt as if a stone had been removed from his heart, and he caused it to be proclaimed everywhere throughout his dominions that his Son might return and would again be taken into favour.

Meanwhile the Princess had caused a road to be made up to her castle of pure shining gold, and she told her attendants that whoever should ride straight up this road would be the right person, and one whom they might admit into the castle; but, on the contrary, whoever should ride up not on the road, but by the side, they were ordered on no account to admit, for he was not the right person. When, therefore, the time came round which the Princess had mentioned to the youngest Prince, the eldest Brother thought he would hasten to her castle and announce himself as her deliverer, that he might gain her as a bride and the kingdom besides. So he rode away, and when he came in front of the castle and saw the fine golden road he thought it would be a shame to ride thereon, and so he turned to the left hand and rode up out of the road. But as he came up to the door the guards told him he was not the right person, and he must ride back again. Soon afterwards the second Prince also set out, and he, likewise, when he came to the golden road, and his horse set his fore feet upon it, thought it would be a pity to travel upon it, and so he turned aside to the right hand and went up. When he came to the gate the guards refused him admittance, and told him he was not the person expected, and so

he had to return homewards. The youngest Prince, who had all this time been wandering about in the forest, had also remembered that the year was up, and soon after his Brothers' departure he appeared before the castle and rode up straight on the golden road, for he was so deeply engaged in thinking of his beloved Princess that he did not observe it. As soon as he arrived at the door it was opened, and the Princess received him with joy, saying he was her deliverer and the lord of her dominions. Soon after their wedding was celebrated, and when it was over the Princess told her husband that his Father had forgiven him and desired to see him. Thereupon he rode to the old King's palace, and told him how his Brothers had betrayed him while he slept and had sworn him to silence. When the King heard this he would have punished the false Brothers, but they had prudently taken themselves off in a ship, and they never returned home afterwards.



XCV.

The Spirit in the Bottle.

THERE was once upon a time a poor Woodcutter who worked from morning till quite late at night, and after doing so for a very long time he managed to save some money, and said to his Son, "You are my only child, and so this money, which I have earned by the hard sweat of my brow, shall be spent on your education. Do you learn something useful whereby you may support me in my old age, when my limbs become so stiff that I am obliged to sit still at home."

Thereupon the Son went to a great school, and was very industrious, so that he became much noticed for it; and there he remained a long time. After he had gone through a long course of study, but still had not learnt all that was to be learnt, the store of money which his Father had earned was exhausted, and he was obliged to return home again.

"Ah, I can give you no more," said the Father, sadly, "for in these dear times I can scarce earn enough for my daily bread."

"Make yourself easy on that point, my dear father," replied the Son; "if it is God's will, be sure it is all for the best: I will suit myself to the times."

Afterwards, when the Father was about to go to the forest to earn something by chopping and clearing, his Son said, "I will accompany you and help you." "Ah, but my son," said the Father, "that will be a hard matter for you, who have never been used to such hard work; you must not attempt it; besides, I have only one axe, and no money either to buy another."

"Go then and ask your neighbour to lend you one, till I shall have earned enough to buy one for myself," replied the Son.

So the Father borrowed an axe of his neighbour, and the next morning, at break of day, they went together to the forest. The Son assisted his Father, and was very lively and merry over his work, and about noon, when the sun stood right over their heads, the Father proposed to rest for a while, and eat their dinner, and then, after that, they would be able to work all the better. The Son, however, taking his share of bread, said, "Do you rest here, father; I am not tired; and I will go a little way into the forest, and look for birds' nests."

"Oh, you silly fellow!" said the Father, "what do you want to run about for? you will make yourself so tired, you will not be able to raise your arm: keep quiet a bit and sit down here with me."

But the young man would not do so, but went off among the trees, eating his bread, and peeping about among the bushes for any nest he could find. To and fro he walked a long way, and presently came to an immense oak-tree, which was certainly many hundred years old, and could not have been spanned round by any five men. He stopped still to look at this tree, thinking that many a bird's nest must be built within it, and while he did so he suddenly heard, as he thought, a voice. He listened, and soon heard again a half-smothered cry of "Let me out! let me out!" He looked around, but could see nothing; still the voice appeared to come, as it were, from the ground. So he called "Where are you?" and the Voice replied, "Here I stick, among the roots of the oak-tree: let me out! let me out!" The Scholar, therefore, began to search at the foot of the tree, where the roots spread, and at last, in a little hollow, he found a glass bottle. He picked it up, and, holding it to the light, he perceived a thing in shape

like a frog, which kept jumping up and down. 'Let me out! let me out!" cried the thing again; and the Scholar, thinking no evil, drew out the stopper of the bottle. Immediately a Spirit sprang out, and began to grow and grow so fast, that in a very few moments he stood before the Scholar like a frightful giant, half the size of the tree. "Do you know," he cried, with a voice like thunder, "do you know what your reward is for letting me out of the glass bottle?"

"No," replied the Scholar, without fear; "how should I?"

"Then I will tell you," cried the Spirit: "I must break your neck!"

"You should have told me that before," returned the Scholar, "and then you should have stuck where you were; but my head will stick on my shoulders in spite of you, for there are several people's opinions to be asked yet about that matter."

"Keep your people out of my way," rejoined the Spirit; "but your deserved reward you must receive. Do you suppose I have been shut up so long out of mercy? no; it was for my punishment: I am the mighty Mercury, and whoever lets me out, his neck must I break."

"Softly, softly!" said the Scholar, "that is quicker said than done; I must first know really that you were in the bottle, and that you are truly a spirit; if I see you return into the bottle, I will believe, and then you may do with me what you please."

Full of pride, the Spirit answered, "That is an easy matter," and, drawing himself together, he became as thin as he had been at first, and soon crept through the same opening back again into the bottle. Scarcely was he completely in when the Scholar put the stopper back into the neck, and threw the bottle down among the oak-tree roots at the old place; so the Spirit was deceived.

After this the Scholar would have gone back to his

Father, but the Spirit cried lamentably, "Oh, let me out! do let me out!"

"No," replied the Scholar, "not a second time: he who tried to take away my life once I shall not let out in a hurry, when I have got him safe again."

"If you will free me," pleaded the Spirit, "I will give you as much as will serve you for your lifetime."

'No, no!" rejoined the Scholar, "you will deceive me as you did at first."

"You are fighting against your own fortune," replied the Spirit; "I will do you no harm, but reward you richly."

"Well, I will hazard it," thought the Scholar to himself; "perhaps he will keep his word, and do me no injury;" and, so thinking, he took the stopper out of the bottle again, and the Spirit sprang out as before, stretched himself up, and became as big as a giant.

"Now you shall have your reward," said the Spirit, reaching the Scholar a little piece of rag in shape like a plaster. "If you apply one end of this to a wound it shall heal directly, and, if you touch with the other steel or iron, either will be changed into silver."

"That I must try first," said the Scholar; and, going to a tree, he tore off a piece of the bark with his axe, and then touched it with the one end of the rag, and immediately the wound closed up as if nothing had been done. "Now it is all right," said the Scholar, "now we can separate." Then the Spirit thanked him for releasing him, and the Scholar thanked the Spirit for his present, and went back to his Father.

'Where have you been roaming to?" asked the Father; "why, you have quite forgotten your work. I said rightly that you would do nothing of this kind well."

"Be contented, father; I will make up the time," said the Son.

"Yes, you will make it up, truly," broke in the Father angrily, "without an axe!"

"Now, see, father, I will cut down that tree at one blow!" and, so saying, the son took his rag, rubbed the axe with it, and gave a powerful blow, but because the axe was changed into silver the edge turned up. "Ah, father, do you see what an axe you have given me! it has no edge at all!" said the Son.

The Father was frightened and said, "Ah! what have you done? now I must pay for the axe, and I know not how; for it is the one which I borrowed for your work."

"Don't be angry; I will soon pay for the axe," said the Son; but the Father exclaimed, "Why, you simpleton, how will you do that? you have nothing but what I give you: this is some student's trick which is stuck in your head, but of woodcutting you know nothing at all!"

After a pause the Scholar said, "Father, I can work no more; let us make holiday now."

"Eh? what?" was the answer, "do you think I can keep my hands in my pockets as you do? I must get on, but you can go home." The Son replied he did not know the way, as it was his first time of being in the forest, and at last he persuaded his Father to accompany him home, his wrath being past away. When they arrived at their house, the Father told his son to go and sell the axe which was damaged, and the rest he must earn in order to pay his neighbour for it. So the Son took the axe, and carried it to a Goldsmith in the city, who, after proving it, laid it in his scales, and said, "It is worth four hundred dollars, and so much I have not by me in the house."

"Give me what you have," said the Scholar, "and I will trust you the remainder." The Goldsmith gave him three hundred dollars and left the other as a debt, and thereupon the Scholar went home, and said to his Father

"Go, ask the neighbour what he will have for his axe; for I have got some money."

"I know already," answered his Father; "one dollar six groschen is the price."

"Then give him two dollars and twelve groschen; that is double, and enough; see, here, I have money in abundance!" and he gave his Father one hundred dollars, saying, "You shall never want now; live at your ease."

"My goodness!" said the man, "where have you procured this money?"

The Son told his Father all that had happened, and how he had made such a capital catch by trusting to his luck. With the rest of the money, however, he returned to the university, and learnt all that he could; and afterwards, because he could heal all wounds with his plaster, he became the most celebrated doctor in the whole world.



XCVI.

The Two Wanderers.

IT is certain that hills and valleys always meet, and it often happens on the earth that her children, both the good and the wicked, cross each other's paths continually. So it once occurred that a Shoemaker and a Tailor fell together during their travels. Now, the Tailor was a merry little fellow, always making the best of everything; and, as he saw the Shoemaker approaching from the opposite road, and remarked by his knapsack what trade he was, he began a little mocking rhyme, singing:—

"Stitch, stitch away with your needle,
Pull away hard with your thread,
Rub it with wax to the right and the left,
And knock the old peg on the head!"

The Shoemaker, however, could not take a joke, and drew a long face as if he had been drinking vinegar, while he seemed inclined to lay hold of the Tailor by the collar. But the latter began to laugh, and handed his bottle to the other, saying, "It is not ill meant; just drink, and wash down the gall." The Shoemaker thereupon took a long pull, and immediately the gathering storm vanished; and, as he gave the Tailor back his bottle, he said, "I should have spoken to you roughly, but one talks better after a great drinking than after long thirst. Shall we travel together now?" "Right willingly," answered the Tailor, "if you have but a mind to go into some large town where work is not wanting to those who seek it." "That is just the place I should like," rejoined the Shoemaker; "in a little nest there is nothing to be earned, and the people in the country would rather go barefoot than

buy shoes." So they wandered away, setting always one foot before the other, like a weasel in the snow.

Time enough had both our heroes, but little either to bite or break. When they came to the first town, they went round requesting work, and because the Tailor looked so fresh and merry, and had such red cheeks, every one gave him what he could spare to do, and moreover he was so lucky that the master's daughters, behind the shop, would give him a kiss as he passed. So it happened that, when he met again with his companion, his bundle was the better filled of the two. The fretful Shoemaker drew a sour face, and thought, "The greater the rogue the better the luck;" but the other began to laugh and sing, and shared all that he received with his comrade. For, if only a couple of groschen jingled in his pocket, he would out with them, throw them on the table with such force that the glasses danced, and cry out, "Lightly earned, lightly spent!"

After they had wandered about for some time they came to a large forest, through which the road passed to the royal city; but there were two ways, one of which was seven days long, and the other only two, but neither of the travellers knew which was the shorter. They, therefore, sat down under an oak-tree, to consult how they should manage, and for how many days they could take bread with them. The Shoemaker said, "One must provide for further than one goes, so I will take with me bread for seven days."

"What!" cried the Tailor, "carry bread for seven days on your back like a beast of burden, so that you can't look round! I shall commit myself to God, and care for nothing. The money which I have in my pocket is as good in summer as in winter, but the bread will get dry, and musty beside, in this hot weather. Why should we not find the right way? Bread for two days, and luck

with it!" Thereupon each one bought his own bread, and then they started in the forest to try their fortune.

It was as quiet and still as a church. Not a breath of wind was stirring, not a brook bubbling, a bird singing, nor even a sunbeam shining through the thick leaves. The Shoemaker spoke never a word, for the heavy bread pressed upon his back so sorely that the sweat ran down over his morose and dark countenance. The Tailor, on the other hand, was as merry as a lark, jumping about, whistling through straws, or singing songs. Thus two days passed; but on the third, when no end was to be found to the forest, the Tailor's heart fell a bit, for he had eaten all his bread: still he did not lose courage, but put his trust in God and his own luck. The third evening he laid down under a tree hungry, and awoke the next morning not less so. The fourth day was just the same, and when the Shoemaker sat down on an uprooted tree, and devoured his midday meal, nothing remained to the Tailor but to look on. He begged once a bit of bread, but the other laughed in his face, and said, "You are always so merry, and now you can try for once in your life how a man feels when he is sad; birds which sing too early in the morning are caught by the hawk in the evening." In short, he was without pity for his companion. The fifth morning, however, the poor Tailor could not stand upright, and could scarcely speak from faintness: his cheeks, besides, were quite white and his eyes red. Then the Shoemaker said to him, "I will give you to-day a piece of bread, but I must put out your right eye for it."

The unhappy Tailor, who still wished to preserve his life, could not help himself: he wept once with both eyes, and then the Shoemaker, who had a heart of stone, put out his right eye with a needle. Then the poor fellow recollected what his mother had once said to him when he had been eating in the store-room, "One may eat too much,

but one must also suffer for it." As soon as he had swallowed his dearly-purchased bread he got upon his legs again, forgot his misfortune, and comforted himself by reflecting that he had still one eye left to see with. But on the sixth day hunger again tormented him and his heart began to fail him. When evening came he sank down under a tree, and on the seventh morning he could not raise himself from faintness, for death sat on his neck. The Shoemaker said, "I will yet show you mercy and give you a piece of bread, but as a recompense I must put out your left eye." The Tailor, remembering his past sinfulness, begged pardon of God, and then said to his companion, "Do what you will, I will bear what I must; but remember that our God watches every action; and that another hour will come when the wicked deed shall be punished which you have practised upon me, and which I have never deserved. In prosperous days I shared with you what I had. My business is one which requires stitch for stitch. If I have no longer sight, I can sew no more, and must go begging. Let me not, when I am blind, lie here all alone, or I shall perish."

The Shoemaker, however, had driven all thoughts about God out of his heart, and he took the knife and put out the left eye of his comrade. Then he gave him a piece of bread to eat, reached him a stick, and led him behind him.

As the sun was setting they got out of the forest, and before them in a field stood a gallows. The Shoemaker led the blind Tailor to it, left him lying there, and went his way. From weariness, pain, and hunger, the poor fellow slept the whole night long, and when he awoke at daybreak he knew not where he was. Upon the gallows hung two poor sinners, and upon each of their heads sat a Crow, one of which said to the other, "Brother, are you awake?" "Yes, I am," replied the second. "Then I will tell you

something," said the first Crow. "The dew which has fallen over us this night from the gallows will give sight to him who needs it if he but wash himself with it. If the blind knew this, how many are there who would once more be able to see who now think it impossible!"

When the Tailor heard this he took his handkerchief, spread it on the grass, and as soon as it was soaked with dew he washed his eyeballs therewith. Immediately the words of the Crow were fulfilled, and he saw as clearly as ever. In a short while afterwards the Tailor saw the sun rise over the mountains, and before him in the distance lay the King's city, with its magnificent gates and hundred towers, over which the spires and pinnacles began to glisten in the sunbeams. He discerned every leaf upon the trees, every bird which flew by, and the gnats which danced in the air. He took a needle out of his pocket, and, when he found he could pass the thread through the eye as easily as ever, his heart leaped for joy. He threw himself upon his knees and thanked God for the mercy shown to him, and while he said his morning devotions he did not forget to pray for the two poor sinners who swung to and fro in the wind like the pendulum of a clock. Afterwards he took his bundle upon his back, and, forgetting his past sorrows and troubles, he jogged along singing and whistling.

The first thing he met was a brown Filly, which was running about in the fields at liberty. The Tailor caught it by its mane, and would have swung himself on its back to ride into the city, but the Filly begged for its liberty, saying, "I am still too young; even a light Tailor like you would break my back; let me run about till I am stronger; a time, perhaps, will come when I can reward you."

"Run away then," replied the Tailor; "I see you are still a romp!" and with these words he gave it a cut with a switch which made it lift its hind legs for joy, and spring away over a hedge and ditch into a field.

But the Tailor had eaten nothing since the previous day, and he thought to himself, "The sun certainly fills my eyes, but the bread does not fill my mouth. The first thing which meets me now must suffer, if it be at all eatable." Just then a Stork came walking very seriously over the meadow. "Stop, stop!" cried the Tailor, catching it by the leg, "I don't know if you are fit to eat, but my hunger will not admit of choice; so I must chop off your head and roast you." "Do it not," answered the Stork; "I am a sacred bird, to whom nobody offers an injury, and I bring great profit to man. Leave me alone, and then I can recompense you at some future time." "Be off, Cousin Long-legs," said the Tailor; and the Stork, raising itself from the ground, flew gracefully away, with its long legs hanging downwards. "What will come of this?" said the Tailor to himself, "my hunger grows ever stronger, and my stomach yet more empty: what next crosses my path is lost." As he spoke he saw a pair of young Ducks swimming upon a pond. "You have come just when you were called," cried he, and, seizing one by the neck, he was about to twist it round, when an old bird which was hid among the reeds began to quack loudly, and swam with open bill up to the Tailor, begging him pitifully to spare her dear child. "Think what your poor mother would say if one fetched you away and put an end to your life!" "Be quiet!" replied the good-natured Tailor, "you shall have your child again;" and he put the prisoner back into the water. As soon as he turned round again he perceived the old hollow tree, and the wild bees flying in and out "Here at last I shall find the reward of my good deed," said the Tailor; "the honey will refresh me." But scarcely had he spoken when the Queen Bee flew out, and thus addressed him, "If you touch my people, and disturb my nest, our stings shall pierce your skin like ten thousand red hot needles. Leave us in peace, and go your own way, and

perhaps at a future time you shall receive a reward for it."

The Tailor perceived at once that nothing was to be had there. "Three empty dishes and nothing in the fourth is a bad meal," thought he to himself; and, trudging on, he soon got into the city, where, as it was about noon, he found a dinner ready cooked in the inn, and gladly sat down to table. When he was satisfied he determined to go and seek work, and, as he walked around the city, he soon found a master, who gave him a good welcome. Since, however, he knew his business thoroughly, it very soon happened that he became quite famed, and everybody would have his new coat made by the little Tailor. Every day added to his consequence, and he said to himself, "I can get no higher in my art, and yet every day trade gets brisker." At length he was appointed court tailor.

But how things do turn out! The same day his former comrade was made court shoemaker; and when he saw the Tailor, and remarked that his eyes were as bright and good as ever, his conscience pricked him. But he thought to himself, "Before he revenges himself on me I must lay a snare for him." Now, he who digs a pit for another often falls into it himself. In the evening, when the Shoemaker had left off work, and it was become quite dark, he slipped up to the King and whispered, "May it please your Majesty, this Tailor is a high-minded fellow, and has boasted that he can procure again the crown which has been lost so long."

"That would please me much!" replied the King; "but let the Tailor come here to-morrow." When he came, the King ordered him to find the crown again, or to leave the city for ever. "Oho! oho!" thought the Tailor; "a rogue gives more than he has. If the crusty old King desires from me what no man can produce, I will not wait till morning, but this very day make my escape out of the

town." So thinking, he tied together his bundle, and marched out of the gate; but it grieved him sorely to give up his business, and to turn his back upon the city wherein he had been so fortunate. Soon he came to the pond where he had made acquaintance with the ducks, and there sat the old one whose children he had spared by the shore, pluming herself with her bill. She recognised him, and asked why he hung his head so. "You will not wonder," he replied, "when you hear what has happened;" and he told her his story. "If that be all," said the Duck, "we can assist you. The crown has fallen into the water, and lies at the bottom, whence we will soon fetch it. Meanwhile spread your handkerchief out on the shore." With these words the Duck dived down with her twelve young ones, and in five minutes they were up again carrying the crown, which, resting on the old bird's wings, was borne up by the bills of the twelve ducklings who swam around. They came to shore and laid the crown on the handkerchief. You could not believe how beautiful it was; for when the sun shone on it it glittered like a hundred carbuncles. The Tailor tied it up in his handkerchief and carried it to the King, who was so much pleased that he gave its finder a chain of gold to hang round his neck.

When the Shoemaker found his first plan had failed he contrived a second, and, stepping before the King, said, "May it please your Majesty, the Tailor has grown so high-minded again, he boasts he can model in wax the whole castle and all that is in it, fixed and unfixed, indoors and outdoors." The King thereupon caused the Tailor to be summoned, and ordered him to model in wax the whole castle, and everything inside and outside; and if he did not complete it, or even omitted one nail upon the wall, he should be kept prisoner underground all his lifetime. The Tailor thought to himself, "It comes harder and harder upon me; no man can do that!" and, throwing his

bundle over his shoulder, he walked out at the gate. When he came to the hollow tree he sat down, and hung his head in despair. The Bees came flying out, and the Queen asked if he had a stiff neck, because he kept his head in such a position. "Oh, no!" he replied; "something else oppresses me!" and he related what the King had demanded of him. The Bees thereupon began to hum and buzz together, and the Queen said to the Tailor, "Go home now, but return in the morning, and bring a great napkin with you, and about this hour all will be ready." So he returned home, and the Bees flew to the royal palace, right in at the open window, crept into every corner, and observed all the things in the most minute manner. Then they flew back and formed a castle in wax with great speed, so that it was ready by the evening. The next morning the Tailor came, and there stood the whole beautiful building, with not a nail upon the wall or a tile upon the roof omitted, but all was delicately white, and, moreover, as sweet as sugar. The Tailor wrapped it carefully in his cloth, and took it to the King, who could not sufficiently admire it, and gave him a house made of stone as a reward.

The Shoemaker, however, was not satisfied, and went again to the King; and said, "May it please your Majesty, it has come to the ears of the Tailor that no water springs in the castle yard; and he has therefore boasted that it shall gush up in the middle, clear as crystal." The King ordered the Tailor to be summoned, and told him that if a stream of water was not running the following morning, as he had said, the executioner should make him a head shorter in that very court. The poor Tailor did not think very long, but rushed out of the gate, and, as he remembered his life was in danger, tears rolled down his cheeks. Whilst he sat thus, full of grief, the Filly came jumping towards him to which he had once given liberty, and

which had became a fine brown horse. "Now is the hour come," it said to the Tailor, "when I can reward your kindness. I know already what you need, and will soon assist you; but now sit upon my back, which could carry two like you." The Tailor's heart came again, and he vaulted into the saddle, and the horse carried him full speed into the town, and straight to the castle-yard. There it coursed thrice round as quick as lightning, and at the third time fell down. At the same moment a fearful noise was heard, and a piece out of the ground of the court sprang up into the air like a ball, and bounded away far over the castle; and at the same time a stream of water, as high as the man and his horse, and as clear as crystal, played up and down like a fountain, and the sunbeams danced on it. As soon as the King saw this he was astounded, and went up and embraced the Tailor before all his court.

But this fortune did not last long. The King had daughters enough, and each one prettier than the other, but no son at all.

Now, the wicked Shoemaker went for the fourth time to the King, and said, "May it please your Majesty, the Tailor is as high-minded as ever. Now he has boasted that, if he might, he could bring the King a son down from the air." Thereupon the King ordered the Tailor to be summoned, and said, "If you bring me a son within nine days you shall have my eldest daughter as a wife." "The reward is immense," thought the Tailor; "and one may as well have it as another; but now the cherries hang too high for me, and if I climb after them the branches will break beneath me, and I shall fall down." So thinking, he went home, set himself with his legs crossed under him upon his work-table, and considered what he should do. "It is of no use," he cried at length; "I must be off, I cannot rest in peace here!" So he tied up his bundle and hurried out of the door; but just as he arrived upon the meadow he

perceived his old friend the Stork, who, like a world-wise man, walked up and down, awhile stood still and considered a frog nearer, and at length snapped it up. The Stork came up and greeted him. "I see," said it, "you have your bundle upon your back; why have you left the city?" The Tailor told the Stork what the King had commanded of him, and how, as he could not do it, he was grieving at his ill luck. "Do not let your grey hairs grow on that account!" replied the Stork, "I will assist you out of your trouble! Sometimes already I have brought infants into the city; and I can also fetch a little prince out of the spring. Go home and keep quiet. In nine days return to the royal palace, and I will come thither also."

The Tailor went home, and on the right day went to the palace. In a short time the Stork came flying through the air, and knocked at the window. The Tailor opened it, and cousin Longlegs marched gravely in, and with stately steps passed over the marble floors, carrying in his beak a child, as beautiful to look at as an angel, and already stretching out its hands towards the Queen. The Stork laid it upon her lap, and she embraced and kissed it, almost beside herself with joy. Before he flew away he took a knapsack off his shoulder, and handed it to the Queen; and therein were dates and coloured bonbons, which were divided among the Princesses. But the eldest received none, because she took instead the merry young Tailor as husband. "It seems to me," said the Tailor, "as if I had won a great game. My mother rightly said, 'He who trusts in God and his own fortune will never go amiss.'"

The Shoemaker had to make the shoes in which the Tailor danced at the wedding, and as soon as he had done them he was ordered to leave the city. The road from thence to the forest led him past the gallows; and, from rage, disappointment, and weariness with the heat of the day, he threw himself on the ground beneath it. As soon

as he had closed his eyes and prepared to go to sleep, the two Crows flew down from the heads of the two criminals, and with loud cries pecked out the Shoemaker's eyes. Insane with rage and pain he ran into the forest, and there he must have perished; for nobody has seen or heard anything of the wicked Shoemaker ever since.



XCVII.

The Experienced Huntsman.

THERE was once upon a time a young Lad who, after he had learnt the art of making locks, told his Father he wished to go and seek his fortune in the world "Well," said the Father, "very well, I am contented;" and gave him money for the journey. So he set off, looking about for work; but after a while he determined to follow his trade no longer, for he had got tired of it, and wished to learn the art of hunting. While he was in this mood he met a Huntsman, dressed in green, who asked him whence he came, and whither he would go. The Youth told him he was a locksmith, but his business did not suit him any longer, and he had a wish to learn how to shoot, if he would take him as a pupil. "Oh, yes," replied the other, "come with me." The youth accompanied him, and for several years abode with him while he learned the art of hunting. Afterwards he wished to leave, but the Huntsman gave him no further reward than an air-gun, which had the property of missing nothing at which it was fired. With this gift he went off, and by-and-by came to a very large forest, to which he could find no end the first day; so he perched himself upon a lofty tree where the wild beasts could not reach him. Towards midnight it seemed to him that a light was glimmering at a distance, and he peeped through the boughs in order to mark more exactly where it was. Then, taking his hat, he threw it in that direction that it might serve as a guide for him when he had descended the tree; and as soon as he was down, he ran after his hat, and, putting it on again, he walked straight ahead. The farther he went the larger the light

appeared; and when he came nearly up to it he discovered that it was caused by a great fire, round which three Giants were sitting, watching the roasting of an ox, which hung on a spit above it. Just at that moment one of the Giants said he would taste and see if the meat were done enough; and, tearing a piece off, he was going to put it into his mouth, when the Huntsman shot it clean out of his hand. "Now, then," cried the Giant, "the wind blows the meat out of my hand!" And, taking another piece, he was about to bite it when the Huntsman shot that out of his hand. Thereupon he gave the Giant next to him a box on the ear, saying, angrily, "Why do you snatch my piece away?" "I did not take it away," replied the other; "it was some sharpshooter who shot it away." So the Giant took a third piece, but that also he could not hold, for the Huntsman shot it away. "This must be a good shot," cried all the Giants; "a man who can shoot away the food from one's mouth would be very useful to us." And then, speaking louder, they called to him, "Come, you sharpshooter, sit down by our fire, and eat till you are satisfied, and we will do you no harm; but if you don't come, and we have to fetch you, you will be lost."

At these words the Huntsman stepped up to the fire, and said he was an experienced Huntsman, so much so, that whatever he aimed at, he shot, without ever missing. The Giants said that if he would go with them he should be well treated; and they told him, besides, that out of the forest there was a large piece of water, on the other side of which was a tower, wherein dwelt a beautiful Princess, whom they desired to possess. The Huntsman said he would willingly fetch her; and they further told him that outside the tower lay a little dog, which would begin to bark as soon as it saw any one approach, and immediately it did so everybody would wake up in the royal palace; and it was on that account they had never been able to

enter, and therefore he must first shoot the dog. To this the Huntsman assented, declaring it was mere play; and soon afterwards he went on board a ship, and sailed over the water; and, as he neared the land, the little dog came running down and would have barked, but he, aiming with his air-gun, shot it dead. As soon as the Giants saw this done they were very glad, and thought they had the Princess for certain; but the Huntsman told them to remain where they were until he called them, for he must first see how it was to be accomplished. He went into the castle, and found everybody as still as mice, for they were fast asleep; and as he entered the first room he saw a sabre hanging up made of pure silver, and ornamented with a golden star and the king's name. Below it stood a table, whereon laid a sealed letter, which he broke open, and read that whoever possessed the sabre could bring to life whomever it passed. The Huntsman took the sabre down from the wall, and, hanging it around him, walked on till he came to a room, where the king's daughter lay asleep. She was so beautiful that he stood still and looked at her, holding his breath, while he thought, "How dare I deliver this innocent maiden into the power of these Giants, with their evil intentions?" He peeped about, and under the bed espied a pair of slippers; on the right one was marked the king's name, with a star; and on the left his daughter's, also with a star. She had also a large handkerchief over her, woven of silk and gold, having on the right side her father's name, and on the left her own, all done in golden threads. So the Huntsman took a knife and cut off the right corner, and then he took the slipper with the King's name in it, and put them both in his knapsack. All the while the Princess remained quite passive; and as she was wrapped up in a sheet, the Huntsman cut off a piece of that, as well as the handkerchief, and put it in his knapsack with the others. All these things he did without touching her,

and afterwards went away without noise. When he got outside he found the three Giants, who were waiting in expectation that he would bring the Princess with him. He shouted to them to come in, for the maiden was already in his power, but he could not open the door, and therefore they must creep through a hole which was in the wall. The first Giant came, and, as soon as he poked his head through the hole, the Huntsman seized him by the hair and chopped his head off with the sabre. Then he pulled the body through, and called to the second, whose head he chopped off likewise, and then the third Giant shared the same fate. As soon as this was done he cut out the tongue of each and put it in his knapsack, rejoicing to think he had freed the Princess from her enemies. He resolved next to visit his father, and show him what he had done, and afterwards to travel again about the world; for, said he, "The fortune which God apportions to me will reach me anywhere!"

Meanwhile the King of the castle, when he awoke, had perceived the three Giants lying dead in the hall, and, going into his daughter's apartment, he awoke her, and inquired who it was that had destroyed the Giants. "I know not, dear father," she replied; "I have been sleeping." But when she arose, and wished to put on her slippers, she found the one for the right foot missing; and her handkerchief also wanted the right-hand corner, which had been cut off, as well as a piece out of the sheet. The King thereupon caused the whole court to be assembled, soldiers and every one, and then put the question, who had freed his daughter and put to death the Giants? Now the King had a captain, a one-eyed and ugly man, who said he had done it. The old King, therefore, declared that since it was he, he must marry the Princess. But as soon as he said so the Princess exclaimed, "Rather than marry him, dear father, I will wander over the world as far as my feet

will carry me!" The King replied she might do as she pleased; but if she would not marry the man she must take off her royal clothes, and put on peasant's clothes to travel in, and, also, she must go to a potter, and begin business in the earthenware trade. So the King's daughter drew off her royal clothes, and went to a potter, from whom she hired a crate of earthenware, and promised that if she had sold them by the evening she would pay for them. The King commanded her to sit at a certain corner of the market, across which he ordered that several waggons should be driven, so as to crush in pieces all the crockery. By-and-by, therefore, when the Princess had stationed herself in the appointed place, the waggons came driving past and smashed her goods. Thereupon she began to cry, saying, "Ah, heaven! how am I to pay the potter?" But the King hoped by this means to have compelled his daughter to marry the captain; instead of which she went to the potter and asked if he would trust her with another crate. He refused till she should pay for the former one; and so the Princess was forced to go crying and groaning to her father, that she wished to wander into the wide world. The King said, "I will cause a cottage to be built in the middle of the wood, wherein you shall sit all your lifetime, and cook for anybody who comes, but without taking money for it." When the house was ready a sign was hung over the door, on which was inscribed—

"Gratis to-day: To-morrow, payment!"

There she sat for a long time, while it was talked about in the world around that a maiden sat in a cottage in the wood, and cooked gratis, as was stated on a sign over the door. This the Huntsman heard, and he thought to himself, "This is good news for me, who am so poor, and have no money." So he took his air-gun and knapsack, in which he kept all the memorials he had brought away

from the castle; and, going into the forest, came soon to the cottage where was written up—

"Gratis to-day: To-morrow, payment."

Now, he had the sword buckled round him which he had used to execute the three Giants; and he stepped into the cottage and ordered something to eat. The Princess asked him whence he came and whither he was going; and he replied, "I am wandering about the world." She asked next where he procured his sword, on which she perceived her father's name. "Are you the daughter of the King?" he inquired; and, as she nodded assent, he said, "With this sword I have cut off the heads of three Giants!" and he held up the three tongues for a token, together with the slipper, and the pieces which he had cut off the handkerchief and sheet. The Princess was glad indeed to see these things, and told the Huntsman it was he who had saved her. Then they went to the King; and the Princess led him to her chamber, and declared that it was the Huntsman who had delivered her from the three Giants. The King at first would not believe; but as soon as he was shown the tokens he could no longer doubt; and, in order to show his pleasure and his gratitude, he promised his daughter to the Huntsman as his wife, which pleased the Princess very much. Afterwards the King ordered a grand banquet, whereat the Huntsman appeared as a distinguished stranger. When they sat down to table the Captain took his place on the left hand of the King's daughter, and the Huntsman, whom the former believed to be a visitor of rank, on the right. When they had finished eating and drinking, the old King told the Captain he would propound a question, which he must answer, and it was this:—"If one should say he had killed three Giants, and was asked therefore where the tongues of the Giants were, and should then go to seek them and find none, how

would he explain that?" "By saying that they had nad none!" replied the Captain. "Not so!" said the King; "every creature has a tongue; therefore, what would such an one deserve for his answer?" "To be torn in pieces!" said the Captain boldly.

"You have pronounced your own sentence!" said the King to the Captain; who was first imprisoned, and afterwards torn in four pieces. But the Huntsman was married to the King's daughter; and after the wedding he invited his father and mother to live with him; and, after the old King's death, the Huntsman ascended the throne.



XCVIII.

Professor Know-all.

A LONG time ago there lived a peasant named "Crab," who one day drove into a certain city his cart laden with a bundle of faggots, drawn by two oxen. He soon found a purchaser for his wood in the person of a learned Professor, who bought it for two dollars, and, while the money was being counted out, the Peasant, peeping in at the door, saw how comfortably his customer was eating and drinking; and the thought thereupon came into his head that he would like to be a professor too. So he waited a little while, and at last mustered courage to ask whether he could not be a professor. "Oh, yes," replied the Professor, "that can soon be managed!"

"What must I do?" asked the Peasant.

"First of all buy an A B C book, one which has a cock-a-doodle-doo for a frontispiece; secondly, sell your cart and oxen, and turn them into money to buy good clothes with, and what else belongs to a professor's appearance; lastly, let a sign be painted, with the words, 'I am the Professor Know-all,' and nail that over your house door."

The Countryman did all that he was told, and after he had practised a little time, but not to much purpose, a certain very wealthy Baron had some money stolen from him. Mention was made to the Baron of this Professor Know-all who dwelt in such a village, and who would be sure to know where the money was gone. As soon as the Baron heard of him, he ordered his horses into his carriage and drove to the place where the Professor lived. The Baron inquired if he were the Professor Know-all, and, he

replying "Yes," the Baron said he must return with him and discover his money.

"Very well," replied the Professor; "but my wife Gertrude must accompany me."

To this the Baron agreed, and, all being seated in the carriage, away they drove back again. When they arrived at the house, a splendid collation was on the table, of which the Professor was invited to partake. "Certainly," said he, "but my wife Gertrude too;" and he sat down with her at the bottom of the table. As soon as the first servant entered with a dish of delicate soup, the Professor poked his wife, saying, "He is the first!" meaning he was the first who had brought in meat. But the servant imagined he meant to say, "He is the first thief!" and, because he really was so, he felt very much disturbed, and told his comrades in the kitchen, "The Professor knows all; we shall come off badly, for he has said I am the first!" When the second servant heard this he felt afraid to go; but he was obliged, and, as soon as he entered the room with his dish, the man poked his wife again, and said, "Gertrude, that is the second!" This frightened the servant so much that he left the room as soon as possible; and the third servant who entered fared no better, for the Professor said to his wife, "That is the third!" The fourth servant had to bring in a covered dish, and the Baron said to the Professor he must show his powers by telling truly what was in the dish. Now, there were crabs in it; but the Peasant looked at the dish, ignorant how to get himself out of the scrape, till at last he cried out, "Oh, poor *Crab* that I am!" When the Baron heard this he exclaimed, "Good! he knows it! he knows, too, where my money is!"

The servant, however, was terribly frightened; and he winked to the Professor to follow him out. When he had done so, he found all four servants there who had stolen

the money, and were now so eager to get off that they offered him a large sum if he would not betray them; for if he did their necks would be in danger. They led him also to the place where the money lay hid, and the Professor was so pleased that he gave them the required promise, and then returned to the house, where he sat down again at table, and, producing his book, said, "I will now look in my book, Baron, and discover the place where the money lies." A fifth servant, who had had a share in the robbery, wished to hear if the Professor knew more, and so he crept up the chimney to listen. Below sat the countryman, turning the leaves of his book backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards, looking for the Cock-a-doodle-doo. However, he could not find it, and he at length exclaimed, "You must come out, for I know you are in!" This made the servant up the chimney believe he meant him, and down he slipped, and got out, crying, "The man knows all, the man knows all!"

Then Professor Know-all showed the Baron where he money lay; but he said nothing about who had stolen it, so that from both sides he received a large sum of money as a reward, and, moreover, he became a very celebrated character.



XCIX.

Bearskin.

THERE was once upon a time a young fellow who enlisted for a soldier, and became so brave and courageous that he was always in the front ranks when it rained blue beans. As long as the war lasted all went well, but when peace was concluded he received his discharge, and the captain told him he might go where he liked. His parents meanwhile had died, and as he had no longer any home to go to he paid a visit to his brothers, and asked them to give him shelter until war broke out again. His brothers, however, were hardhearted, and said, "What could we do with you? we could make nothing of you; see to what you have brought yourself;" and so turned a deaf ear. The poor soldier had nothing but his musket left; so he mounted this on his shoulder and set out on tramp. By-and-by he came to a great heath with nothing on it but a circle of trees, under which he sat down, sorrowfully considering his fate. "I have no money," thought he; "I have learnt nothing but soldiering, and now, since peace is concluded, there is no need of me. I see well enough I shall have to starve." All at once he heard a rustling, and as he looked round he perceived a stranger standing before him, dressed in a grey coat, who looked very stately, but had an ugly, cloven foot. "I know quite well what you need," said this being; "gold and other possessions you shall have, as much as you can spend; but first I must know whether you are a coward or not, that I may not spend my money foolishly."

"A soldier and a coward!" replied the other, "that cannot be; you may put me to any proof."

"Well then," replied the stranger, "look behind you."

The Soldier turned and saw a huge bear, which eyed him very ferociously. "Oho!" cried he, "I will tickle your nose for you, that you shall give us the pleasure of grumbling;" and, raising his musket, he shot the bear in the forehead, so that he tumbled in a heap upon the ground, and did not stir afterwards. Thereupon the stranger said, "I see quite well that you are not wanting in courage; but there is yet one condition which you must fulfil." "If it does not interfere with my future happiness," said the Soldier, who had remarked who it was that addressed him; "if it does not interfere with that I shall not hesitate."

"That you must see about yourself!" said the stranger. "For the next seven years you must not wash yourself, nor comb your hair or beard, neither must you cut your nails nor say one pater-noster. Then I will give you this coat and mantle, which you must wear during these seven years; and if you die within that time you are mine, but if you live you are rich, and free all your life long."

The Soldier reflected for a while on his great necessities, and, remembering how often he had braved death, he at length consented, and ventured to accept the offer. Thereupon the Evil One pulled off the grey coat, handed it to the soldier, and said, "If you at any time search in the pocket of your coat when you have it on, you will always find your hand full of money." Then also he pulled off the skin of the bear, and said, "That shall be your cloak and your bed; you must sleep on it, and not dare to lie in any other bed, and on this account you shall be called Bearskin." Immediately the Evil One disappeared.

The Soldier now put on the coat, and dipped his hands into the pockets to assure himself of the reality of the transaction. Then he hung the bearskin around himself, and went about the world chuckling at his good luck, and buying whatever suited his fancy which money could purchase.

For the first year his appearance was not very remarkable, but in the second he began to look quite a monster. His hair covered almost all his face, his beard appeared like a piece of dirty cloth, his nails were claws, and his countenance was so covered with dirt that one might have grown cresses upon it if one had sown seed! Whoever looked at him ran away; but, because he gave the poor in every place gold coin, they prayed that he might not die during the seven years; and, because he paid liberally everywhere, he found a night's lodging without difficulty. In the fourth year he came to an inn where the landlord would not take him in, and refused even to give him a place in his stables, lest the horses should be frightened and become restive. However, when Bearskin put his hand into his pocket and drew it out full of gold ducats the landlord yielded the point, and gave him a place in the outbuildings, but not till he had promised that he would not show himself, for fear the inn should gain a bad name.

While Bearskin sat by himself in the evening, wishing from his heart that the seven years were over, he heard in the corner a loud groan. Now the old Soldier had a compassionate heart, so he opened the door and saw an old man weeping violently and wringing his hands. Bearskin stepped nearer, but the old man jumped up and tried to escape: but when he recognised a human voice he let himself be persuaded, and by kind words and soothings on the part of the old Soldier he at length disclosed the cause of his distress. His property had dwindled away by degrees, and he and his daughters would have to starve, for he was so poor that he had not the money to pay the host, and would therefore be put into prison.

"If you have no care except that," replied Bearskin. "I have money enough;" and, causing the landlord to be called, he paid him, and put a purse full of gold besides into the pocket of the old man. The latter, when he saw

himself released from his troubles, knew not how to be sufficiently grateful, and said to the Soldier, "Come with me, my daughters are all wonders of beauty, so choose one of them for a wife. When they hear what you have done for me they will not refuse you. You appear certainly an uncommon man, but they will soon put you to rights."

This speech pleased Bearskin, and he went with the old man. As soon as the eldest daughter saw him, she was so terrified at his countenance that she shrieked out and ran away. The second one stopped and looked at him from head to foot; but at last she said, "How can I take a husband who has not a bit of a human countenance? The grizzly bear would have pleased me better who came to see us once, and gave himself out as a man, for he wore a hussar's hat, and had white gloves on besides."

But the youngest daughter said, "Dear father, this must be a good man who has assisted you out of your troubles; if you have promised him a bride for the service your word must be kept."

(It was a pity the man's face was covered with dirt and hair, else one would have seen how he laughed as he heard these words.) Bearskin took a ring off his finger, broke it in two, and, giving the youngest daughter one half, he kept the other for himself. On her half he wrote his name, and on his own he wrote hers, and begged her to preserve it carefully. Thereupon he took leave, saying, "For three years longer I must wander about; if I come back again, then we will celebrate our wedding; but if I do not, you are free, for I shall be dead. But pray to God that he will preserve my life."

When he was gone the poor bride clothed herself in black, and whenever she thought of her bridegroom burst into tears. From her sisters she received nothing but scorn and mocking. "Pay great attention when he shakes your hand," said the eldest, "and you will see his beautiful

claws!" 'Take care!" said the second, "bears are fond of sweets, and if you please him he will eat you up, perhaps!" "You must mind and do his will," continued the eldest, "or he will begin growling!" And the second daughter said further, "But the wedding will certainly be merry, for bears dance well!" The bride kept silence, and would not be drawn from her purpose by all these taunts; and meanwhile Bearskin wandered about in the world, doing good where he could, and giving liberally to the poor, for which they prayed heartily for him. At length the last day of the seven years approached, and Bearskin went and sat down again on the heath, beneath the circle of trees. In a very short time the wind whistled, and the Evil One presently stood before him and looked at him with a vexed face. He threw the Soldier his old coat, and demanded his grey one back. "We have not got so far yet," replied Bearskin; "you must clean me first." Then the Evil One had, whether he liked it or no, to fetch water, wash the old Soldier, comb his hair out, and cut his nails. This done, he appeared again like a brave warrior, and indeed was much handsomer than before.

As soon as the Evil One had disappeared, Bearskin became quite light-hearted; and going into the nearest town he bought a fine velvet coat, and hired a carriage drawn by four white horses, in which he was driven to the house of his bride. Nobody knew him; the father took him for some celebrated general, and led him into the room where his daughters were. He was compelled to sit down between the two eldest, and they offered him wine, and heaped his plate with the choicest morsels; for they thought they had never seen any one so handsome before. But the bride sat opposite to him dressed in black, neither opening her eyes nor speaking a word. At length the Soldier asked the father if he would give him one of his daughters to wife, and immediately the two elder sisters arose, and ran to

their chambers to dress themselves out in their most becoming clothes, for each thought she should be chosen Meanwhile the stranger, as soon as he found himself alone with his bride, pulled out the half of the ring and threw it into a cup of wine, which he handed across the table. She took it, and as soon as she had drunk it and seen the half ring lying at the bottom her heart beat rapidly, and she produced the other half, which she wore round her neck on a riband. She held them together, and they joined each other exactly, and the stranger said, "I am your bridegroom, whom you saw first as Bearskin; but through God's mercy I have regained my human form, and am myself once more." With these words he embraced and kissed her: and at the same time the two eldest sisters entered in full costume. As soon as they saw that the very handsome man had fallen to the share of their youngest sister, and heard that he was the same as "Bearskin," they ran out of the house full of rage and jealousy.



C.

The Wren and the Bear.

ONE summer's day the Bear and the Wolf were walking in the Forest, and the Bear heard a bird singing very sweetly, and said, "Brother Wolf, what kind of bird is that which is singing so delightfully?"

"That is the King of the birds, before whom we must do reverence," replied the Wolf; but it was only the Wren.

"If that be so," said the Bear, "I should like to see his royal palace; come, lead me to it." "That cannot be as you like," replied the Wolf, "you must wait till the Queen returns." Soon afterwards the Queen arrived with some food in her bill, and the King too, to feed their young ones, and the Bear would have gone off to see them, but the Wolf, pulling his ear, said, "No, you must wait till the Queen and the King are both off again."

So after observing well the situation of the nest the two tramped off, but the Bear had no rest, for he wished still to see the royal palace, and after a short delay he set off to it again. He found the King and Queen absent, and, peeping into the nest, he saw five or six young birds lying in it. "Is that the royal palace?" exclaimed the Bear; "that is a miserable palace! you are no King's children, but dishonourable young brats." "No, no, that we are not!" burst out the little Wrens together in a great passion, for to them this speech was addressed. "No, no, we are born of honourable parents, and you, Mr. Bear, shall make your words good!" At this speech the Bear and the Wolf were much frightened and ran back to their holes; but the little Wrens kept up an unceasing clamour till their parents' return. As soon as they came back with food in

their mouths the little birds began, "We will none of us touch a fly's leg, but will starve rather, until you decide whether we are honourable children or not, for the Bear has been here and insulted us!"

"Be quiet," replied the King, "and that shall soon be settled," and thereupon he flew with his Queen to the residence of the Bear and called to him from the entrance, "Old grumbler, why have you insulted my children? That shall cost you dear, for we will decide the matter by a pitched battle."

War having thus been declared against the Bear, all the four-footed beasts were summoned, the ox, the ass, the cow, the goat, the stag, and every animal on the face of the earth. The Wren, on the other hand, summoned every flying thing; not only the birds, great and small, but also the gnat, the hornet, the bee, and the flies.

When the time arrived for the commencement of the war the Wren King sent out spies to see who was appointed commander-in-chief of the enemy. The Gnat was the most cunning of all the army, and he therefore buzzed away into the forest where the enemy was encamped, and alighted on a leaf of the tree beneath which the watch-word was given out. There stood the Bear and called the Fox to him, and said, "You are the most crafty of animals, so you must be general, and lead us on." "Well," said the Fox, "but what sign shall we appoint?" Nobody knew. Then the Fox said, "I have a fine long bushy tail, which looks like a red feather at a distance; if I hold this tail straight up all is going well and you must march after me; but if I suffer it to hang down. run away as fast as you can." As soon as the Gnat heard all this she flew home and told the Wren King everything to a hair.

When the day arrived for the battle to begin, the four-footed beasts all came running along to the field, shaking the earth with their roaring and bellowing. The Wren King

also came with his army, whirring and buzzing and humming, enough to terrify any one out of his senses. Then the Wren King sent the Hornet forward to settle upon the Fox's tail and sting it with all his power. As soon as the Fox felt the first sting he drew up his hind leg with the pain, still carrying, however, his tail as high in the air as before; at the second sting he was obliged to drop it a little bit; but at the third he could no longer bear the pain, but was forced to drop his tail between his legs. As soon as the other beasts saw this, they thought all was lost, and began to run each one to his own hole; so the birds won the battle without difficulty.

When all was over the Wren King and his Queen flew home to their children, and cried out, "Rejoice! rejoice! we have won the battle; now eat and drink as much as you please."

The young Wrens, however, said, "Still we will not eat till the Bear has come to our nest and begged pardon, and admitted that we are honourable children."

So the Wren King flew back to the cave of the Bear, and called out, "Old grumbler, you must come to the nest and beg pardon of my children for calling them dishonourable, else your ribs shall be crushed in your body!"

In great terror the Bear crept out and begged pardon; and afterwards the young Wrens, being now made happy in their minds, settled down to eating and drinking; and I am afraid they made themselves tipsy, for they kept up their merriment till it was very late.



CI.

The Sweet Soup.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor but pious little Girl who lived alone with her mother, and when my story begins they had nothing in the house to eat. So the child went out into the forest, and there she met with an old Woman, who already knew her distress, and who presented her with a pot which had this power:—if one said to it, "Boil, little pot!" it would cook sweet soup; and when one said, "Stop, little pot!" it would immediately cease to boil. The little Girl took the pot home to her mother, and now their poverty and distresses were at an end, for they could have sweet broth as often as they pleased. One day, however, the little Girl went out, and in her absence the mother said, "Boil, little pot! So it began to cook, and she soon ate all she wished; but when she wanted to have the pot stop she found she did not know the word. Away, therefore, the pot boiled, and very quickly was over the edge; and as it boiled and boiled the kitchen presently became full, then the house, and the next house, and soon the whole street. It seemed likely to satisfy all the world, for, though there was the greatest necessity to do so, nobody knew how to stop it. At last, when only a very small cottage of all the village was left unfilled with soup, the child returned, and said at once, "Stop, little pot!" Immediately it ceased to boil; but whoever wishes to enter into the village must eat his way through the soup!!!

CII.

The Faithful Beasts.

THERE was once a Man who had not a great deal of money, but with the little he had he wandered into the wide world. Soon he came to a village where the boys were running together screaming and laughing, and he asked them what was the matter. "Oh!" replied they, "we have got a mouse which we are going to teach to dance: only see what a beautiful spot it is; how it will skip round!" The Man, however, pitied the poor Mouse, and said, "Let it escape, my boys, and I will give you money." So he gave them some coppers, and they let the poor animal loose, which ran as fast as it could into a hole close by. After this the Man went on and came to another village, where the boys had a Monkey, which they forced to dance and tumble, and laughed at without letting the poor thing have any rest. To these also the Man gave money that they might release the Monkey; and by-and-by, coming to a third village, he saw the boys making a Bear in chains dance and stand upright, and if he growled they seemed all the better pleased. This animal's liberty the Man also purchased, and the Bear, very glad to find himself on his four feet again, tramped away.

The Man, however, with these purchases spent all his money, and he found he had not a copper farthing even left in his pocket. So he said to himself, "The King has much in his treasure-chamber which he does not want: of hunger I cannot die; I must take some of this money, and then when I become rich I can replace it." With these thoughts he managed to get into the treasure-chamber and took a little from the heaps, but as he was slipping

out he was seized by the King's guards. They said he was a thief, and took him before the justice, who sentenced him, as he had done a criminal act, to be put in a chest on the water. The lid of the chest was full of holes whereby he might obtain air, and, besides, a jug of water and a loaf of bread were put in with him. While he was floating about in great distress of mind, he heard something gnawing and scratching at the lock of his chest, and all at once it gave way and up flew the lid. Then he saw the Mouse and the Monkey and the Bear standing by, and found it was they who had opened the chest because he had helped them; but they did not know how to proceed next, so they held a consultation together. In the mean while a white stone rolled by into the water, in shape like a round egg. "That has come in the very nick of time," said the Bear, "for it is a wonderful stone, which whoever owns he can wish himself in whatever place he desires."

The Man, therefore, picked up the stone, and as he held it in hand he wished himself in a castle with a garden and stables. Scarcely had he done so when he found himself in a castle with a garden and stables just to his mind, and everything was so beautiful and nice that he could not admire it enough.

After a time some merchants came by that way, and, as they passed, one called to the others, "See what a noble castle stands here, where lately, when we were here before, there was nothing but dreary sand." Their curiosity was therefore aroused, and they entered the castle and inquired of the Man how he had managed to build the place so quickly. "I did not do it," said he, "but my wonderful stone." "What kind of a stone can it be?" inquired the merchant; and, going in, the Man fetched it and showed it to them. The sight of it pleased them so much that they inquired if it were not for sale, and offered him all their beautiful goods in exchange. The goods took the

Man's fancy, and, his heart being fickle and hankering after new things, he suffered himself to be persuaded and thought the beautiful things were worth more than his stone, so he gave it away to them in exchange. But scarcely had he given it out of his hands when all his fortune vanished, and he found himself again in his floating chest on the water with nothing but his jug of water and loaf of bread. The faithful beasts, the Mouse, Monkey, and Bear, as soon as they saw his misfortune, came again to help him, but they could not manage to unfasten the lock, because it was much stronger than the former one. Thereupon the Bear said, "We must procure the wonderful stone again, or our work is useless." Now, the merchants had stopped at the castle and lived there constantly, so the three faithful animals went away together, and when they arrived in the neighbourhood the Bear said the Mouse must peep through the keyhole and see what was going on, for since he was small no one would notice him. The Mouse consented and went, but soon returned, saying, "It is useless, I have peeped in, but the stone hangs on a red riband below the mirror, and above and below sit two great cats with fiery eyes to watch it." Then the others said, "Never mind, go back again and wait till the master goes to bed and falls asleep, then do you slip in through the hole and creep on to the bed, and twitch his nose and bite off one of his whiskers." So the Mouse crept in and did as she was told, and the master, waking up, rubbed his nose in a passion, and exclaimed, "The cats are worth nothing! they let the mice in who bite the very hair off my head!" And, so saying, he hunted them all away, and the Mouse won her game.

The next night, as soon as the master was sound asleep, the Mouse crept in again, and nibbled and gnawed at the riband until it broke in halves, and down fell the stone, which she then pushed out under the door. But this latter

matter was very difficult for the poor Mouse to manage, and she called to the Monkey, who drew it quite out with his long paws. It was an easy matter for him, and he carried the stone down to the water side accompanied by the others. When they got there the Monkey asked how they were to get at the chest. "Oh," replied the Bear "that is soon done; I will swim into the water, and you, Monkey, shall sit upon my back, holding fast with your hands while you carry the stone in your mouth; you, Mouse, can sit in my right ear." They all did as the Bear suggested, and he swam off down the river, but very soon he felt uneasy at the silence, and so began to chatter, saying, "Do you hear, Mr. Monkey, we are brave fellows, don't you think?" But the Monkey did not answer a word. "Is that manners?" said the Bear again, "Will you not give your comrade an answer? crabbed fellow is he who makes no reply." Then the Monkey could no longer restrain himself, and, letting the stone fall into the water, he cried out, "You stupid fellow, how could I answer you with the stone in my mouth? Now it is lost, and all through your fault."

"Do not be angry," said the Bear; "we will soon recover it." Thereupon they consulted together, and summoned all the frogs and other creatures living in the water, and said to them, "There is a powerful enemy coming against you; but make haste and procure us the stones as quickly as possible, and we will then build a wall to protect you."

These words frightened the water animals, and they brought up stones on all sides, and at last came a fat old frog waddling along who had the wonderful stone in her mouth, hanging by a piece of red riband. Then the Bear was glad, and, relieving the frog of his burden he politely said it was all right, they might go home again now, and so took a short leave. After this the three beasts swam to

the Man in the chest, and, breaking the lid in by the aid of stones, they found they had come just in the nick of time, for he had just finished his jug of water and loaf of bread, and was almost starved. However, as soon as the man had taken the wonderful stone in his hand he wished himself quite well and back in the castle with the garden and stables. Immediately it was so, and there he and his three faithful beasts dwelt together, happy and contented, to the end of their days.



CIII.

Three Little Tales about Toads.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl whose mother gave her every day at noon a little basin of milk and bread, which she used to eat, sitting outside the house in the court. Once when she began to eat there came a little Toad out of a crack in the wall, which put its head into the milk, and drank some. The Child was pleased with this; and the next day, and every day when she sat there with her basin, and the Toad did not make its appearance, she used to call it thus:—

"Toadie, Toadie, quickly come;
Hither come, my pet;
And you shall have a little crumb
And milk before you set!"

At these words the Toad would run and squat itself down to its feast. It showed itself grateful too, for it always brought the child something out of its secret treasures,—shining stones, pearls, or golden toys. But the Toad would only drink milk, and not touch the bread; so once the Child took its little spoon, and tapped the Toad gently on the head, saying, "Eat some bread too, pet!" The mother, standing in the kitchen, heard the Child speaking to something, and when she saw it tap the Toad with its spoon she ran out with a faggot of wood and killed the good creature.

From that time a change came over the Child. So long as the Toad had played with it, it had grown strong and hearty, but now its red cheeks vanished, and it became quite thin. Soon the death-bird began to scream in the

forest, and the red-breasts collected leaves and twigs for a crown of death; and by-and-by the poor little Child lay on a bier.

II.

An orphan Child was sitting and spinning on the city wall, and saw a Toad come out of an opening beneath the wall. The Child quickly spread out its blue cotton handkerchief near itself, so that the Toad might be obliged to walk over it; and, as the Child hoped, rest upon it. As soon as the Toad saw what was done it turned round, and came again, bringing a little golden crown, which it laid down on the handkerchief, and then returned to its hole. The little Girl took up the crown, which was spun of delicate threads of gold, and glittered in the sun, and put it out of sight; so the Toad, when it came again, could not see it.

Thereupon the poor Toad crept up to the wall, and beat its little head against it till it lost all strength, and fell down dead. Now, if the Child had left the crown where it was laid, the Toad would have brought more treasures out of its hole.

III.

"Huhu, huhu!" cried a Toad.

"Come hither!" said a Child to it. When the Toad came the Child asked,

"Have you seen my sister, Red-Stocking, this morning?"

"No, no; not I!" croaked the Toad, "how should I? huhu, huhu!"

And the Toad hopped away.

CIV.

The Poor Miller's Son and the Cat.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a mill an old Miller who had neither wife nor children, but three apprentices instead; and, after they had been with him several years, he said to them one day, "I am old, and shall retire from business soon; do you all go out, and whichever of you brings me home the best horse, to him will I give the mill, and, moreover, he shall attend me in my last illness"

The third of the apprentices was a small lad despised by the others, and so much so, that they did not intend that he should ever have the mill, even after them. But all three went out together, and as soon as they got away from the village the two eldest brothers said to the stupid Hans, "You may as well remain here; in all your lifetime you will never find a horse." Nevertheless Hans went with them, and when night came on they arrived at a hollow where they laid down to sleep. The two clever brothers waited till Hans was fast asleep, and then they got up and walked off, leaving Hans snoring. Now they thought they had done a very clever thing, but we shall see how they fared. By-and-by the sun arose and awoke Hans, who, when he found himself lying in a deep hollow, peeped all around him and exclaimed, "Oh, Heavens! where have I got to?" He soon got up and scrambled out of the hollow into the forest, thinking to himself, "Here I am all alone, what shall I do to get at a horse?" While he ruminated, a little tortoiseshell Cat came up, and asked in a most friendly manner, "Where are you going, Hans?" "Ah! you can help me," said Hans. "Yes, I know very well what you wish," replied the Cat; "you want a fine

horse: come with me, and for seven years be my faithful servant, and then I will give you a handsomer steed than you ever saw."

"Well," thought Hans to himself, "this is a wonderful Cat! but still I may as well see if this will be true."

So the Cat took him into its enchanted castle, where there were many other Cats who waited upon it, jumping quickly up and down the steps, and bustling about in first-rate style. In the evening when they sat down to table three cats had to play music; one played the violoncello, a second the violin, and a third blew a trumpet so loudly that its cheeks seemed as if they would burst. When they had finished dinner the table was drawn away, and the Cat said, "Now, Hans, come and dance with me." No, no!" replied he, "I cannot dance with a Cat! I never learnt how!"

"Then take him to bed," cried the Cat to its attendants; and they lighted him at once to his sleeping apartment, where one drew off his shoes, another his stockings, while a third blew out the light. The following morning the servant-cats made their appearance again, and helped him out of bed: one drew on his stockings, another buckled on his garters, a third fetched his shoes, a fourth washed and a fifth wiped his face with her tail. "That was done well and gently," said Hans to the last. But all day long Hans had to cut wood for the Cat, and for that purpose he received an axe of silver and wedges and saws of the same metal, while the mallet was made of copper.

Here Hans remained making himself useful. Every day he had good eating and drinking, but he saw nobody except the tortoiseshell Cat and her attendants. One day the Cat said to him, "Go and mow my meadow and dry the grass well," and she gave him a scythe made of silver and a whetstone of gold, which she bade him bring back

safe. Hans went off and did what he was told; and when it was finished he took home the scythe, whetstone, and hay, and asked the Cat if she would not give him a reward? "No," said the Cat, "you must first do several things for me; here are beams of silver, binding clamps, joists, and all that is necessary, all of silver, and of these you must first build me a small house." Hans built it, and when it was done he reminded the Cat he had still no horse, although his seven years had passed like half the time. The Cat asked him whether he wished to see her horses? "Yes," said Hans. So they went out of the house, and as they opened the door there stood twelve horses, very proud creatures, pawing the ground impatiently. Hans was glad enough to see them, but as soon as he had looked at them for a minute the Cat gave him his dinner, and said, "Go home; I shall not give you your horse with you, but in three days I will come to you and bring it with me." So Hans walked off, and the cats showed him the way to the mill; but as they had not furnished him with new clothes, he was forced to go in his old ragged ones, which he had taken with him, and which during the seven years had become much too short for him. When he arrived at home he found the two other apprentices had preceded him, and each had brought a horse; but the one was blind and the other lame. "Where is your horse, Hans?" inquired they. "It will follow me in three days," he replied. At that they laughed, and cried, "Yes, Hans, and when it does come it will be something wonderful, no doubt." Hans then went into the parlour, but the old Miller said he should not sit at table because he was so ragged and dirty; they would be ashamed of him if any one came in. So they gave him something to eat out of doors, and when bed-time came the two brothers refused Hans a share of the bed, and he was obliged to creep into the goose-coop and stretch himself upon some hard straw. The next

morning was the third day mentioned by the Cat, and as soon as Hans was up there came a carriage drawn by six horses, which shone from their sleek condition, and a servant besides, who led a seventh horse which was for the poor miller's boy. Out of the carriage stepped a beautiful Princess, who went into the mill, and she was the tortoise-shell Cat whom poor Hans had served for seven years. She asked the Miller where the mill-boy, her little slave, was, and he answered, "We could not take him into the mill, he was so ragged and dirty; he lies now in the goose-coop." The Princess bade him fetch Hans, but before he could come the poor fellow had to draw together his smock-frock in order to cover himself. Then the servant drew forth some elegant clothes, and after washing Hans put them on, so that no king could have looked more handsome. Thereupon the Princess desired to see the horses which the other apprentices had brought home, and one was blind and the other lame. When she had seen them she ordered her servant to bring the horse he had in his keeping, and as soon as the Miller saw it he declared that such an animal had never before been in his farmyard. "It belongs to the youngest apprentice," said the Princess. "And the mill too," rejoined the Miller; but the Princess said he might keep that and the horse as well, for himself With these words she placed her faithful Hans in the carriage with her, and drove away. They went first to the little house which Hans had built with the silver tools, and which had become a noble castle, wherein everything was of gold and silver. There the Princess married him, and he was so very rich that he had enough for all his life.



CV.

Hans the Hedgehog.

ONCE upon a time there was a Farmer who had quite enough of money and property to live upon, but rich as he was he lacked one piece of fortune; he had no children. Ofttimes when he went to market with the other farmers they laughed at him and asked why he had no children? At length he flew into a passion, and when he came home he said, "I will have a child, and it shall be a hedgehog." Soon after this speech a child was born to him which was like a hedgehog in the upper part of its body, and formed as a boy below, and when his wife saw it she was frightened, and cried, "See what you have wished for!" So the man said, "It cannot be helped now, and it must be christened, but we can procure no godfather for it." "We cannot call him anything else than 'Hans the Hedgehog.'" said the wife; and when the priest baptized him he said, "On account of his spikes he can sleep in no common cradle." So behind the stove a little straw was laid, upon which the child slept, and there he kept for eight years, till his father grew tired of him and wished he might die. However, the child did not, but remained in a torpid state, and one day the Farmer resolved to go to a fair which was to be held in the neighbouring town. He asked his wife what he should bring home, and she told him, "A little piece of meat and a couple of rolls of bread for the housekeeping." Then he asked the servant, and she requested a couple of pots and a pair of stockings. Lastly he asked Hans what he liked, and the child replied, "Bring me, father, a bagpipe." Accordingly, when the Farmer returned home he brought his wife the meat and

bread, his servant the pots and stockings, and Hans the Hedgehog the bagpipe. As soon as Hans received his gift he said, "Father, go to the smithy, and let the Cock be bridled, that I may ride away upon it and never return."

The father was glad to be freed from his son, and caused the Cock to be harnessed, and as soon as it was ready Hans the Hedgehog set himself upon it and rode away, taking with him a Boar and an Ass, which he meant to tend in the forest. But in the forest the Cock flew to the top of a lofty tree with him on its back, and there he watched the Boar and Ass for many years until there were many of them, and all the time his father knew nothing of him. While Hans sat on the tree-top he played upon his bagpipe and made beautiful music; and once a King came riding past who had lost his way in the forest, and chanced to hear him. He wondered at the sound, and sent his servants to inquire from whence the music proceeded. They looked about, but saw only a little animal upon a tree which seemed like a cock, and had a hedgehog upon its back which made the music. The King told them to ask why it sat there, and if it knew the way to his kingdom. Then Hans the Hedgehog came down from the tree, and said he would show the way if the King would promise him in writing what first met him in the royal court on his return. The King thought to himself, Hans the Hedgehog understands nothing, and I can write what I please, and so taking pen and ink he wrote something, and when he had done Hans showed him the road, and he arrived happily at home. But his daughter, seeing him at a distance, was so full of joy that she ran to meet her father and kissed him. Then he remembered Hans the Hedgehog, and told her what had happened to him, and how he had promised to a wonderful animal whatever met him first, and how this animal sat upon a cock and played music. However he had written he should not have the

first, for Hans the Hedgehog could not read what was written. Thereupon the Princess was glad, and said it was well done, for she could not have been given up to such a creature.

Meanwhile Hans the Hedgehog still tended his flocks and herds, and was very merry, sitting up in his tree and blowing his bagpipe. Now it happened that another King came travelling by with his attendants and courtiers, who had also lost himself and knew not how to get home, because the forest was so immense. All at once he heard the music at a distance, and said to his servant, "Go and see at once what that is." So the servant went under the tree and saw the cock perched upon it and the hedgehog on its back, and he asked what he did up there. "I am watching my flocks and herds; but what is your desire?" was the reply. The servant said they had lost their way, and could not find their kingdom if he did not show them the road. Then Hans the Hedgehog climbed down the tree with his cock, and told the old King he would point out the path if he would give to him certainly whatever should meet him first before his royal palace. The King said "Yes," and subscribed to it with his own hand that he should have it. When this was done Hans rode before the King on his cock, and showed him the road whereby he quickly arrived in safety in his own kingdom. As soon as he approached his court there was great rejoicing, and his only child, a daughter, who was very beautiful, ran to meet him, embraced and kissed him, in her great joy at seeing her dear father return home again. She inquired also where he had stayed so long in the world, and he told her of all his wanderings, and how he had feared he should not get back at all because he had lost his way in such a large forest, where a creature half like a hedgehog and half like a man sat upon a cock in a high tree and made beautiful music. He told her also how this animal had

come down from the tree and showed him the road on condition that he gave him whatever first met him in his royal palace on his return home; and she was the first, and that made him grieve. His daughter after a while promised to go with the animal when he came, out of love to her dear father.

Meanwhile Hans the Hedgehog tended his swine, and so many pigs were born that they filled the whole forest. Then Hans would stay no longer in the woods, and sent his father word he should clear all the stables in the village, for he was coming with such great herds that whoever wished might kill from them. At this news the father was grieved, for he thought his son had been dead long since. Soon after Hans came riding upon his cock, and driving before him his herds into the village to be killed, when there was such a slaughtering and shrieking you might have heard it eight miles off! Hans the Hedgehog did not stay long; he paid another visit to the smithy to have his cock rebridled, then off he started again, while his father rejoiced that he should never see him again.

Hans the Hedgehog rode to the first kingdom we before mentioned, and there the King had ordered that if any one came riding upon a cock, and carrying with him a bagpipe, all should shoot at him, cut at him, and kill him, that he might not enter the castle. When, therefore, Hans the Hedgehog came riding along they pressed round him with bayonets; but he flew high up into the air over the gate to the window of the palace, and there alighting, called the King to give him what he had promised, or he would kill both him and his daughter. Then the King spoke kindly to his child and begged her to go away, that her life and his might be saved. At last she consented, turning very pale however, and her father gave her a carriage drawn by six white horses, and servants, money, and plate besides. She set herself in it, and Hans

the Hedgehog by her side, with his cock and bagpipe. Then they took leave and drove away, while the King thought he should never see them again; and it happened just as he imagined, for as soon as they had gone a little way out of the city Hans the Hedgehog pulled off the Princess's shawl and pricked her with his quills, saying, 'That is your reward for falsehood! go away! I will have nothing to do with you!" With these words he hunted her home, and to her end she was despised.

Hans the Hedgehog rode away next upon his cock with his bagpipes in his hand to the second kingdom to which he had directed its King. This King had ordered that, if any one like Hans the Hedgehog came riding to the gate, the guards should present arms, admit him freely, shout Viva! and conduct him to the palace. As soon as the Princess saw the animal coming she was at first frightened, because it appeared so curious, but as soon as she recollected her promise she became reconciled. She welcomed Hans the Hedgehog, and was married to him, and afterwards they dined at the royal table, sitting side by side, and eating and drinking together. When evening came on and bedtime, the Princess said she was afraid of her husband's spikes, but he said she need not fear, he would do her no harm. Then he told the old King to appoint four men who should watch before the chamber-door and keep up a great fire; and, when he entered and prepared to go to bed, he would creep out of his hedgehog skin and lay it down before the bed. When he had so done, the men must run in, snatch up the skin, and throw it in the fire, and keep it there till it was quite consumed.

Afterwards, when the clock struck twelve, Hans the Hedgehog entered his room, stripped off his skin, and laid it down by the bed. Immediately the four men ran in, snatched it up, and threw it into the fire, and as soon as it was consumed Hans was freed, and lay in the bed in

a proper human form, but coal-black as if he was burn. Thereupon the King sent to his physician, who washed the young prince with a precious balsam which made his skin white, so that he became quite a handsome youth. As soon as the princess saw this she jumped for joy; and the following morning they arose gladly, and were married again in due form and with great feasting; and afterwards Hans the Hedgehog received the kingdom from the hands of the old king.

When several years had passed away the young king went with his bride to his father's house, and told him he was his son. The Farmer, however, declared he had no children. He had once, he said, had one who was covered with spikes like a hedgehog, but he had wandered away into the world. Then the king made himself known to his father, and showed that he was really his son, and the Farmer rejoiced greatly, and returned with him to his kingdom.



CVI.

The Child's Grave.

THERE was once a Mother who had a little Boy, seven years old, so pretty and good that no one saw him without loving him; and she, especially, loved him with her whole heart. One day it happened that he suddenly fell sick, and by-and-by the good God took him to himself; and the poor Mother was so grieved that she would not be comforted, but cried day and night. Soon after his burial the Child appeared one night in the place where during his lifetime he had been wont to sit and play; and while his Mother wept he wept too, and at daybreak disappeared. When, however, the Mother still lamented his death, and cried without ceasing, he appeared again one night in the white shroud in which he was laid in his coffin, and with the garland of flowers round his head. He sat down at the foot of his Mother on the bed, and said to her, "Ah! my Mother, cease to weep, else can I not sleep in my coffin, for my shroud is moistened continually with your tears which fall upon it!"

The Mother thereupon was frightened, and dried her tears; and the next night the Child appeared once more, holding a light in his hand. "See, my dear Mother!" he said, "see, my shroud is dry now, and I can rest in my grave!"

After this the Mother sorrowed no more, but bore her loss with patience and trust in God; while her Child peacefully slept in his narrow grave.

CVII.

The Jew among Thorns.

THERE was once upon a time a rich man, who had a servant so honest and industrious that he was every morning the first up, and every evening the last to come in; and, besides, whenever there was a difficult job to be done, which nobody else would undertake, this servant always volunteered his assistance. Moreover, he never complained, but was contented with everything, and happy under all circumstances. When his year of service was up, his master gave him no reward, for he thought to himself that will be the cleverest way, and, by saving his wages, I shall keep my man quietly in my service. The servant said nothing, but did his work during the second year as well as the first; but still he received nothing for it, so he made himself happy about the matter, and remained a year longer.

When this third year was also past, the master considered, and put his hand in his pocket, but drew nothing out; so the servant said, "I have served you honestly for three years, master, be so good as to give me what I deserve; for I wish to leave, and look about me a bit in the world."

"Yes, my good fellow," replied the covetous old man; "you have served me industriously, and, therefore, you shall be cheerfully rewarded." With these words he dipped his hand into his pocket and drew out three farthings, which he gave to the servant, saying, "There, you have a farthing for each year, which is a much more bountiful and liberal reward than you would have received from most masters!"

The honest servant, who understood very little about

money, jinked his capital, and thought, "Ah now I have a pocketful of money, so why need I plague myself any longer with hard work?" So off he walked, skipping and jumping about from one side of the road to the other, full of joy. Presently he came to some bushes, out of which a little man stept, and called out "Whither away, merry brother? I see you do not carry much burden in the way of cares." "Why should I be sad," replied the servant, "I have enough, the wages of three years are rattling in my pocket."

"How much is your treasure?" inquired the dwarf.

"How much? three farthings honestly counted out," said the servant.

"Well," said the dwarf, "I am a poor needy man, give me your three farthings; I can work no longer, but you are young, and can earn your bread easily."

Now because the servant had a compassionate heart, he pitied the old man, and handed him the three farthings, saying, "In the name of God take them, and I shall not want."

Thereupon the little man said, "Because I see you have a good heart I promise you three wishes, one for each farthing, and all shall be fulfilled."

"Aha!" exclaimed the servant, "you are one who can blow black and blue! Well, then, if it is to be so, I wish, first, for a gun, which shall bring down all I aim at; secondly, a fiddle, which shall make all who hear it dance; thirdly, that whatever request I may make to any one it shall not be in their power to refuse me."

"All this you shall have," said the dwarf; and diving into his pocket he produced a fiddle and gun, as soon as you could think, all in readiness, as if they had been ordered long ago. These he gave to the servant, and then said to him, "Whatever you may ask, shall no man in the world be able to refuse." With that he disappeared.

"What more can you desire now, my heart?" said the servant to himself, and walked merrily onwards. Soon he met a Jew with a very long beard, who was standing listening to the song of a bird which hung high up upon a tree "What a wonder," he was exclaiming, "that such a small creature should have such an immense voice! if it were only mine! Oh that I could strew some salt upon its tail!"

"If that is all," broke in the servant, "the bird shall soon be down;" and aiming with his gun he pulled the trigger, and down it fell in the middle of a thorn-bush. "Go, you rogue, and fetch the bird out," said he to the Jew.

"Leave out the rogue, my master," returned the other; "before the dog comes I will fetch out the bird, because you killed it so well." So saying the Jew went down on his hands and knees and crawled into the bush; and while he stuck fast among the thorns, the good servant felt so roguishly inclined, that he took up his fiddle and began to play. At the same moment the Jew was upon his legs, and began to jump about, while the more the servant played the better went the dance. But the thorns tore his shabby coat, combed out his beard, and pricked and stuck all over his body. "My master," cried the Jew, "what is your fiddling to me? leave the fiddle alone; I do not want to dance."

But the servant did not pay any attention, and said to the Jew, while he played anew, so that the poor man jumped higher than ever, and the rags of his clothes hung about the bushes, "You have fleeced people enough in your time, and now the thorny hedge shall give you a turn." "Oh woe's me!" cried the Jew; "I will give the master what he desires, if only he leaves off fiddling—a purse of gold." "If you are so liberal," said the servant, "I will stop my music; but this I must say to your credit,

that you dance as if you had been bred to it;" and thereupon taking the purse he went his way.

The Jew stood still and watched him out of sight, and then he began to abuse him with all his might. "You miserable musician, you beer-tippler! wait, if I do but catch you alone, I will hunt you till the soles of your shoes fall off! you ragamuffin, you farthingsworth!" and so he went on, calling him all the names he could lay his tongue to. As soon as he had regained his breath and arranged his dress a bit, he ran into the town to the justice. "My lord judge," he said, "I have a sorry tale to tell: see how a rascally man has used me on the public highway, robbed and beaten me! a stone on the ground might pity me; my clothes all torn, my body scratched and wounded all over, poverty come upon me with the loss of my purse, besides several ducats, one piece more valuable than all the others; for Heaven's sake let the man be put in prison!"

"Was it a soldier," inquired the judge, "who has thus cut you with his sabre?" "God forbid!" cried the Jew; "it was no sword the rogue had, but he carried a gun upon his shoulder, and a fiddle slung round his neck; the evil wretch is easily known."

So the judge sent his people out after the man, and they soon found the servant, whom they drove slowly before them, when they found the purse upon him. As soon as he was set before the judge he said, "I have not touched the Jew, nor taken his money; for he gave it to me of his own free will, because he wished me to cease my fiddling which he could not endure."

"Heaven defend us," cried the Jew, "he tells lies as fast as he can catch the flies upon the wall."

The judge also would not believe his tale, and said, "This is a bad defence, for no Jew would do as you say." Thereupon, because the robbery had been committed on

the public road, he sentenced the good servant to be hanged. As he was led thither the Jew began again to abuse him, crying out, "You bearskin! you dog of a fiddler! now you shall receive your well-earned reward" But the servant walked quietly with the hangman to the gallows, and upon the last step of the ladder he turned round and said to the judge, "Grant me one request before I die."

"Yes, if you do not ask your life," said the judge.

"Not life do I request, but that you will allow me to play one tune upon my fiddle, for a last favour," replied the servant.

The Jew raised a great cry of "Murder! murder! for God's sake do not allow it!" "Why should I not grant him this short enjoyment?" asked the judge, "it is almost all over with him, and he shall have this last favour." (However, he could not have refused the request which the servant had made.)

Then the Jew exclaimed, "Oh! woe's me! hold me fast, tie me fast!" while the servant, taking his fiddle from his neck, began to screw up, and no sooner had he given the first scrape, than the judge, his clerk, and the hangman began to make steps, and the rope fell out of the hand of him who was going to bind the Jew. At the second scrape, all raised their legs, and the hangman let loose the good servant and prepared for the dance. At the third scrape, all began to dance and caper about; the judge and the Jew being first performers. And as he continued to play, all joined in the dance, and even the people who had gathered in the market out of curiosity, old and young, fat and thin, one with another. The dogs, likewise, as they came by, got up on their hind legs and capered about; and the longer he played the higher sprang the dancers, till they toppled down over each other on their heads, and began to shriek terribly. At length the judge

cried, quite out of breath, "I will give you your life if you will stop fiddling." The good servant thereupon had compassion, and dismounting the ladder he hung his fiddle round his neck again. Then he stepped up to the Jew, who lay upon the ground panting for breath, and said, "You rascal, tell me, now, whence you got the money, or I will take my fiddle and begin again." "I stole it, I stole it!" cried the Jew; "but you have honestly earned it." Upon this the judge caused the Jew to be hung on the gallows as a thief, while the good servant went on his way rejoicing in his happy escape.



The Flail which came from the Clouds.

A COUNTRYMAN once drove his plough with a pair of oxen, and when he came about the middle of his fields the horns of his two beasts began to grow, and grow, till they were so high that when he went home he could not get them into the stable-door. By good luck just then a Butcher passed by, to whom he gave up his beasts, and struck a bargain, that he should take to the Butcher a measure full of turnip seed, for every grain of which the Butcher should give him a Brabant dollar. That is what you may call a good bargain! The Countryman went home, and came again, carrying on his back a measure of seed, out of which he dropped one grain on the way. The Butcher, however, reckoned out for every seed a Brabant dollar; and had not the Countryman lost one he would have received a dollar more. Meanwhile the seed which he dropped on the road had grown up a fine tree, reaching into the clouds. So the Countryman thought to himself he might as well see what the people in the clouds were about. Up he climbed, and at the top found a field with some people thrashing oats; but while he was looking at them he felt the tree shake beneath him, and, peeping downwards, he perceived that some one was on the point of chopping down the tree at the roots. "If I am thrown down," said the Countryman, to himself, "I shall have a bad fall;" and, quite bewildered, he could think of nothing else to save himself than to make a rope with the oat straw, which laid about in heaps. He then seized hold of a hatchet and flail which were near him, and let himself

down by his straw rope. He fell into a deep, deep hole in the earth, and found it very lucky that he had brought the hatchet with him; for with it he cut steps, and so mounted again into the broad daylight, bringing with him the flail for a sign of the truth of his tale, which nobody on that account, was able to doubt!

There is a wonderful adventure!!!



CIX.

The Goose Girl.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old Queen, whose husband had been dead some years, and had left her with a beautiful daughter. When this daughter grew up she was betrothed to a King's son, who lived far away; and, when the time arrived that she should be married, it became necessary that she should travel into a strange country, and so the old lady packed up for her use much costly furniture, utensils of gold and silver, cups and jars; in short, all that belonged to a royal bridal-treasure, for she loved her child dearly. She sent also a maid to wait upon her and to give her away to the bridegroom, and two horses for the journey; and the horse of the Princess, called Falada, could speak. As soon as the hour of departure arrived, the mother took her daughter into a chamber, and there, with a knife, she cut her finger with it so that it bled; then she held a napkin beneath, and let three drops of blood fall into it, which she gave to her daughter, saying, "Dear child, preserve this well, and it will help you out of trouble."

Afterwards the mother and daughter took a sorrowful leave of each other, and the Princess placed the napkin in her bosom, mounted her horse and rode away to her intended bridegroom. After she had ridden on for about an hour she became very thirsty, and said to her servant, "Dismount and procure me some water from yonder stream in the cup which you carry with you, for I am very thirsty."

"If you are thirsty," replied the servant, "dismount yourself, and stoop down to drink the water, for I will not be your maid!"

The Princess, on account of her great thirst, did as she was bid, and bending over the brook she drank of its water, without daring to use her golden cup. While she did so the three drops of blood said, "Ah! if thy mother knew this her heart would break." And the Princess felt numbled, but said nothing, and soon remounted her horse. Then she rode several miles further, but the day was so hot and the sun so scorching that soon she felt thirsty again, and as soon as she reached a stream she called her hand-maiden again, and bade her take the golden cup and fill it with water, for she had forgotten all the saucy words which before had passed. The maiden, however, replied more naughtily than before, "If you wish to drink, help yourself! I will not be your maid!"

The Princess thereupon got off her horse, and helped herself at the stream, while she wept and cried, "Ah! woe 's me!" and the three drops of blood said again, "If your mother knew this her heart would break." As she leaned over the water the napkin wherein were the three drops of blood fell out of her bosom and floated down the stream without her perceiving it, because of her great anguish. But her servant had seen what happened, and she was glad, for now she had power over her mistress; because, with the loss of the drops of blood, she became weak and powerless. When, then, she would mount again upon the horse Falada, the maid said, "No, Falada belongs to me; you must get upon this horse;" and she was forced to yield. Then the servant bade her take off her royal clothes, and put on her common ones instead; and, lastly, she made the Princess promise and swear by the open sky that she would say nought of what had passed at the King's palace; for if she had not so sworn she would have been murdered. But Falada observed all that passed with great attention.

Now was the servant mounted upon Falada, and the

rightful Princess upon a sorry hack; and in that way they travelled on till they came to the King's palace. On their arrival there were great rejoicings, and the young Prince, running towards them, lifted the servant off her horse, supposing that she was the true bride; and she was led up the steps in state, while the real Princess had to stop below. Just then the old King chanced to look out of his window, and saw her standing in the court, and he remarked how delicate and beautiful she was; and going to the royal apartments, he inquired there of the bride who it was she had brought with her, and left below in the courtyard.

"Only a girl whom I brought with me for company," said the bride. "Give the wench some work to do, that she may not grow idle."

The old King, however, had no work for her and knew of nothing, until at last he said, "Ah! there is a boy who keeps the geese; she can help him." This youth was called Conrad, and the true bride was set to keep geese with him.

Soon after this the false bride said to her betrothed, "Dearest, will you grant me a favour?" "Yes," said he, "with the greatest pleasure." "Then let the knacker be summoned, that he may cut off the head of the horse on which I rode hither, for it has angered me on the way." In reality she feared lest the horse might tell how she had used the rightful Princess, and she was glad when it was decided that Falada should die. This came to the ears of the Princess, and she promised secretly to the knacker to give him a piece of gold if he would show her a kindness, which was that he would nail the head of Falada over a certain large and gloomy arch through which she had to pass daily with the geese, so that then she might still see, as she had been accustomed, her old steed. The knacker promised, and, after killing the horse, nailed the head in the place which was pointed out, over the door of the arch.

Early in the morning, when she and Conrad drove the geese through the arch, she said in passing—

"Ah, Falada, that you should hang there!"

and the head replied,

"Ah, Princess, that you should pass here
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break!"

Then she drove on through the town to a field, and when they arrived on the meadow she sat down and unloosened her hair, which was of a pure gold, and its shining appearance so charmed Conrad that he endeavoured to pull out a couple of locks. So she sang,

"Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind."

Immediately there came a strong wind which took Conrad's hat quite off his head, and led him a rare dance all over the meadows, so that when he returned, what with combing and curling, the Princess had rearranged her hair, so that he could not catch a loose lock. This made Conrad very angry, and he would not speak to her, so that all day long they tended their geese in silence, and at evening they went home.

The following morning they passed again under the gloomy arch, and the true Princess said,

"Ah, Falada, that you should hang there!"

and Falada replied,

"Ah, Princess, that you should pass here!
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break!"

Afterwards, when they got into the meadow, Conrad

tried again to snatch one of her golden locks, but she sang immediately,

"Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind."

So the wind blew and carried the hat so far away that, by the time Conrad had caught it again, her hair was all combed out, and not a single one loose; so they kept their geese till evening as before.

After they returned home, Conrad went to the old King, and declared he would no longer keep geese with the servant.

"Why not?" asked the old King.

"Oh! she vexes me the whole day long," said Conrad; and then the King bade him relate all that had happened. So Conrad did, and told how in the morning when they passed through a certain archway she spoke to a horse's head which was nailed up over the door, and said,

"Ah, Falada, that you should hang there?"

and it replied,

"Ah, Princess, that you should pass here!
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break!"

and, further, when they arrived in the meadow, how she caused the wind to blow his hat off, so that he had to run after it ever so far. When he had finished his tale the old King ordered him to drive the geese out again the next morning, and he himself, when morning came, stationed himself behind the gloomy archway, and heard the servant talk to the head of Falada. Then he followed them also into the fields, and hid himself in a thicket by the meadow, and there he saw with his own eyes the goose girl and boy

drive in their geese, and after a while she sat down, and unloosening her hair, which shone like gold, began to sing the old rhyme,

"Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind."

Then the King felt a breeze come which took off Conrad's hat, so that he had to run a long way after it, while the goose girl combed out her hair and put it back in proper trim before his return. All this the King observed, and then went home unremarked, and when the goose girl returned at evening he called her aside, and asked her what it all meant. "That I dare not tell you, nor any other man," replied she; "for I have sworn by the free sky not to speak of my griefs, else had I lost my life."

The King pressed her to say what it was, and left her no peace about it; but still she refused, so at last he said, "If you will not tell me, tell your griefs to this fireplace;" and he went away. Then she crept into the fireplace, and began to weep and groan, and soon she relieved her heart by telling her tale. "Here sit I," she said, "forsaken by all the world, and yet I am a King's daughter, and a false servant has exercised some charm over me, whereby I was compelled to lay aside my royal clothes; and she has also taken my place at the bridegroom's side, and I am forced to perform the common duties of a goose girl. Oh! if my mother knew this, her heart would break with grief."

The old King meanwhile stood outside by the chimney and listened to what she said, and when she had finished he came in and called her away from the fireplace. Then her royal clothes were put on, and it was a wonder to see how beautiful she was; and the old King, calling his son, showed him that it was a false bride whom he had taken,

who was only a servant girl, but the true bride stood there as a goose girl. The young King was glad indeed at heart when he saw her beauty and virtue, and a great feast was announced, to which all people and good friends were invited. On a raised platform sat the bridegroom, with the Princess on one side and the servant girl on the other. But the latter was dazzled, and recognised her mistress no longer in her shining dress. When they had finished their feasting, and were beginning to be gay, the old King set a riddle to the servant girl: What such an one were worthy of who had, in such and such a manner, deceived her masters; and he related all that had happened to the true bride. The servant girl replied, "Such an one deserves nothing better than to be put into a cask, stuck all round with sharp nails, and then by two horses to be dragged through street after street till the wretch be killed."

"Thou art the woman, then!" exclaimed the King; "thou hast proclaimed thine own punishment, and it shall be strictly fulfilled!"

The sentence was immediately carried into effect, and afterwards the young King married his rightful bride, and together they ruled their kingdom long in peace and happiness.



CX.

The Two Kings' Children.

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had a little boy of whom it was foretold that when he was sixteen years old he would be killed by a stag. Just when he had reached this age, he went out hunting with the royal huntsman, and during the chase, the Prince wandered away from his companions, and soon perceived a fine stag, which he took a fancy to shoot. He pursued it a long way without success, until the stag ran into a little hollow, where it changed itself into a tall, thin man, who said to the Prince, "Now all is well; I have caught you at last; often have I followed you with silent footsteps, but never till this time could I catch you." So saying, the man took the Prince with him, and rowed him over a wide lake, till they came to a royal palace, where they sat down at a table and partook of a meal together. When they had finished the King said, "I have three daughters, the eldest of whom you must watch this night, sitting from nine o'clock in the evening till morning; and every time the clock strikes I shall come, and call gently, and, if you give me no answers, in the morning you shall die; but, if you reply readily each time, you shall have my daughter to wife."

When the young Prince was led into the chamber, he saw a great stone image there, to which the Princess said, "When my father comes at nine, and every hour afterwards, do you give an answer when he speaks instead of the Prince." The stone image nodded its head, at first rapidly, and then gradually slower, till it stopped altogether. The next morning the King told the Prince he

had performed his work well, but he could not yet give up his daughter, and he must watch this night the second one, and after that he would consider about giving him his eldest daughter to wife. "Again," said he, "I shall come every hour, and call gently, that you may answer; but if you do not answer, your blood shall flow as a punishment!"

With this they went up to the second daughter's chamber, and there stood a much larger image, which the Princess bade to answer when the King called. The large stone image thereupon nodded its head, as the other had done, first in quick time, and gradually slower, till it stood still. The Prince laid down upon the threshold and went to sleep, with his head resting upon his arm, and the next morning the King said again, "I cannot now give up my daughter, although you have performed what I required; so this night you must watch my youngest child, and then I will consider if you can have my second daughter to wife; again I shall come every hour, and call, and, if you reply, well and good; but if not, your blood must flow in satisfaction!"

They ascended to the youngest Princess's room, and there was a much taller and larger image, twice as big as the other two, to which this Princess also said, "Answer, if my father calls." The tall image nodded its head for half an hour and then ceased, while the King's son laid down upon the threshold, as before, and went to sleep. The following morning the King said he had certainly watched well, but still he could not give him his daughter till he had first removed a certain huge forest, which, if he had effected by the evening of that day, he would consider the matter. Then he gave him a glass axe, a glass wedge, and a glass mallet, with which the Prince began his work; but at the first stroke the axe broke in halves, and at the first blow both the wedge and the mallet were shivered to pieces. Thereupon he was so troubled, believing that he

should be put to death, that he sat down and wept. And, as it was just noonday, the King said to his daughters, "One of you must take him something to eat." "No, no," said the two eldest, "we will not; let the one he watched last wait upon him." So the youngest Princess had to carry the Prince his meal, and when she got to the forest she asked him how he got on? "Alas!" said the youth, "everything goes ill!" The Princess pressed him to eat a bit before he went on, but he refused, saying, "No; I must die, and I am resolved I will eat no more." At length he was over-persuaded and did eat what she brought. When he had finished, she made him play at ball with her; and soon he fell asleep from weariness. Then she took her handkerchief, and tied a knot in the end, with which she knocked three times upon the ground, and cried, "Earthmen, come up!" Immediately ever so many little dwarfs made their appearance, and inquired of the Princess what she wanted. "In three hours from this time," said she, "this forest must be cleared away, and all the timber piled up in heaps."

The earthmen collected all their forces, and set to work, and in three hours all was completed, and they summoned the Princess to see, who thereupon rapped upon the ground again, crying, "Earthmen, go home!" and all disappeared at once. Then she awoke the Prince, who was overjoyed to see what was done; but she bade him not return till it struck six. At that time he came back, and the King inquired if he had done his work. "Yes," answered the Prince, "I have cleared away the forest." Afterwards they sat down to supper, and the King then told the Prince he could not yet give him any of his daughters to wife till he had performed another work. This was to clear out a deep ditch and fill it with water, so that it should look as clear as a mirror, and, besides, be full of all sorts of fish. The next morning accordingly the King gave him a glass

spade, and said the ditch must be ready at six o'clock. The Prince began to dig at once, but as soon as he struck the spade into the ground it broke in two, as the hatchet had done the day before. He was sore troubled, for he knew not what to do, and waited till noonday, when the youngest Princess again brought him his dinner, and asked him how he got on. "Alas!" said he, hiding his face in his hands, "the same ill-luck has befallen me." The Princess tried to comfort him, saying that he would think differently when he had eaten and rested. Still he refused, declaring that he should die, and would eat no more. At last she persuaded him to sit down, and when he had finished he fell asleep, being weary with care. And while he was snoring the Princess took out her handkerchief and rapped on the ground as before, thrice, while she called, "Earthmen, come up!" They appeared at once, and asked her business. "In three hours from this time you must clear this ditch, and make it as clear as crystal; and besides, all sorts of fish must be within it."

The earthmen thereupon collected all their strength, and worked so hard that in two hours it was all ready. When they had done, they told the Princess her command was obeyed, and she, rapping thrice on the earth as before, said, "Return home, then, earthmen!" They all disappeared at once, and she awoke the Prince, who saw that the ditch was ready. Then the Princess returned home, and bade him not come till six o'clock, at which hour he arrived, and the King asked him whether the ditch were ready. "Yes," he replied. "That is well," said the King; but at supper he again declared that he could not give up his daughter till he had done another thing. "What, then, is that?" asked the Prince. "There is a great hill," replied the King, "whereon are several crags of rock, which must all be demolished; and instead thereof you must build up a fine castle, which must be stronger than one can imagine;

and, besides, filled with every necessary appurtenance." The following morning the King gave him a glass pickaxe and bore, and told him the work must be ready by six o'clock. At the first stroke with the pickaxe the pieces flew far and wide, and he had only the handle left in his hands, and the bore would make no impression. At these misfortunes he was quite disheartened, and sat down to wait and see if his mistress would assist him. At noonday she came as before, bringing him somewhat to eat, and he ran up to her, and told her all his troubles. First she made him eat and go to sleep as before, and then she rapped thrice as before with her knotted handkerchief on the ground, crying, "Come up, little earthmen!" They made their appearance at once, and asked her wishes. And she told them that, in three hours from that time, they must remove all the rocks which were on the hill, and build in their stead a noble castle, finer than any one had ever seen, and filled, moreover, with all the necessary appurtenances. The dwarfs fetched their tools and worked away, and in the three hours they completed everything. They told the Princess when they had finished, and she, rapping on the ground as before three times with her knotted handkerchief, cried, "Earthmen, go home!" and immediately they all disappeared. Then she awoke the Prince; and they were merry together as birds in the air, and when six o'clock struck they went home together. The King asked, "Is that castle ready, too?" "Yes," was the reply. Afterwards, when they sat down to table, the King said to the Prince, "I cannot give you my youngest daughter till you have asked her two sisters." This speech saddened both the Princess and the Prince, who knew not what to do But at night he came to her, and they escaped together; but on the way the Princess looked back, and saw her father pursuing them. "Alas!" she cried, "what shall we do? my father is behind us, and will overtake us; I

will change you into a thorn-bush, and myself into a rose, and always rest in your protection."

So when the father came to the spot he found only a thorn-bush and a rose, which he was going to pull off, when the thorns pricked his finger, and sent him home again. On his return his wife asked him why he had not brought them with him, and he told her he had followed them till he had lost sight of them, and when he came to the spot he found only a thorn and a rose. "You should have broken the rose-bud off, and the thorn-bush would have followed of itself!" exclaimed his wife. Thereupon he went away to fetch the rose, but in the mean time the two had escaped farther away from the field where he left them, and the King was obliged to follow them. The Princess peeped behind her, and seeing her father coming, cried, "Ah! now what shall we do? I will transform you into a church, and myself into the parson, and mount in the pulpit to preach." So when the King came to the spot, he found a church and a parson preaching in the pulpit, so he stopped and heard the sermon and then returned home. The Queen asked if he had brought the fugitive, and he replied no: he had followed them to the spot where he thought they were, and had seen only a church, in the pulpit of which a parson was delivering a sermon. "You should have brought the parson with you," said his wife; "the church must have followed also; but now I must go myself, for it is useless to send you." Just as she was getting near the church, the Princess, peeping around, saw her mother coming, and exclaimed, "This is worse luck than all, for here comes mother; I will change you into a pond and myself into a fish." So when the Queen came to the place she found a large pond, and in the midst of it a fish swimming about and leaping out of the water merrily. The Queen tried to catch the fish, but she could not manage it, and so she drank up the

whole pond, but it soon filled again, and she found that she could not succeed. So she turned to go home, but first she gave her daughter three walnuts, and said, "With these you can help yourself if you are in necessity."

The young people journeyed on again, and in about an hour's time they came in sight of the castle where the Prince formerly dwelt, close by which was a village. The Prince, as they approached the place, said to his companions, "Stop here, my dearest, while I go up to the castle and bring down carriages and servants to meet you."

As soon as he arrived at the castle there was great rejoicing at his return, and he told them his bride was waiting for him down in the village below while he went to bring a carriage. The servants soon harnessed the horses and placed themselves behind the carriage; but the Prince, before he got in, kissed his mother, and as soon as he had done so he forgot all that had happened and all that he was about. The Queen Mother then commanded the horses to be taken out of the carriage, and all went back into the house.

Meanwhile the Princess remained below in the village waiting and waiting to be fetched, but nobody came, and by-and-by she hired herself to the miller whose mill belonged to the castle, and there, by the water, she sat all day long washing linen. One morning the Queen came by the stream while she was taking an airing, and saw the maiden sitting there. "What a fine girl that is!" she exclaimed, "she pleases me well!" but the Queen passed on and thought no more about her. So the maiden remained a long while with the miller, till the time came that the Queen had found a bride from a far distant country for her son. When this bride came a great number of people were invited to celebrate her arrival, and the maiden asked leave of her master to go too. On the

wedding-day she opened one of the three nuts her mother had given her, and in it she found a very beautiful dress which she put on, and went into the church and took a place near the altar. Presently the bride and bridegroom entered and placed themselves before the altar, but, just as the priest was about to bless them, the bride, peeping on one side, saw the maiden with the beautiful dress, and thereupon refused to be married unless she was dressed the same. So all the train had to return home, and the strange lady was asked if she would lend her dress. No! and neither would she sell it for any money, but there was one condition on which she would part with it. This was, that she should be allowed to sleep one night before the door of the Prince's chamber. This was granted; but the servants gave their master a sleeping draught, so that he did not hear a word of the maiden's plaints, and there she lay all night long endeavouring to remind him how she had cut down the wood for him, filled up the ditch, built the castle, changed him into a thorn-bush, a church, and lastly a pond, and yet he had forsaken her. But the Prince heard nothing, and the next morning the bride put on the dress, and they went again to church. Then the same events took place as the day before, and the maiden had leave to sleep again in return for her dress. This time the Prince did not take his draught, and he heard all her complaint and was very much troubled. The next morning he went to the maiden and begged her forgiveness for all his forgetfulness. The true bride then drew out and cracked her third nut, and the dress which laid in it was so beautiful that all the boys and girls ran after, and strewed flowers in the path of the bride. So the Prince and Princess were happily married; but the old Queen and the envious bride were forced to run away.

CXI.

The Valiant Tailor.

THERE was once upon a time an excessively proud Princess, who proposed a puzzle to every one who came a-courting; and he who did not solve it was sent away with ridicule and scorn. This conduct was talked about everywhere, and it was said that whoever was lucky enough to guess the riddle would have the Princess for a wife. About that time it happened that three Tailors came in company to the town where the Princess dwelt, and the two elder of them were confident, when they heard the report, that they should without doubt be successful, since they had made so many fine and good stitches. The third Tailor was an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, who did not understand his own trade; but still he likewise was sure of his own powers of guessing a riddle. The two others, however, would fain have persuaded him to stop at home; but he was obstinate, and said he would go, for he had set his heart upon it; and thereupon he marched off as if the whole world belonged to him

The three Tailors presented themselves before the Princess, and told her they were come to solve her riddle, for they were the only proper people, since each of them had an understanding so fine that one could thread a needle with it! "Then," said the Princess, "it is this: I have a hair upon my head of two colours; which are they?"

"If that is all," said the first man, "it is black and white like the cloth which is called pepper and salt."

"Wrong!" said the Princess; "now, second man, try!"

"It is not black and white, but brown and red," said he, "like my father's holiday coat."

"Wrong again!" cried the Princess; "now try, third man; who I see will be sure to guess rightly!"

The little Tailor stepped forward, bold as brass, and said, "The Princess has a gold and silver hair on her head, and those are the two colours."

When the Princess heard this she turned pale, and very nearly fell down to the ground with fright, for the Tailor had guessed her riddle, which she believed nobody in the world could have solved. As soon as she recovered herself, she said to the Tailor, "That is not all you have to do; in the stable below lies a Bear, with which you must pass the night; and if you are alive when I come in the morning I will marry you."

The little Tailor readily consented, exclaiming, "Bravely ventured is half won!" But the Princess thought herself quite safe, for as yet the Bear had spared no one who came within reach of its paws.

As soon as evening came the little Tailor was taken to the place where the Bear lay; and, as soon as he entered the stable, the beast made a spring at him. "Softly, softly!" cried the Tailor, "I must teach you manners!" And out of his pocket he took some nuts, which he cracked between his teeth quite unconcernedly. As soon as the Bear saw this he took a fancy to have some nuts also: and the Tailor gave him a handful out of his pocket; not of nuts, but of pebbles. The Bear put them into its mouth, but he could not crack them, try all he might. "What a blockhead I am!" he cried to himself; "I can't crack a few nuts! Will you crack them for me?" said he to the Tailor. "What a fellow you are!" exclaimed the Tailor; "with such a big mouth as that, and can't crack a small nut!" With these words he cunningly substituted a nut for the pebble which the Bear handed him, and soon cracked it.

"I must try once more!" said the Bear; "it seems an

easy matter to manage!" And he bit and bit with all his strength, but, as you may believe, all to no purpose. When the beast was tired, the little Tailor produced a fiddle out of his coat, and played a tune upon it, which as soon as the Bear heard he began to dance in spite of himself. In a little while he stopped and asked the Tailor whether it was easy to learn the art of fiddling. "Easy as child's play!" said the Tailor; "you lay your left fingers on the strings, and with the right hold the bow and then away it goes. Merrily, merrily, hop-su-sa, oi-val-lera!"

"Oh! well, if that is fiddling," cried the Bear, "I may as well learn that, and then I can dance as often as I like. What do you think? Will you give me instruction?"

"With all my heart!" replied the Tailor, "if you are clever enough; but let me see your claws, they are frightfully long, and I must cut them a bit!" By chance a vice was lying in one corner, on which the Bear laid his paws, and the Tailor screwed them fast. "Now wait till I come with the scissors," said he; and, leaving the Bear groaning and growling, he laid himself down in a corner on a bundle of straw and went to sleep.

Meanwhile the Princess was rejoicing to think she had got rid of the Tailor; and especially when she heard the Bear growling, for she thought it was with satisfaction for his prey. In the morning accordingly she went down to the stable; but as soon as she looked in she saw the Tailor as fresh and lively as a fish in water. She was much alarmed, but it was of no use, for her word had been openly pledged to the marriage; and the King her father ordered a carriage to be brought, in which she and the Tailor went away to the church to the wedding. Just as they had set off, the two other Tailors, who were very envious of their brother's fortune, went into the stable and released the Bear, who immediately ran after the carriage

which contained the bridal party. The Princess heard the beast growling and groaning, and became very much frightened, and cried to the Tailor, "Oh, the Bear is behind, coming to fetch you away!" The Tailor was up in a minute, stood on his head, put his feet out of the window, and cried to the Bear, "Do you see this vice? if you do not go away you shall have a taste of it!" The Bear considered him a minute, and then turned tail and ran back; while the Tailor drove on to church with the Princess, and made her his wife. And very happy they were after the marriage, as merry as larks; and to the end of their lives they lived in contentment.



CXII.

The Blue Light.

THERE was once upon a time a Soldier, who had served his King faithfully for many years; but when the war came to a close, the Soldier, on account of his many wounds, was disabled, and the King said to him, "You may go home, for I no longer need you: but you will not receive any more pay, for I have no money but for those who render me a service for it." The Soldier did not know where to earn a livelihood, and, full of care, he walked on the whole day ignorant whither he went, till about night he came to a large forest. Through the darkness which covered everything he saw a light, and approaching it, he found a hut wherein dwelt a Witch. "Please give me a night's lodging, and something to eat and drink, or I shall perish," said he to the old woman. "Oho! who gives anything to a worn-out Soldier!" she replied; "still out of compassion I will take you in, if you will do what I desire." The Soldier asked what she wished, and she told him she wanted her garden dug over. To this he willingly consented, and the following day, accordingly, he worked with all his strength, but could not get his work finished by evening. "I see very well," said the Witch, "that you cannot get further to-day, so I will shelter you another night; and in return you shall fetch me a pile of faggots to-morrow, and chop them small." The Soldier worked all day long at this job, but as he did not finish till quite the evening, the Witch again proposed that he should stop the night. "You shall have but a very little work to-morrow," said she; "I want you to fetch me out of a half-dry well behind my house, my blue light, which floats

there without ever going out." The next morning, accordingly, the old Witch led him to the well, and let him down into it in a basket. He soon found the blue light, and made a sign to be drawn up; and as soon as he reached the top, the old woman tried to snatch the blue light out of his hand. "No, no!" cried the Soldier, perceiving her wicked intentions, "no, no, I don't give up the light till both my feet stand on dry ground." The Witch flew into a passion when he said so, and letting him fall down into the well again, went away.

The poor Soldier fell without injury on the soft mud, and the blue light kept burning: but to what use? he saw well that he should not escape death. For a while he sat there in great trouble, and at length searching in his pocket, he took out his tobacco-pipe, which was only half-smoked out. "This shall be my last consolation," said he to himself; and lighting the pipe at the blue light, he began to puff. As soon, now, as the smoke began to ascend, a little black man suddenly stood before the Soldier, and asked, "Master, what are your commands?"

"What are my commands?" repeated the astonished Soldier. "I must do all you desire," replied the Dwarf. "That is well," said the Soldier; "then help me first out of this well." The Dwarf, thereupon, took him by the hand and led him through a subterraneous passage out of the well, while he carried the blue light with him. On the way he showed the Soldier the concealed treasure of the Witch, of which he took as much as he could carry; and as soon as they were out of the ground he bade the Dwarf fetch the old Witch, and take her before the judge. In a very short time she was brought riding on a wild cat, which made a fearful noise, and ran as swiftly as the wind: and the Dwarf, taking them before the judge, quickly returned to his master, with the news that the Witch was hung on the gallows. "Master, what else have you to

command?" inquired the Dwarf. "Nothing further at present," replied the Soldier, "and now you can go home, only be at hand when I summon you again."

"All that is necessary for that," said the Dwarf, "is, that you should light your pipe at the blue lamp, and immediately I shall present myself." With these words the little man disappeared.

Then the Soldier returned to the city from whence he first came, and, going to the head inn, ordered some fine clothes, and bade the landlord furnish him a room in the most expensive style. As soon as it was ready, the Soldier took possession of it, and summoned the black Dwarf, to whom he said, "The King of this city I served formerly for many years, faithfully, but he sent me away to suffer hunger, and now I will take my revenge."

"What shall I do then?" inquired the Dwarf. "Late in the evening, when the King's daughter is asleep, you must fetch her out of her bed, and bring her here to wait upon me as my maid-servant."

The Dwarf expostulated with the Soldier, but to no purpose, telling him that though it would be an easy matter for him to bring her, it might cause him danger if it were found out. Accordingly, when twelve o'clock struck, the Dwarf appeared with the Princess. "Aha! you are there," cried the Soldier, to the Princess; "come, fetch your brush and sweep the room." When she had done that, he called her to his seat, and, stretching his feet out, bade her pull off his boots. This she did, and, as he threw the boots in her face, she was obliged to go and wash herself. But all was done by her with eyes half shut, without complaint or resistance; and at the first crow of the cock the Dwarf carried her back again to bed in the royal castle.

The next morning when the Princess arose she went to her father, and told him what a curious dream she had had. "I was carried," she said, "through the streets with

lightning speed, and taken into the room of a soldier whom I waited upon as his maid, even sweeping the room, and polishing his boots. But it was only a dream, and yet I am as tired as if I had really done all this work."

"The dream may have been real," said the King, "and so I will give you this piece of advice. To-night, fill your pocket with peas, and make a hole in it, so that if you are fetched again, they will drop through as you go along, and leave a trace on the road."

While the King spoke this the Dwarf was standing by and overheard all he said; and at night he strewed peas in every street, so that those dropped by the Princess, as he carried her along, were no guide afterwards. The poor maiden had again to do all sorts of hard work till the first cock-crow, when the dwarf took her home to bed.

The next morning the King sent out his servants to seek traces of his daughter's journey: but it was all in vain, for in every street the children were picking up the peas and saying, "It has rained peas during the night."

"We must think of some other plan," said the King, when his servants returned unsuccessful; and he advised his daughter to keep her shoes on when she went to bed; and then, if she were carried off, she must leave one behind in the room whither she was taken, and in the morning it should be searched after. But the black Dwarf again overheard the plan, and counselled the Soldier not to have the Princess that evening, for there was no remedy for the stratagem her father had planned. The Soldier however, would be obeyed, although the finding of the shoe would be a serious offence: and the poor Princess was obliged again to work like any servant; but she managed to conceal one of her shoes beneath the bed before she was taken back to the palace.

The following morning the King ordered the whole city to be searched for his daughter's shoe, and it was discovered in the room of the Soldier, who, however, at the

entreaty of the Dwarf, had slipped out at the door. He was soon caught and thrown into prison, but, unfortunately, he had left behind his best possessions—the blue light and his gold, and had only a single ducat with him in his pocket. While he stood at the window of his cell, laden with chains, he perceived one of his old comrades passing by. So he knocked at the bars, and beckoned his comrade, whom he asked to go to the inn, and bring back a bundle which he had left behind, and he should receive a ducat for the service. The man ran away and soon returned with the wished-for bundle. As soon, then, as the Soldier was alone, he lighted his pipe and summoned up the Dwarf. "Be not afraid," said the black mannikin; 'go whither you are led and let everything happen as it may, only take with you the blue light."

The next day the Soldier was brought up to be tried, and although he had done no great wrong, he was condemned to death by the judge. When he was led out for execution, he begged a last favour of the King. "What is it?" asked the King. "Permit me to smoke one pipe before I die." "You may smoke three if you please," said the King; "but do not expect me to spare your life." Thereupon the Soldier drew out his pipe and lighted it at the blue light; and before a couple of wreaths of smoke had ascended the Black Dwarf appeared, holding a little cudgel in his hand, and asked, "What are your commands, master?" "Knock down, first, the unjust judge, and his constables, and do not spare the King even, who has treated me so shabbily." The little Black Dwarf commenced wielding his cudgel, and at every blow down went a man, who never ventured to rise again. The King was terribly frightened when he saw this, and begged for mercy, but the Soldier only pardoned him on condition of his giving him his daughter to wife, and his kingdom to rule; and to this the unhappy King consented, for he had no choice.

CXIII.

The Three Army Surgeons.

THREE Army Surgeons were once on their travels confident that they had learnt their profession perfectly; and one day they arrived at an inn where they wished to pass the night. The landlord asked them whence they came and whither they were going; and one of them replied that they were travelling about in search of employment for their talents. "In what do your talents consist?" inquired the landlord. The first said he would cut off his hand, and in the morning put it on again without difficulty; the second said he would take out his eyes, and in the morning replace them without injury; and the third declared he would take out his own heart and put it back again.

"Can you do these things?" said the landlord: "then indeed you are well taught." But they had a salve which healed whatever it touched; and the bottle which contained it they always carried carefully with them. So the one cut off his hand, another took out his eyes, and the third cut out his heart as they had said, and gave them on a dish to the landlord, who delivered them to the servant to put them by in a cupboard till the morning. Now this servant had a sweetheart on the sly, who was a soldier; and he, coming in, wanted something to eat. As soon as the landlord and the Three Surgeons had gone to bed, the maid opened the cupboard and fetched her lover something; but in her hurry she forgot to shut the door again, and sat down to table with the soldier, and they made themselves merry. While she sat thus, apprehending no misfortune, the cat came slipping in, and, seeing the cupboard-door open, snatched the hand, heart and eyes of the

Three Surgeons and ran away with them. As soon as the soldier had finished, the maid went to put the dish away in the cupboard and then perceived that the plate which her master had given into her care was gone. She was terribly frightened and exclaimed, "Oh! what will become of me? the hand is gone, the heart is gone, and the eyes too; how shall I manage in the morning?" "Be quiet," said her sweetheart, "I will help you out of your difficulty; on the gallows outside hangs a thief, whose hand I can cut off; which was it?" "The right," said she, and gave him a sharp knife, with which he went and cut off the right hand of the criminal, and brought it in. Then he caught the cat and took out her eyes; but what was to be done for the heart? "Did you not kill a pig to-day and put the carcass in the cellar?" asked the soldier. "Yes," said the maid. "Then that is just the thing," returned the soldier; "go and fetch the heart from it." The servant did so, and they placed all three on the plate and put them in the cupboard, and then her sweetheart having taken leave, the maid went to bed.

On the morrow when the three Army Surgeons were up, they bade the servant fetch the plate, on which lay the hand, heart, and eyes. She brought it from the cupboard, and the first man spread the hand with his salve, and immediately it joined as if it had grown there. The second took up the cat's eyes and placed them in his head, while the third put the pig's heart where his own came from. The landlord meanwhile stood by, wondering at their learning, and saying he would never have believed them had he not seen what they did. Afterwards they paid their bill and went away.

They had not gone far before he with the pig's heart began to run about and snuff in every corner after the manner of swine. The others tried to hold him by the coat, but it was of no use, he would run about among the

thickest brush-wood. The second Surgeon all this while kept rubbing his eyes and could not make out what was amiss. "What have I done?" said he to his comrades; "these are not my eyes, I cannot see; you must lead me, or I shall fall." So they travelled till evening with great trouble to themselves, when they came to another inn. They stepped into the parlour, and there in the corner sat a rich man at a table, counting his money. The Surgeon with the thief's hand went up to him and peered at him, and as soon as his back was turned, made a grasp at the gold and took a handful. "For shame, comrade," cried the others; "you must not steal; what are you doing?" "Oh, how can I help myself?" he asked; "my hand is drawn to it, and I must take it whether I will or not!" Soon after this they went to bed, and it was so dark that one could not see his hand before his eyes. All at once the Surgeon with the cat's eyes woke up, and disturbing the others, cried out, "See, see, how the white mice are running about in the room!" The two others thereupon raised their heads, but they could see nothing. "It is evident to me now," said the first Surgeon, "that we have not got our own, we must go back to the landlord who deceived us."

The following morning they rode back to the first inn, and told the landlord they had not received their own things again, for one had got a thief's hand, another a pig's heart, and a third a cat's eyes." The landlord thereupon went to call the servant-maid, but she had escaped out of the backdoor as soon as she saw the Surgeons coming, and did not return. The three now threatened to set fire to the house if the landlord did not give them a large sum of money; and the poor man was compelled to give them all he could scrape together, with which they went away. But although they had enough to last them their lifetime, each would rather have had his own hand, heart, or eyes than all the money in the world.

CXIV.

The Seven Swabians.

THERE were once Seven Swabians in company, the first of whom was named Schulz, the second Jacky, the third Marli, the fourth Jergli, the fifth Michael, the sixth Hans, and the seventh Veitli; and they all were travelling in search of adventures, and for the performance of mighty deeds. In order that they might not be without protection, they thought fit to carry along with them a very long and strong pole. Upon this they all seven held, and in front the boldest and most courageous man, who was Schulz, walked, while the others followed behind, and Veitli was last.

One day in July, after they had travelled some distance, and had nearly entered the village where they intended to pass the night, it happened that just as they came to a large meadow a hornet or dragon-fly flew out from behind a bush and hummed about the travellers in a warlike manner. Schulz was frightened and almost let go the pole, and the perspiration stood all over his body from terror. "Listen, listen!" he cried to his companions; "I hear a trumpeting!" Jacky, who was last but one in the row, and had got I know not what into his nose, exclaimed, "Something certainly is at hand for I can smell brimstone and powder!" At these words Schulz sprang over a hedge in a trice in his haste to escape, and, happening to alight on the prongs of a rake which was left in the field by the haymakers, the handle sprang up and gave him an awkward blow on the forehead. "Oh! oh! oh! woe is me!" cried Schulz; "take me prisoner, I give myself up, I surrender!" The six others thereupon jumped over the hedge

too, and cried likewise, "We surrender if you surrender we surrender if you surrender!"

At length, when they found no enemy came to bind and take them away, they saw they were deceived, and in order that the tale might not be told of them among the villagers, and they get laughed at and mocked, they took an oath among themselves never to say anything about it unless any one of them should open his mouth unawares.

After this adventure they went further, but the second danger they met with must not be compared with the first. For after several days had elapsed their road chanced to lead them through an unploughed field where a hare was lying asleep in the sun, with his ears pricked up to catch every sound, and his large, glossy eyes wide open. The seven Swabians were terribly frightened at the sight of this frightful, ferocious animal, and they took counsel together what would be the least dangerous plan to adopt. For if they fled away it was to be feared that the monster would pursue them and cut them to pieces. So they resolved to stand and have a great battle; for, said they, "Bravely dared is half won!" All seven therefore grasped hold of their spear, Schulz being foremost and Veitli hindmost. But Schulz wanted to have the spear himself, whereupon Veitli flew into a passion and broke away.

Then the rest advanced together upon the dragon, but first Schulz crossed himself devoutly and invoked the assistance of Heaven. Then he marched on, but as he approached the enemy he felt very fearful and cried in great terror, "Han! hurlehau! han! hauhel!" This awoke the hare, who sprang away quite frightened, and when Schulz saw it flee he jumped for joy and shouted,

"Zounds, Veitli, what fools we are!
The monster after all is but a hare!"

After they had recovered their fright the Seven Swabians sought new adventures, and by-and-by they arrived at

the River Moselle, a smooth and deep water over which there are not many bridges, but one must cross in boats to the other side. The Seven Swabians, however, were ignorant of this, and they therefore shouted to a man who was working on the other side of the river and asked him how they were to cross. But the man did not understand what they said on account of the distance and his ignorance of their language, and so he asked in his dialect "Wat? wat?" With this Schulz imagined the man said "Wade, wade through the stream;" and, being foremost on the bank, he jumped into the river and began to walk across. Soon he got out of his depth and sank in the deep driving current; but his hat was carried by the wind to the opposite shore. As it reached there a frog perched himself on it and croaked, "Wat! wat! wat!" This noise the six other Swabians, who then reached the bank, heard, and they said to each other, "Listen! does not Schulz call us? Well, if he could wade across we can also." With these words each one jumped into the river, but they also all sank; and so it happened that the frog caused the death of six Swabians, for nobody has heard of or seen them ever since.



CXV.

The Three Journeymen.

THERE were once three Journeymen, who agreed together to travel in company, and always work in the same town. But one season they could find no master to employ them, so that by degrees they became quite ragged, and had nothing to live upon. They asked each other what they should do; and one proposed that they should not stop any longer where they were, but wander about; and when they came to a town where no work was to be had, they should separate, first making an agreement with the landlord of their inn, that he would receive their letters, so that each might know where his companions were. This plan appeared the best they could adopt, and they set out on their travels. On the road a well-dressed man met them, who inquired of them who they were. "We are journeymen," said they, "in search of work, and hitherto we have been successful; but when we are no longer fortunate we mean to separate."

"There is no necessity for that," said the stranger; "if you only do what I tell you, you shall not want for money or work; for you may even become great lords, and ride in your own carriages."

"If it does not injure our souls and happiness," said one, "we will readily do what you wish."

"No; I have no claim upon you," replied the man; "of that sort at least."

The other Journeyman, meanwhile, had observed the stranger's feet; and when he saw one was a horse's hoof and the other a human foot, he would have nothing to do with the agreement at first. But the Evil One said it was

not their souls, but some other man's, which he wanted; and so, being reassured, the three Journeymen consented to the agreement. The Evil One then told them that what he desired was, that the first man should answer to every question, "All three of us;" the second, "For money;" and the third should cry, "That is right." This they were to say on all occasions, but any other word they must not speak, on pain of losing all their money again; but so long as they obeyed the instructions, their pockets would always be full of money. For a beginning the Evil One gave them as much as they could carry, and bade them go into such and such a city, and stop at such and such an inn. They entered the appointed place, and the landlord came towards them and asked if they wished for something to eat. The first man replied, "All three of us." "Yes," said the landlord, "that is what I mean." "For money," said the second man. "That is understood." "That is right," said the third. "Yes, that *is* right," repeated the landlord.

Soon a plentiful meal was spread before them, and they were well waited on; and as soon as they had finished the landlord brought in his bill, and laid it before the three companions. "All three of us," said the first; "For money," said the second; and the third repeated "That is right." "You are quite right, sirs," said the landlord, "all three of you must pay: and without the money I cannot entertain you." Thereupon they counted out more money than was asked, and the guests who were looking on said to each other, "These people must be mad!" "Yes; they do not appear quite sane," said the landlord: but still they remained in his house, speaking no other words than "All three of us; For money; That is right." Nevertheless they saw and knew all that was going on: and one day it chanced that a great merchant came, bringing with him a great deal of money to the inn. He said to the landlord, "Take care of my gold, or these three foolish

Journeymen may steal it from me." The landlord did so and as he carried the saddle-bags into his room he felt that they were heavy with gold. So he put the three Journeymen into a lower room, and the merchant into the best room by himself. At midnight when the landlord thought everybody was asleep, he went, accompanied by his wife, into the rich merchant's chamber, and killed him by a stroke with an axe. The murder committed, they went to bed again; and when daylight came they made a great uproar, for the merchant was found dead, lying in pools of blood. All the inmates of the inn were collected, and the landlord declared the murder had been committed by the three Journeymen. This the other lodgers confirmed, saying no one else could have done it; and when the three Journeymen were called, and asked if they had done the deed, the first replied, "All three of us;" the second, "For money;" and the third said, "That is right!"

"Now hear them," said the landlord, "they confess it themselves." Thereupon the three were taken and thrown into prison; and while they lay there they perceived that it was a serious matter for them. But by night the Evil One came, and said to them, "Keep up your courage for one day, and despair not of your fortune, for not a hair of you shall be injured."

The following morning they were taken before the judge, and asked by him, "Are you the murderers?" "All three of us," replied the first. "Why did you kill the merchant?" asked the judge, secondly. "For money," was the reply. "You wretched men," exclaimed the judge, "have you repented of your crime since." "That is right," said the third Journeyman. Then the judge ordered them to be led away to die, for they had confessed their crime, and were hardened about it.

So the three companions were led away, and the landlord had to accompany them, being the accusor. Just as

they were seized by the hangman and led up to the scaffold, where the executioner stood with a sharp sword, all at once a coach appeared drawn by four blood-red foxes, who went so fast that fire flew out of the stones, while from the window of the coach some one beckoned with a white handkerchief. The executioner said, "There comes a pardon!" and from the coach a voice was heard shouting, "Pardon, pardon!" Presently, out of the coach, the Evil One stepped, dressed as a distinguished lord, and said to the three prisoners, "You are innocent, you may speak now and state what you saw and heard." Thereupon, the first Journeyman said, "We did not kill the merchant, the murderer stands there," (pointing to the landlord,) "and for a proof of this go into his cellar, and you will find many other bodies of those he has destroyed."

The judge, therefore, sent his guards, and they found the cellar as the man described; and the landlord was consequently taken, and his head was struck off. The Evil One then said to the three Journeymen, "You are free, and will have money all your life, for I have got that which I bargained for."



CXVI.

Ferdinand the Faithful, and Ferdinand the Unfaithful.

ONCE upon a time there lived a certain Man and his Wife who as long as they were in prosperous circumstances were blessed with no children, but as soon as poverty came upon them a little boy was born to them. They were now so poor that they could get no one to stand godfather to their child, and the Man determined he would go to another town and seek one. On his way he met a poor man, who inquired whither he was going, and he told him he was in search of some one to be sponsor to his son. "Oh!" said the poor man, "you are in distress, and I also! I will be godfather to your child, although I am too poor to give him any gift; go tell your wife and let her come to the church with the child." As soon as they got there the beggar said the name of the boy should be Ferdinand the Faithful; and so he was baptized.

When they came away from the church the beggar said to the Mother, "I cannot go with you because I have nothing to give you, nor you to me; but take this key and let your husband take care of it till your boy is fourteen years old; and at that age he must go up the hill, and he will there come to a castle to which this key belongs and whatever is in the castle it shall be his."

When the boy reached the age of seven, he was once playing with other children, and they teased him and said he had received no present from his godfather as they had all done. Thereupon the boy went to his father and asked him whether what they said was true. "Oh! no," replied the father, "your godfather left a key for you which un-

locks a castle which you will find up the hill." The boy went up, but no castle was to be seen or heard of; but by and-by, when another seven years had passed, he went up again, and there saw the castle. As soon as he unlocked it he found a horse in a stable, and this so pleased him that he mounted it and rode back to his father, saying, "Now, I have got a steed, I will travel."

So he went off, and on the roadside he found a shepherd whom he thought at first of taking with him, but he resolved not to do so, and rode on. But as he passed, the man called, "Ferdinand the Faithful, take me with you." So he went back and took him up behind him. After they had ridden a little way they came to a lake on the shore of which a fish was lying gasping in agony. "Ah! my good fish," cried Ferdinand, "I must help you back into the water;" and, taking it up, he threw it in, and the Fish called out as it fell into the water, "Now since you have assisted me when I was in trouble I will also help you; take this reed pipe, and when you are in need blow thereon, and I will come; and if you chance to fall into the water I will help you out." After this Ferdinand rode on, and by-and-by he asked his companion whither he would go. "To the nearest place; but what is your name?" "Ferdinand the Faithful." "Indeed," replied the other; "then your name is like mine, for I am called Ferdinand the Unfaithful." So they rode on to the nearest place and stopped at the first inn.

Now, it was unfortunate that Ferdinand the Unfaithful came there, for he knew all manner of evil tricks. There was at this inn a maiden fair-faced and clear-eyed who took a liking to Ferdinand the Faithful as soon as he came, because he was handsome and cheerful, and she asked him where he was going. When he had told her he was travelling about, she advised him to stop where he was, for the King needed good servants and couriers, and he was just

the sort of man for him. At first he refused to hear about the matter, and said he must go on; so the maiden went herself to the King and said she knew of a good servant. The King bade her bring him before him; and as he had a horse which he said he could not part with on any account the King made him his courier. As soon then as Ferdinand the Unfaithful heard of this, he asked the maiden if she could not assist him also; and, willing to oblige both, she went to the King and got him a place in the royal household also.

A morning or two after their arrival the King awoke groaning and lamenting that his dear bride was not with him. As soon as Ferdinand the Unfaithful heard this, he went to the King (because all along he had a spite against Ferdinand the Faithful) and advised him to send a messenger after her. "You have a courier," he said; "why not send him off to fetch her back? and if he does not bring her let his head pay the forfeit!" Thereupon the King summoned Ferdinand the Faithful and ordered him on pain of death to bring back his beloved bride from the place where she was.

Ferdinand went into the stable to his favourite horse, and began to groan and weep, "Oh! what an unlucky man am I!" The Horse thereupon began to speak, and asked him what was the matter? Ferdinand was astonished to hear the horse speak, and exclaimed, "What, Schummel, can you talk? Know, then, that I have to fetch the King's bride and know not where to go." Schummel replied, "Go you to the King, and tell him that, if he will give you what you ask, you will fetch his bride; but it must be a shipful of meat and another full of bread, for there are giants across the lake where you must go, who would eat you if you brought no meat, and there are birds also who would peck out your eyes if you took no bread."

Ferdinand went and told the King, who caused all the

butchers to kill and dress meat, and all the bakers to make loaves, with which two ships were filled. As soon as these were ready, Schummel said to Ferdinand, "Now take me with you in the ship, and set sail, and when we come to the Giants, say to them,

"'Peace be with you, Giants, dear.
For I have brought you, never fear,
A good supply of fleshly cheer!'

"And when the Birds come, say,

"'Peace be with you, Ravens, dear,
For I have brought you, never fear,
A good supply of baker's cheer!'

"With these words they will be satisfied and leave you, and when you come to the castle, the Giants will help you; and two of them will go with you to where the Princess sleeps, whom the King wants. You must not awaken her, but the Giants must take her up in her bed, and carry her to the ship."

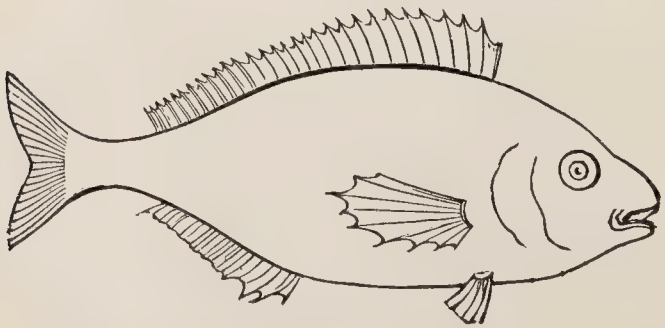
All this happened precisely as the Horse said, and Ferdinand the Faithful gave the Giants and the Birds what he had brought with him, and thereupon the Giants were satisfied, and brought the Princess to the King. As soon as she came, she said she must have her letters, which were left behind at the castle, and the King ordered Ferdinand the Faithful to fetch them, on pain of death.

Ferdinand went again into the stable, and told his horse what duty he had to perform, and Schummel advised him to load the ships as before and sail to the castle. This he did, and the Giants and Birds were satisfied a second time; and when they arrived at the castle, Schummel told Ferdinand where the sleeping chamber of the Princess was, and he went up and fetched the packet of letters On their way back Ferdinand unluckily dropped the letters into the water, and Schummel said, "Alas! alas! I cannot

help you now!" Then Ferdinand bethought himself of his reed pipe, and began to blow it, and presently the fish which he had formerly saved made its appearance, carrying in its mouth the letters, which it delivered to its preserver. After this they brought home the letters safely to the palace where the wedding was about to be held.

Now, the Queen did not love the King much, because he had a small nose, but she took a great fancy to Ferdinand the Faithful. And once, when all the court was assembled, the Queen said she knew some curious arts. She could cut off a person's head and put it on again, without doing him any harm. When Ferdinand the Unfaithful heard this, he suggested that she should make the experiment on Ferdinand the Faithful. And so, after a while, she did; and after cutting off his head, put it on again, and it healed up, so that only a red mark was visible round the neck. "Where did you learn to do that, my child?" asked the King. "Oh, I understand it well enough," she replied; "shall I experiment on you?" The King consented, but when she had cut off his head she would not put it on again; and after the lapse of some time she married Ferdinand the Faithful.

Now he rode again upon his horse Schummel; and one day it told him to ride thrice up the hill; and, as soon as he had done so, the horse returned to its original form, and became a handsome Prince.



CXVII.

The Shoes which were danced to pieces.

THERE was once upon a time a King, who had twelve daughters, every one of whom was prettier than her sisters. They slept together in one room, where their beds all stood in a row, and in the evening, as soon as they were gone to sleep, the King shut the door and bolted it. One morning, when he opened the door as usual, he perceived that their shoes were danced to pieces, and nobody could tell how it happened. The King, therefore, caused it to be proclaimed that whoever could discover where they had danced in the night should receive one of them to wife, and become King at his death; but whoever should attempt to do it, and after three nights and days fail, must lose his life. In a short time a Prince came and offered himself to undertake the task. He was well received, and at night led to a room which adjoined the bed-chamber of the Princesses. There he was to watch whither they went to dance; and, in order that they might not slip out secretly to another place, their room-door was left open for him to see. But the Prince soon felt a mist steal over his eyes, and he went to sleep; and when he awoke in the morning he found the Princesses had all been dancing as usual, for their shoes stood there with holes in the soles. The second and third night it happened just the same; and on the morrow the Prince lost his head without mercy. Afterwards came many more and attempted the task, but they all lost their lives.

One day it chanced that a poor Soldier, who had a wound which prevented him from serving, came upon the

road which led to the city where the King dwelt. There he met an old woman, who asked him whither he was going. "I do not know myself altogether," he replied, "but I had an idea of going to the place where the Princesses dance their shoes to pieces, to find out the mystery and so become King." "That is not difficult," said the old woman, "if you do not drink the wine which will be brought to you in the evening, but feign to be asleep." With these words she gave him a cloak, and told him that if he put it on his shoulders he would become invisible and be able to follow the Princesses. As soon as the soldier had received this good advice he plucked up courage and presented himself before the King as a suitor. He was as well received as the others had been, and was dressed in princely clothes. When evening came he was led to his sleeping-room, and, as he was about to go to bed, the eldest Princess came and brought him a cup of wine, but he had fastened a bag under his throat into which he poured the wine, and drank none.

Then he laid himself down and in a short time began to snore as if he were in a deep sleep, while the twelve sisters laughed to one another, saying, "He might have spared himself the trouble!" In a few minutes they arose, opened cupboards, closets, and drawers, and pulled out a variety of beautiful clothes. As soon as they were dressed they looked at themselves in the glass, and presently began to dance; but the youngest sister said, "I know not how you are enjoying yourselves, but my heart sickens as if some misfortune were about to fall upon us!" "What a goose you are!" cried the eldest sister, "you are always fearing something; have you forgotten how many kings' sons have already lost their lives? why, if I had not given this soldier his sleeping draught, the simpleton could now even then have kept his eyes open!" As they were now quite ready, they first looked at the soldier and satisfied

themselves all was right, for he kept his eyes shut and did not move a bit; and then the eldest sister knocking on her bed it sank down in the ground, and the twelve Princesses followed it through the opening, the eldest one going first. The Soldier, having observed everything all the while, put on his invisible cloak, and descended with the youngest sister. About the middle of the steps down he trod on her cloak, and she exclaimed, much frightened, "Who is that who holds my cloak?" "Don't be so silly," said the eldest sister, "you caught it on some nail or other, that is all." So they went completely down, and at the bottom was a wonderful avenue of trees, whose leaves were all silver, and shone and glittered. The Soldier thought to himself he would take one branch for a token, and broke it off, when a tremendous crack sounded as from the tree. "It is not all right!" cried the youngest; "did you not hear the crack?" "That is a shot of welcome!" said the eldest, "because we have been so lucky." Then they passed into another avenue where the leaves were of gold, and then into a further one where they shone like diamonds. From both he broke off a twig, and each time the youngest Princess shrieked with terror, while the eldest ones declared they were merely guns of welcome. So they went further and came to a lake, on which were twelve little boats, and in each boat a handsome Prince, who each took one sister, and the old Soldier sat down in the boat where the youngest one was. "I know not how it is," said the Prince, "but the boat seems much heavier than usual, and I am obliged to use all my strength to row it along." "Perhaps that proceeds from the warmth of the weather," said the Princess, "I am, myself, much more heated than usual." On the other side of this water stood a noble castle, which was well lighted, and one could hear the music of horns and fiddles within. Towards this they rowed, went in, and each Prince danced with his own partner, while the Soldier

danced among them all invisible; and whenever a glass of wine was handed to one or the other he drank it out, so that it was empty when held to the lips; and the youngest sister again felt very uneasy, but her sister bade her hold her tongue. Here they danced till three in the morning, at which hour, because their shoes were in holes, they were compelled to desist. The Princes rowed them back again over the water, but this time the Soldier sat down with the eldest Princess. On the shore they took leave of the Princes and promised to return the following morning. When they came back to the steps, the Soldier ran up first, and laid down again in his bed; and when the twelve sisters came up, weary and sleepy, he snored so loudly that they all listened, and cried, "How much safer could we be?" Then they took off their fine clothes, and locked them up, and, putting their dancing shoes under the bed, they laid down to sleep. The next morning the Soldier said nothing, wishing to see more of this wonderful affair, and so the second and third nights passed like the first; the Princesses danced each time till their shoes were in holes, and the Soldier, for an additional token of his story, brought away a cup with him from the ball-room. When the time arrived for him to answer, he first concealed the twigs and cup about him, and then went before the King, while the twelve Princesses stood behind the door, and listened to all that was said. "Where have my daughters danced during the night?" asked the King. "With twelve Princes, in a subterranean castle," he replied; and, relating everything as it had occurred, he produced his witnesses in the three twigs and the cup. The King then summoned his daughters, and asked them if the Soldier had spoken the truth. They were obliged to confess he had; and the King asked him which he would have for a wife. "I am no longer young," he replied, "and so it had better be the eldest." Thereupon the wedding was celebrated the self

same day, and the kingdom appointed to him at the old King's death. But the Princes were again bewitched in as many days as they had danced nights with the twelve Princesses.



CXVIII.

The Three Brothers.

THERE was once a Man whose family consisted of three sons, and his property only of the house in which he dwelt. Now, each of them wished to have the house at the death of the old Man; but they were all so dear to him that he knew not what to do for fear of offending the one or the other. He would have sold the house and shared the money, but it had been so long in his family he did not like to do that. All at once he thought of a plan, and said to his sons, "Go into the world, and each of you learn a trade, and he who makes the best masterpiece shall have my house."

With this plan the sons were contented, and the eldest became a Farrier; the second a Barber; and the third a Fencing-master. They appointed a time when they should all return, and went away; and it so chanced that each happened with a clever master, with whom he could learn his trade in the best manner. The Smith had to shoe the King's horses, and thought he must undoubtedly receive the house. The Barber shaved many distinguished lords, and made sure of getting the house on that account. The Fencing-master got many a blow, but he bit his lip and showed no concern; for he feared if he flinched at any stroke the house would never become his. By-and-by the time came round when they returned home to their father; but they none of them knew how they should find occasion to show their proficiency, and so they all consulted together. While they sat in consultation a hare came running across the field where they were. "Ah! he comes as if he were called!" cried the Barber; and, taking his soap and basin,

he made a lather; and as soon as the hare came up he seized him, and shaved off his moustachios as he ran along, without cutting him in the least, or taking off any unnecessary hairs. "That pleases me very well!" said the Father; "and if the others do not do better the house is yours." In a very short time a carriage, with a traveller in it, came rolling by at full speed. "Now you shall see, father, what I can do!" cried the Farrier; and, seizing the horse's feet as he galloped along, he pulled off the shoes, and shod him again without stopping him. "You are a clever fellow!" cried the Father; "you have done your work quite as well as your brother, and I shall not know to whom to give the house." "Let me show you something!" said the third brother; and, as it just then luckily began to rain, he drew his sword and waved it so quickly above his head that not a drop fell upon him; and when the rain came faster, and at length so fast that it was as if one were emptying pails out of heaven, he swung the sword quicker and quicker in circles above his head so that he kept himself as dry as if he had been under a roof. As soon as the Father saw this he was astonished, and said to his son, "You have performed the best masterpiece, the house is yours."

The two other brothers were contented with this decision; and, because they all loved one another, they all three remained in the house driving their several trades; and as they were so clever, and were so advanced in their arts, they earned much money. Thus they lived happily together till their old age, and when one fell sick and died his brothers grieved so for his loss that they fell sick also and died.

Then, because they all three had been so clever in their several trades, and had loved one another so much, they were laid together in the same grave.

CXIX.

The Bright Sun brings on the Day.

A TAILOR'S journeyman was tramping about the country in search of work, but none could he find; and his poverty became so great that he had not a farthing to spend. Just at that time he met a Jew on the road, and, deaf to the voice of conscience, he went up to him, because he thought he had money, and seizing him cried out, "Give me your money, or I will take your life!" "Spare my life!" entreated the Jew, "for I have no more money than eight farthings." But the Tailor said, "You have money, and I will have it out;" and he beat the poor Jew till he was almost dead. But before he expired the Jew cried, "The bright sun brings on the day;" and died immediately. The Tailor, thereupon, searched the pockets of his victim, and found nothing but the eight farthings which the Jew had mentioned. So he took up the body and threw it away among the bushes, and then went further in search of work. After he had travelled a long distance, he came to a city, where he was engaged by a Master Tailor, who had a pretty daughter, whom he married and lived with in great happiness. When some years had passed, and the journeyman and his wife had two children, the old father and mother died, and the young people had to keep house for themselves. One morning, as the husband was sitting at the table by the window, his wife brought him his coffee; and, just as he had poured it into the saucer to drink, the bright sun shone in on it at the open window, and danced on the opposite wall in circles. Thereupon the Tailor jumped up and cried, "It would bring on the day, but it cannot!" "Dear husband, what

do you mean, what is it ?" asked his wife. "That I dare not tell you," he replied. His wife, however, teased him, and spoke so very affectionately to him, saying she would tell nothing about it, till at last he told her that, many years ago, when he was travelling about for work, and had no money, he had killed a Jew, whose last words had been, "The bright sun brings on the day." That morning the sun had danced on the wall, but without continuing there, and that had reminded him of the Jew's words, but he begged his wife to say nothing of the matter to any one. As soon, however, as he had sat down to work, his wife went to her cousin and betrayed the secret to her, making her promise to tell nobody. In three days' time, however, the cousin told some one else, and so it went on till the whole town knew it; and the Tailor was taken before the judge and condemned. Thus, the bright sun brought on the day.



CXX.

The Prince who was afraid of Nothing.

ONCE upon a time there was a King's Son, who felt too much dissatisfied to stay at home any longer, and, as he feared nobody, he thought he would travel about the world, where there was plenty of time and space for him to meet with wonderful things. So he took leave of his parents and set out, walking straight onwards by day and night; for it was all one to him whither the road might lead. Presently it chanced that he came to a Giant's house, and, being weary, he sat down before the door to rest. He soon began to look about him, and saw in the courtyard bowls and ninepins as big as men, which formed the play-things of the Giant. In a little while he took a fancy to play; and, setting up the ninepins, he bowled at them with the balls, and as each one fell down he shouted for joy and pleasure. The Giant heard the noise, and, stretching his head out of the window, he saw a man no bigger than ordinary mortals playing with his balls. "You worm!" cried the Giant, "what are you meddling with my balls for? who gave you strength to do that?" The King's Son looked around, up and down, and soon saw the Giant, to whom he replied, "You simpleton, do you think you alone have strength of arm? I can do anything I wish." The Giant thereupon came down, and looked on in astonishment at the bowling; but soon he said, "Child of man, if you are of that race, go and fetch me an apple from the tree of life."

"What do you want with it?" inquired the Prince.

"I do not require the apple for myself," said the Giant;

"but I have a wife who longs for it. I have already gone far into the world, but cannot find the tree."

"I will soon find it," replied the Prince; "and I know not what shall prevent me from bringing away an apple."

"Do you think, then, it is such an easy matter?" said the Giant; "the garden wherein the tree stands is surrounded with an iron railing, and before this railing lie wild beasts one after the other, keeping watch, that nobody may enter."

"They will soon let me in," said the Prince.

"Yes, you may enter the garden and see the apples hanging on the tree," replied the Giant; "but still they are not thine; for on the tree is a ring, through which one must push his hand before he can reach the fruit to pluck it, and this has never yet been successfully performed."

"Then I shall be the first lucky one," said the Prince; and, taking leave of the Giant, he went over fields and through woods, up hill and down dale, till at last he came to the wonderful garden. The beasts lay around it in a circle, but they were all sunk in a deep sleep, and did not awake even when he stepped across them; and, climbing over the railing, he entered the garden. In the middle of this garden stood the tree of life, with the red apples glistening on the boughs. The Prince climbed up the trunk of the tree, and, as he reached his hand up to the fruit, he saw a ring hanging down, through which he thrust his hand without difficulty and broke off an apple. The ring slid down and closed tight upon his arm, and immediately he felt as it were a stream of fresh strength infused into his veins. When he had descended the tree again with the apple, he would not clamber over the railing to get out of the garden, but went to the great gate, and, giving it a shake, it sprang open with a crash. Then he went out, and the lion which had before lain at the door jumped up and followed him, not in rage and anger, but submissively as his master.

The Prince took the promised apple to the Giant, and said to him, "See, I have fetched it without trouble." The Giant was very glad to have his wish fulfilled so soon, and hastened to his wife to give her the apple which she had longed for. This wife was a beautiful young maiden, who, when she saw the ring was not on the Giant's arm, said, "I do not believe that you obtained it yourself, or else the ring would be on your arm." "I have only to go home and fetch it," replied the Giant; for he imagined it would be an easy matter to take the ring from the Prince by force, if he would not give it up willingly. So he went and demanded the ring, but the Prince would not part with it. "Where the apple is the ring must be too," said the Giant, "and, if you are not willing to give it to me, we must fight for it."

For a long time they wrestled and fought, but the Giant could not master the Prince, who was strengthened by the ring. So he bethought himself of a stratagem, and said to his opponent, "I am quite hot with fighting, and you are hot too; let us plunge into the stream and cool ourselves before we begin again." The Prince did not detect the false pretence, and, going to the river, he pulled off his clothes, together with the ring, and plunged in. Immediately he had done so the Giant snatched up the ring and ran away with it; but the lion, who had perceived the thievish trick, pursued the Giant, and tearing the ring out of his hand brought it back to his master. Then the Giant hid himself behind a tree, and, when the Prince was busy drawing on his clothes again, he suddenly came behind, and, knocking him over, put out both his eyes.

Now the poor Prince was blind, and knew not how to help himself; and presently the Giant came, and, leading him by the hand, conducted him to the edge of a precipice. There he left the Prince standing, thinking to himself, "A

couple of steps farther and he will be a dead man, and the ring will fall into my hands." But the faithful lion had not deserted his master, but kept tight hold of his clothes, and drew him back by degrees from the edge. Afterwards, when the Giant came to plunder the dead, he found his stratagem had failed. "Is this weak man, then, not to be destroyed?" exclaimed the Giant, wrathfully; and, catching hold of the Prince's hand, he led him by quite another path to a frightful abyss; but here also the faithful lion accompanied his master, and saved him from the danger. As soon as they were come to the edge, the Giant let go of the Prince's hand, and thought he would soon walk over; but the lion gave the Giant himself a push, so that he fell into the abyss and was dashed to pieces.

The faithful beast then pulled his master away from the danger, and led him to a tree, near which a clear stream ran along. Here the lion made his master sit down, and began to sprinkle the water in his face with his tail. Scarcely had a couple of drops touched his eyeballs, when he immediately received his sight, and observed a little bird which flew by and settled on a branch of the tree. Then it flew down and bathed itself in the stream, and soon flew away again among the trees; for it had regained its sight, which was lost. Here the Prince recognized the providence of God, and, bathing himself in the stream, he washed his face; and when he came out of the water he found he could see as well as ever he had in his life.

The Prince thereupon returned thanks to God for his great goodness, and travelled, accompanied by his lion, further a-field. It chanced next that he came to a castle which was enchanted, and at its door stood a young maiden of fine stature and appearance, but quite black. She addressed the Prince, saying, "Ah! could you save me from the wicked enchanter who has power over me?" "What

shall I do to accomplish that?" asked the Prince. "You must pass three nights in the court of this enchanted castle," replied the maiden; "but during that time no fear must enter your heart. If you are troubled most horribly, and yet you bear it without complaint, I am saved, for they dare not take your life."

"I am not afraid," said the Prince; "with God's aid, I will try my fortune." And so saying, he went joyfully into the hall of the castle, and when it was dark sat down and waited the issue. Till midnight all was still, and then began a mighty uproar, for out of every corner and chink came evil spirits. They appeared not to observe the Prince, for they sat down in the middle of the room, and, making a fire, presently began to play. When one of them lost, he said, "It is not right, there is somebody here who does not belong to us, and it is his fault that I have lost." "Come and join us, you there behind the stove!" cried the others. All the while the screaming was so awful that nobody could have heard it without terror; but the Prince remained quite quiet, and had no fear. At last all the evil spirits jumped over and upon him, and there were so many of them that he could not protect himself. They pulled him down on the ground, shook him, pricked him, beat him, and tormented him; but he uttered no cry. Towards morning they disappeared; but the Prince was so wearied that he could scarcely move his limbs. Soon the sun began to shine, and then appeared the black maiden, who carried in her hand a bottle containing the water of life. With this water she washed the Prince's face; and immediately all his strength returned and he was as vigorous as ever. "One night," said she to him, "you have luckily passed through; but there are yet two more to try you." So saying, she went away, and the Prince observed that her feet were become white again.

The next night the evil spirits came, and renewed their

great balls; tumbling upon and over the poor Prince, as the night before, till his whole body was full of wounds. Nevertheless he bore it all; and when day broke they were forced to quit him; and the maiden again appeared and healed him with the water of life. As she went away he observed with joy that her arms were become white as far as the tips of her fingers. Now he had only one more night to pass; but that was the worst of the three; for when the crew of evil spirits came, and saw him there, they shouted, "What! are you here still? You shall be tormented now till your breath is almost gone." Thereupon they beat and knocked him about, threw him here and there, pulled his arms and legs as if they would tear them off; but he endured it all, and made no outcry. When the spirits left the Prince he lay quite helpless and unable to stir; and he could not even open his eyes wide enough to see the black maiden, who at daybreak came in with the water of life. Then all at once his aches and pains left him, and he felt quite refreshed and strong as if he were just awake; and when he opened his eyes he saw the maiden standing by him, with a snow-white skin, and a face as fair as the bright daylight! "Arise," said she, "and wave your sword thrice over the threshold; then all will be saved!" As soon as the Prince did this, the whole castle was freed from its enchantment; and the maiden became what she really was, a rich Princess. Presently the servants entered and said the table was laid in the great hall, and the meat placed upon it. So the Prince and Princess sat down and dined together, and in the evening the wedding was celebrated with great magnificence and rejoicing.

CXXI.

The Evil Spirit and his Grandmother.

THERE was once upon a time a mighty war, and the King of a certain country had many Soldiers engaged in it; but he gave them such very small pay that they had scarce enough to live upon. At length three of the Soldiers agreed to run away, and one of them asked the others what they should do; for, supposing they were caught again, they would be hung upon the gallows. "Do you see yon great corn-field?" said the other, "there we will conceal ourselves, and nobody will find us; for the army will not dare to come there, and to-morrow they will march on." So they crept into the corn; but the army did not move, but remained encamped in the same place. The three Soldiers were obliged, therefore, to pass two days and two nights in the corn, and they became so hungry they thought they must die; but it was certain death if they returned to the army. They said to one another, "What avails our deserting? we shall now certainly perish miserably from hunger." While they were talking a great fiery Dragon came flying over their heads, and, alighting near the spot where they were, asked why they had concealed themselves. "We are three Soldiers," they replied, "and have deserted because our pay was so small: and now we shall die from hunger if we stay here, or be hung on the gallows if we return."

"If you will serve me seven years," said the Dragon, "I will carry you through the midst of the army, so that no one shall observe you."

"We have no choice and so must consent to your proposal," replied the Soldiers. The Dragon thereupon caught

them up by his claws, and carried them through the air, over the heads of their comrades; and presently set them down. Now, this Dragon was the Evil Spirit; and he gave the Soldiers a whip each, and then said, "If you crack this well, as much money as you require will instantly appear before you; and you can then live like lords; keep your own horses and carriages; but at the end of seven years you will be mine." With these words he handed them a book in which they had to write their names, while the Evil Spirit told them he would give them one chance when the time was up of escaping his power by answering a riddle which he would propose. Then the Dragon flew away from them; and the three Soldiers each cracked their whips, and cracked their whips for as much money as they required, with which they bought fine clothes and travelled about like gentlemen. Wherever they went they lived in the greatest splendour, driving and riding about, and eating and drinking to their hearts' content; but no bad action could be laid to their charge. The time passed quickly by; and as the end of the seven years approached two of the three Soldiers became very unhappy and dispirited; but the third treated the matter very lightly, saying, "Fear nothing, my brothers! I have got a plan in my head, and I will solve the riddle." Soon afterwards they went into the fields, where they sat down, and two of them made very wry faces. Presently an old Woman came by, and asked them why they were so sorrowful. "Alas!" said they, "alas! what does it signify? you cannot help us." "Who knows that?" she replied; "confide your griefs to me." So they told her they had become the servants of the Evil One, nearly seven years back, and thereby they came into possession of money as fast as they liked; but they had signed the deed, and if they could not guess a riddle which he would propose to them they were lost. "If you wish to be helped," replied the old Woman, "one of you must go

into the forest, and there he will find a rock overthrown, and made into the form of a hut; into this he must enter, and there he will meet with help." The two low-spirited Soldiers thought this would not help them; but the merry one got up, and, going into the forest, came soon to the rocky cave. In this place sat a very old Woman, who was Grandmother to the Evil Spirit; and she asked the Soldier when he entered whence he came, and what his business was. He told her everything that had happened; and because his manners pleased her she took compassion on him, and said she could assist him. Thereupon she raised a large stone, under which was the cellar, wherein she bade the Soldier conceal himself, and he would hear all that transpired. "Only sit still and keep very quiet," said she, "and then when the Dragon returns I will ask him about the puzzle, and you must mind what answers he makes." About twelve o'clock at night the Dragon flew in, and desired his dinner. His Grandmother, therefore, covered the table with food and drink; and they ate and drank together till they were satisfied. Then she asked him what success he had met with that day, and how many souls he had secured? "Things did not go well to-day," replied the Dragon; "but yet I have caught three Soldiers safe enough." "Ah! three Soldiers!" said the old Woman, "and I suppose you have set them something to do, that they may not escape you." "They are mine, they are mine!" cried the Evil One gleefully, "for I have set them a riddle which they will never guess."

"What is this riddle?" asked his Grandmother.

"I will tell you!" replied her Grandson.

"In the great North Sea lies a dead sea-cat, that shall be their roast meat; the rib of a whale shall be their silver spoon; and an old hollow horse's hoof shall be their wine-glass." As soon as the Dragon had said this he went to bed, and the old Woman raised the stone and let out the

Soldier. "Have you attended perfectly to all that was said?" inquired the old Woman. "Yes," he replied, "I know well enough how to help myself now."

Then he had to slip secretly out of the window, and by another road regain his companions with all the haste he could. He told them how craftily the old Grandmother had overreached the Dragon, and had laid bare to him the solution of the riddle. When he had finished his story the two other Soldiers recovered their spirits; and, all taking their whips, flogged for themselves so much money that it lay in heaps all around them.

Not long after this the seven years came to an end, and the Evil Spirit made his appearance with the book, and, pointing to their signatures, said to the Soldiers, "Now I will take you into my dominions, and there you shall have a meal; but, if you can tell me what meat you shall have, you shall be at liberty to go where you like and keep your whips."

"In the great North Sea lies a dead sea-cat, and that shall be the roast meat," replied the first Soldier.

The Evil Spirit was very much put out with this ready answer; hemmed and hawed, and asked the second man what should be the spoon? "The rib of a whale shall be the silver spoon!" replied the second Soldier.

The Evil Spirit now drew a longer face than before, began to grumble and swear, and asked the third Soldier, "Do you know what your wine-glass will be?"

"An old horse's hoof!" he replied.

At this reply the Evil Spirit flew away with a loud outcry, for he had no longer any power over the three Soldiers, who, taking up their whips, procured all the money they wanted, and thereon lived happily and contentedly to a good old age.

CXXII.

The Idle Spinner.

IN a certain village lived a Man and his Wife, who was such a very idle woman that she would do no work at all scarcely; for what her husband gave her to spin she did very slowly, and then would not take the trouble to wind it, so that it lay on the ground ravelled and shackled. Whenever her husband scolded her she was always beforehand with an excuse, and used to say, "Why, how can I wind without a reel? you must go and fetch me one from the wood first." "Well, if that is all," said her husband one day, "if that is all, I will go and find you one." As soon as he said this, the Woman began to be afraid that if he found a piece of wood he would make a reel from it, and she would have to wind up what was ravelled and begin afresh. She therefore considered a while what she should do, and then the lucky thought came to run into the forest secretly after her husband. She found him in the act of cutting a branch off, for the purpose of trimming it; and so, slipping in among the brushwood where he could not see her, she began to sing—

"He that cuts a reel shall die,
And he that winds shall perish."

The Man listened, laid down his axe, and wondered what the voice meant. At last he said, "Ah! well! what should it be? it was nothing but some fancy in my head, about which I need not fear!" So saying, he seized his axe and began again; but the voice sang as before—

"He that cuts a reel shall die,
And he that winds shall perish."

The Man stopped again, and began to feel very uncomfortable and frightened; but he soon took courage and began to chop again. At the same time the voice cried again—

"He that cuts a reel shall die,
And he that winds shall perish."

This time he was too frightened to do anything more, and hastily leaving the tree he set out homewards. Meanwhile his Wife, by a bypath, and by means of great exertion, reached home before him; and when he arrived she looked as innocent as if nothing had happened, and inquired of her husband if he had brought a good reel? "No, no!" he said; "I can see very well that it is of no use; winding won't do!" and then, after telling her all that had happened, he ceased to scold her for her idleness.

But only for a while, for soon the disorder in his house began to vex him again. "Wife, wife!" he said, "it is surely a shame that you leave your thread in that ravel." "Well, do you know what to do?" said she; "since we can get no reel, do you lie down on the floor, and I will stand above you, and then you must throw the thread up to me, and I will send it back to you, and so we will make a skein." "Ah! yes, that will do," said the Man; and they pursued this plan, and as soon as the skein was ready he talked of its being boiled. This aggravated the woman again, and she bethought herself of some new plot, while she consented to do as he proposed. Early in the morning, accordingly, she got up, made a fire, and, putting on the kettle, put a lump of tow into it instead of the skein of thread, and left it to soak. This done, she went to her husband, who was still in bed, and said to him, "I have to go out now; but do you get up at once and see after the thread which is in the kettle over the fire; and mind you are very attentive to it, for if by chance the cock should crow before you look at it the thread will all turn to tow."

The husband thereupon got up at once, and stopped for no further directions, but, running as quick as he could into the kitchen, he looked into the kettle, and grew pale with affright; the thread was already changed into tow. After this the poor man was as still as a mouse, for he believed that it was his fault that the thread was spoiled; and for the future he dared say nothing about thread and spinning.

But I must confess that after all the Woman was in deed an idle, slovenly wife.



CXXIII.

The Four Accomplished Brothers.

ONCE upon a time there was a Man who had four sons, and when they were grown up young men he told them one day that they must push their own way in the world, for he had nothing to give them, and so they must go among strangers and each learn a different trade, till they were perfect. The four Brothers, therefore, took their walking staffs, and, after bidding their father good bye, set out from their own door. After they had travelled some distance, they came to a point where four cross-roads met. "Here we must separate," said the eldest brother; "but in four years' time we will meet again in this place, and recount our several fortunes."

Each Brother, therefore, went his way; and soon the eldest met a man, who inquired of him his business and destination. "I wish to learn a trade!" he replied. "Then come with me!" said the man, "and become a Thief." "No!" replied the other; "that is not an honourable employment; and, besides, the end of that song is that one gets used like the clapper in a bell." "Oh, you need not fear the gallows!" said the Thief. "I will teach you so that nobody shall ever be able to catch you or find any trace of you." Thereupon the man let himself be persuaded, and became, under the other's teaching, such an accomplished Thief that nothing was safe which he set his mind on having.

Meanwhile the second Brother had met a man who had asked the very same questions as the first one did; and, when he was told what the business was, he invited the youth to become a Star-gazer. "There is nothing

better than that," he said, "for nothing is hid from you." The third Brother was taken in hand by a Huntsman, and received such capital instructions in all the branches of the art of shooting that he became quite a renowned marksman. On leaving, his master presented him with a gun, which he said would never miss, for whatever he aimed at it was sure to hit. The youngest Brother had meanwhile met a Tailor, and was asked whether he would not like that trade. "I am not so sure about that," replied the youth; "for the sitting cross-legged from morning to night, the continual stitching backwards and forwards of the needle, and a tailor's goose, are not altogether to my mind." "There, there!" cried the man, "you are talking about what you do not understand; you will learn quite a different sort of tailoring with me, and one which is very honourable in its way, besides being easy and handsome!" The youth was over-persuaded with these representations, and, accompanying his new friend, he learnt the tailoring trade from its very basis. At leaving, his master gave him a needle, and told him that he could sew together with that whatever he pleased, even if it were as tender as an egg-shell or as hard as steel, and not even a seam would be perceivable to any one after he had done it.

When the four years had passed over, the four Brothers arrived all together at the same time at the cross-ways, and, after embracing and kissing each other, returned home to their Father. "Ah!" he cried, when he saw them come in, "so the wind has blown you back again!" and thereupon they related all their adventures, and said they had each learnt a trade. While they were telling their tales they sat under a great tree, and, as soon as they had done, their Father said he would now put their accomplishments to the test. So he looked up, and then said to his second son, "At the top of this tree, between two boughs, there is a bullfinch's nest; now tell me how many eggs there are

in it." The Star-gazer took his glass, and, looking through it, said there were five eggs. "Fetch the nest down without disturbing the mother bird, who is sitting on the eggs," said the Father then to his eldest son. The clever Thief climbed up the tree, and took the five eggs from underneath the body of the bird without disturbing or frightening her, and brought them to his Father. The Father took them, and laying one at each corner of a table placed the fifth in the middle, and told the Huntsman to cut them all in halves at one shot. He aimed his gun, and at the first trial the five eggs were shot as his Father wished;—and surely he must have a good charge of powder who shoots round a corner. "Now it is your turn," said the old Man to his other son; "do you sew the egg-shells together, and also the young birds which were in them, in such a manner that the shot may not appear to have injured them." The Tailor produced his needle, and soon did what was expected of him, and, when he had finished, the Thief had to carry the eggs back to the nest, and lay them again under the bird without being perceived by it. This he did, and the old bird hatched her eggs in a couple of days afterwards, and the young ones had a red streak round their neck where the Tailor had joined them together.

When his sons had done all these wonderful things, the Father said to them, "Well, you have certainly used your time well, and learnt what is very useful, and for this I must praise you in green clover, as the saying goes; but I cannot tell which of you ought to have the preference, and so that must be left to be seen when an opportunity occurs of displaying your talents publicly."

Not long after this a great lamentation was made in the country because the King's daughter had been carried away by a Dragon. Her father was overcome with grief all day and night long, and caused it to be proclaimed that whoever

should rescue the Princess should have her for his wife. The four Brothers thereupon thought this was the opportunity they needed, and agreed to go together and deliver the Princess and show their talents. "I will soon discover where she is!" cried the Star-gazer, and, peeping through his telescope, he said, "I can see her already; she is on a rock in the midst of the sea far away from here, and watched by the Dragon." Then he went to the King, and requested a ship for himself and his Brothers, in which they sailed over the sea till they came near the rock. The Princess observed their arrival, but the Dragon was fast asleep, with his head in her lap. "I dare not shoot!" said the Hunter, when he saw them, "for fear I should kill the Princess as well as the Dragon." "Then I will try my remedy!" said the Thief; and, slipping away, he stole the Princess out of the power of the Dragon, but so lightly and cunningly that the monster noticed nothing, but snored on. Full of joy, they hurried with her down to the ship, and steered away to the open sea; but the Dragon, soon awaking, missed the Princess, and came flying through the air full of rage in pursuit of her. Just as he was hovering above the ship, and was about to alight on it, the Huntsman took aim, fired, and shot the beast through the heart. The Dragon fell, but in his fall he crushed the whole ship to pieces, because of his great size and weight. Luckily they saved a couple of planks, and on these the four Brothers and the Princess floated about. They were now in a great strait, but the Tailor with his wonderful needle sewed together the two planks with great stitches, and then collected the remaining pieces of the ship. These he sewed together so cleverly that in a short time the whole vessel was as tight and complete as before, and they sailed home in her without further accident!

As soon as the King saw his dear daughter again he was very glad, and said to the four Brothers, "One of you

shall have my daughter to wife, but which, you must settle amongst yourselves."

Thereupon a tremendous quarrel took place between them, for each pressed his own claims. The Star-gazer declared that if he had not seen the Princess all their doings would have been of no use, and so she was his. But the Thief exclaimed, "Of what use would your seeing have been if I had not stolen her away from the Dragon? the Princess is mine!" "But you would have been all torn in pieces by the Dragon had not my ball reached his heart!" interrupted the Huntsman; "and so she must be mine." "That is all very fine!" said the Tailor; "but if it had not been for my sewing the ship together again you would have been all drowned! no, the Princess is mine!" When they had all spoken thus, the King decided the question by saying:—"You have all an equal claim; but, since you cannot all have the Princess, not one of you shall have her, but I will give each of you instead the half of a province as a reward."

This decision pleased the Brothers, who said, "Yes, it will be better so, for then we shall remain united." Thereupon each received half the revenue of a province, as the King said; and in the enjoyment of this they lived happily with their Father so long as God pleased.



CXXIV.

The Donkey Cabbages.

ONCE upon a time there was a young Sportsman who was out in search of game. He had an honest and merry heart, and whistled as he went along; and by-and-by he met an ugly old Woman, who spoke to him and said, "Good-day, my good Huntsman; you are merry and well fed, but I am suffering from hunger and thirst; give me an alms, I pray you." The Sportsman pitied the poor woman, and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave her what he could afford. As soon as he had done so, he was walking on; but the Woman stopped him, and said to him, "Listen to what I have to say; for your good-heartedness I will make you a present; go now straight along this road, and soon you will come to a tree whereon sit nine birds, quarrelling over a cloak which one will have. Aim at them with your gun, and shoot in the midst of them; then, not only the mantle will drop, but also one of the birds will fall down dead. Take the cloak with you; it is a wishing-cloak, which if you put on your shoulders, you have only to wish yourself where you would be, and at the moment you will be there. Take out also the heart of the dead bird, and swallow it whole, and then every morning when you arise you will find a gold piece under your pillow."

The Huntsman thanked the wise Woman, and thought to himself, "These indeed are good gifts, if they turn out as is promised." He had not gone a hundred yards from the spot before he heard a great chirping and rustling among the trees, and, looking up, he saw on one of them a bevy of birds, who were plucking at a cloth with their

bills and claws, tearing it among them, for each one wanted it for itself. "Now, this is wonderful!" cried the Sportsman; "it is come to pass just as the old woman promised!" and, lifting his gun to his shoulder, he shot at the birds, who all flew away but one, which fell dead with the cloak over which they had been disputing. Then the Huntsman did as the old Wife had said; he cut out the heart of the bird and swallowed it whole, but the cloak he took home with him.

The next morning when he awoke he remembered the promise, and, lifting his pillow up, he found under it a bright, shining piece of gold. The morrow morning it was the same, and so it went on: every day he got up he found another piece. Soon he collected a heap of gold, and thought, "What use is all this gold to me if I stay at home? I will go away and look about the world."

So he took leave of his parents, and, hanging around him his belt and pouch, he set out on his travels. One day it chanced that he passed through a thick forest, and as he came to the end of it he saw in the distance before him a magnificent castle. At one window of it stood an old Woman, with a wonderfully beautiful Maiden by her side, looking out. But this old lady was a Witch, and said to her daughter, "Here comes one out of the forest who has a wonderful treasure in his body, which we must have; for, my beloved daughter, it is more fit for us than for him: it is a bird's heart, and whoever possesses it finds a gold piece every morning under his pillow." She further told her daughter how it was to be procured, and what she was to do; and threatened her, if she did not obey, to visit her with some misfortune. As soon as the Huntsman approached he perceived the Maiden, and said to himself, "I am weary enough with travelling about, so I will now rest, and turn into this fine castle, for I have money

enough." But the real reason was the beautiful face which he saw at the windows.

He entered the house, and was hospitably received and courteously entertained; and soon it came to pass that he was so in love with the daughter of the Witch that he could think of nothing else, and followed her with his eyes everywhere, willing to do all she wished. Then the old Woman said, "Now we must get the bird's heart, for he will not miss it when it is gone!" She concocted, therefore, a drink; and when it was ready she put it into a cup and gave it to her daughter, who had to hand it to the Huntsman, and say, "Now, dearest, drink to me!" He took the cup, and as soon as he had swallowed the draught the heart fell out of his mouth. The Maiden carried it secretly away, and then swallowed it, for the old Woman wanted it herself. Ever after the Huntsman no longer found gold pieces under his pillow, for they lay now beneath the Maiden's head, and the old Witch fetched them every morning. But he never troubled himself about the matter, and was content so long as he passed his time with the Maiden.

Soon the old Witch began to say to her daughter, "We have the bird's heart, but not the cloak, which we ought also to have." This the Maiden would fain have left him, since he had lost his riches; but the old mother flew into a passion, and said, "This cloak is a wonderful thing, and such as is seldom found in the world, and I must and will have it!" With these words she beat her daughter, and vowed, if she did not obey her, to do her some injury. The daughter, therefore, at the bidding of her mother, placed herself at the window one day, and looked sadly at the far distance. "Why stand you so sorrowfully there?" asked the Huntsman. "Ah, my treasure!" she replied, "over there lies the granite mountain, where grow precious stones, and when I think about them I become quite sad, for I

long so for them; but who can get them? only the birds which fly to and fro; no man ever can."

"Is that all that you have to complain of?" said the Huntsman; "then I will soon remove that grief from your heart."

Thereupon he put her under his cloak, and wished himself over the granite mountain; and in a moment they were set down in the place. There glittered the precious stones on all sides, so that it was a pleasure to see them; and they collected the most costly ones together. But now the Witch had caused by her arts a great drowsiness to come over the poor Huntsman, and he said to the Maiden, "We will sit down and rest awhile, for I am so tired I cannot keep upon my feet." So they sat down, and he laid his head in her lap and went to sleep; and while he slept the Maiden took the cloak from his shoulder and threw it over her own back, and then, gathering up the precious stones, she wished herself home again.

By-and-by the Huntsman awoke, and found that his mistress had deceived him, and left him alone on the wild mountain. "Alas!" he cried, "what faithlessness there is in the world!" and he remained lost in care and anxiety, ignorant what to do.

The mountain belonged to some rough and mighty Giants, who dwelt upon it and earned their living there; and in a short time the Huntsman perceived three of them striding towards him. He laid himself down and feigned to be in a deep sleep, and presently the three Giants came striding along, and the first kicked him with his foot and exclaimed, "What earthworm is this lying here?" "Tread him to death!" said the second Giant. But the third said, contemptuously, "That is not worth while; let him alone, he cannot remain here, and if he climbs higher up the hill the clouds will take him and carry him away." After this conversation they went away; but the Huntsman had

noted all they said, and as soon as they were gone he got up and climbed to the top of the mountain. After he had sat there a little while a cloud came sweeping by, which caught him up and carried him floating about the air. Then it began to sink down over a large walled-in vegetable garden, where, among cabbages and other herbs, he fell softly to the ground. There the Huntsman looked round, and said, "If I had only something to eat, for with the distance I have travelled I am very hungry; but here I cannot see a single apple, berry, or fruit of any kind; everywhere nothing but cabbages." At length he thought that out of necessity he would eat a salad, which, although it had not a delicate flavour, would yet refresh him. Thereupon he looked out for a good head of cabbage, and ate thereof; but he had scarcely tasted a couple of bites before he felt a wondrous change come over him, and found himself quite transformed. From his body grew four legs, a thick head, and two long ears; and he perceived with anguish that he was changed into a donkey! Still, however, his appetite was not appeased, and because the cabbage tasted well now to his animal appetite he ate with greater pleasure. At last he tasted a different kind, and immediately he felt another change come over him, and his human form returned.

The Huntsman now lay down and slept with weariness; and when he awoke in the morning he broke off a head of the bad and one of the good cabbages, and thought to himself, "These shall help me to my own again and punish the faithless one." With these words he concealed the cabbages about him, and, clambering over the wall, he set out to search for the castle of his love. He luckily discovered it when he had journeyed only a couple of days, and, quickly browning his face so that his own mother would not have recognised him, he went into the castle and begged a night's lodging. "I am so tired," he said, "I can go no further." The Witch asked him who he was

and what was his business; and he told her he was one of the King's messengers, and had been sent to seek the most delicate cabbage which grew upon the earth. "I have been successful," said he, "and have the herb with me; but the heat of the sun is so strong that the tender leaves threaten to wither, and I know not if I can carry it farther."

As soon as the old Woman heard of this precious cabbage she became very agreeable, and begged the Huntsman to allow her to taste the vegetable. "Why not?" he replied; "I have got two cabbages with me, and will give you one;" and, opening his sack, he handed her the bad herb. The Witch, suspecting nothing wrong, took the cabbage into the kitchen to cook it, for her mouth watered for the unknown delicacy. As soon as it was ready she could not wait till it was put on the table, but snatched a part of it, and put it into her mouth. Scarcely had she swallowed it when she lost her human form, and ran like a donkey into the stable-yard. Presently the servant went into the kitchen and saw the cabbage ready dressed, which she took up to carry in-doors; but, according to old custom, she tasted it on the way to the parlour. Immediately the charm began to work, and she became a donkey, and ran away to the other; while the dish fell on the ground, and its contents were spilled. The messenger meanwhile sat with the Maiden, and when the cabbage did not come she took a fancy to have some also, and wondered where it was. The Huntsman thought, "The cabbage has begun to work!" and said to the Maiden, "I will go into the kitchen and see what has happened." As soon as he went down he saw the two donkeys running about the court, and the cabbage lying on the floor. "All right!" cried he; "two have received their share!" and, picking up the rest of the cabbage, he laid it on a dish and took it to the Maiden. "I have brought you this delicate dish myself," said he,

"that you may not have to wait longer." Thereupon she ate some of it, and soon, like the rest, lost her human form, and ran as a donkey round the court.

Afterwards, when the Huntsman had washed his face, so that the changed ones might recognise him, he went down into the court, and said to the three, "Now you shall be rewarded for your inconstancy!" He bound them all three together with a rope, and drove them away to a mill. There he knocked at the window, and the Miller, putting his head out, asked him what his wishes were. "I have three unruly animals here," he said, "whom I cannot keep any longer. Will you take them of me, and give them food and work, and treat them as I will tell you; because, if so, you shall have what you wish for so doing?"

"Why not?" replied the Miller; "but how shall I treat them?" The Huntsman told him that the old donkey, which was the Witch, must be given daily three beatings and one meal only; that the youngest, which was the Servant, should receive one beating and three meals; but the other, which was the Maiden, no blows, but three meals; for he could not make up his mind to cause her pain. Thereupon the Huntsman returned to the castle, in which he found all that he wanted. After three days came the Miller, and told him he wished to mention that the donkey for whom he had ordered only one meal and three beatings was dead. "The two others," he said further, "are certainly not dead, for they eat their three meals a day, but they are so weak and ill they cannot last very long." At this relation the Huntsman pitied the poor beasts, and told the Miller to drive them up again. As soon as they came he gave them a piece of the good cabbage to eat, and in a few minutes their human form returned. Then the beautiful Maiden fell on her knees before him, and said, "Oh, my dear Huntsman, pardon me for the wrong I did you, for it was not of my own free will, but because my mother com

pelled me, that I acted so; then and now I love you with my whole heart. Your wishing-cloak hangs in yon closet, and the heart of the bird I will bring to you again."

When she had thus spoken the Huntsman pardoned her freely, and begged her to keep the heart, for he meant to make her his bride. Soon afterwards the marriage was performed, and they lived happily together to the end of their lives.



CXXV.

Little One-Eye, Little Two-Eyes, and Little Three-Eyes.

ONCE upon a time there was a Woman who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was named One-Eye, because she had but a single eye, and that placed in the middle of her forehead; the second was called Two-Eyes, because she was like other mortals; and the third Three-Eyes, because she had three eyes, and one of them in the centre of her forehead, like her eldest sister. But, because the second sister had nothing out of the common in her appearance, she was looked down upon by her sisters, and despised by her mother. "You are no better than common folks," they would say to her; "you do not belong to us;" and then they would push her about, give her coarse clothing, and nothing else to eat but their leavings, besides numerous other insults as occasion offered.

Once it happened that Two-Eyes had to go into the forest to tend the goat; and she went very hungry, because her sisters had given her very little to eat that morning. She sat down upon a hillock, and cried so much that her tears flowed almost like rivers out of her eyes! By-and-by she looked up, and saw a Woman standing by her, who asked, "Why are you weeping, Two-Eyes?" "Because I have two eyes like ordinary people," replied the maiden, "and therefore my mother and sisters dislike me, push me into corners, throw me their old clothes, and give me nothing to eat but what they leave. To-day they have given me so little that I am still hungry." "Dry your eyes, then, now," said the wise Woman; "I will tell you

something which shall prevent you from being hungry again. You must say to your goat:—

'Little kid, milk
Table, appear!'

and immediately a nicely-filled table will stand before you, with delicate food upon it, of which you can eat as much as you please. And when you are satisfied, and have done with the table, you must say:—

'Little kid, milk
Table, depart!'

and it will disappear directly." With these words the wise Woman went away, and little Two-Eyes thought to herself she would try at once if what the Woman said were true, for she felt very hungry indeed:—

"Little kid, milk
Table, appear!"

said the maiden, and immediately a table covered with a white cloth stood before her, with a knife and fork, and silver spoon; and the most delicate dishes were ranged in order upon it, and everything as warm as if they had been just taken away from the fire. Two-Eyes said a short grace, and then began to eat; and when she had finished she pronounced the words which the wise Woman had told her:—

"Little kid, milk
Table, depart!"

and directly the table, and all that was on it, quickly disappeared. "This is capital housekeeping," said the maiden in high glee; and at evening she went home with her goat, and found an earthen dish which her sisters had left her filled with their pickings. She did not touch it; and the next morning she went off again without taking the meagre breakfast which was left out for her. The first and second time she did this the sisters thought nothing

of it; but when she did the same the third morning their attention was roused, and they said, "All is not right with Two-Eyes; for she has left her meals twice, and has touched nothing of what was left for her; she must have found some other way of living." So they determined that One-Eye should go with the maiden when she drove the goat to the meadow, and pay attention to what passed, and observe whether any one brought her to eat or to drink.

When Two-Eyes, therefore, was about to set off, One-Eye told her she was going with her to see whether she took proper care of the goat and fed her sufficiently. Two-Eyes, however, divined her sister's object, and drove the goat where the grass was finest, and then said, "Come, One-Eye, let us sit down, and I will sing to you." So One-Eye sat down, for she was quite tired with her unusual walk, and the heat of the sun.

"Are you awake or asleep, One-Eye?
Are you awake or asleep?"

sang Two-Eyes, until her sister really went to sleep. As soon as she was quite sound the maiden had her table out, and ate and drank all she needed; and by the time One-Eye awoke again the table had disappeared, and the maiden said to her sister, "Come, we will go home now; while you have been sleeping the goat might have run about all over the world!" So they went home, and, after Two-Eyes had left her meal untouched, the mother inquired of One-Eye what she had seen, and she was obliged to confess that she had been asleep.

The following morning the mother told Three-Eyes that she must go out and watch Two-Eyes, and see who brought her food, for it was certain that some one must. So Three-Eyes told her sister that she was going to accompany her that morning to see if she took care of the goat and fed her well; but Two-Eyes saw through her design,

and drove the goat again to the best feeding-place. Then she asked her sister to sit down and she would sing to her, and Three-Eyes did so, for she was very tired with her long walk in the heat of the sun. Then Two-Eyes began to sing as before :—

"Are you awake, Three-Eyes?"

but, instead of continuing as she should have done,

"Are you asleep, Three-Eyes?"

she said by mistake,

"Are you asleep, *Two*-Eyes?"

and so went on singing :—

"Are you awake, Three-Eyes?
Are you asleep, Two-Eyes?"

By-and-by Three-Eyes closed two of her eyes, and went to sleep with them; but the third eye, which was not spoken to, kept open. Three-Eyes, however, cunningly shut it too, and feigned to be asleep, while she was really watching; and soon Two-Eyes, thinking all safe, repeated the words :—

"Little kid, milk
Table, appear!"

and as soon as she was satisfied she said the old words :—

"Little kid, milk
Table, depart!"

Three-Eyes watched all these proceedings; and presently Two-Eyes came and awoke her, saying, "Ah, sister! you are a good watcher; but come, let us go home now." When they reached home Two-Eyes again ate nothing, and her sister told her mother she knew now why the haughty hussy would not eat their victuals. "When she is out in the meadow," said her sister, "she says,

'Little kid, milk
Table, appear!'

and directly a table comes up laid out with meat and wine, and everything of the best, much better than we have, and as soon as she has had enough she says,

'Little kid, milk
Table, depart!'

and all goes away directly, as I clearly saw. Certainly she did put to sleep two of my eyes; but the one in the middle of my forehead luckily kept awake!"

"Will you have better things than us?" cried the envious mother; "then you shall lose the chance;" and, so saying, she took a carving-knife and killed the goat dead.

As soon as Two-Eyes saw this she went out very sorrowful to the old spot and sat down where she had sat before to weep bitterly. All at once the wise Woman stood in front of her again, and asked why she was crying? "Must I not cry," replied she, "when the goat which used to furnish me every day with a dinner, according to your promise, has been killed by my mother, and I am again suffering hunger and thirst?" "Two-Eyes," said the wise Woman, "I will give you a piece of advice. Beg your sisters to give you the entrails of the goat, and bury them in the earth before the house-door, and your fortune will be made." So saying, she disappeared; and Two-Eyes went home, and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, do give me some part of the slain kid; I desire nothing else; let me have the entrails." The sisters laughed, and readily gave them to her; and she buried them secretly before the threshold of the door, as the wise Woman had bidden her.

The following morning they found in front of the house a wonderfully beautiful tree, with leaves of silver and fruits of gold hanging from the boughs, than which nothing more splendid could be seen in the world. The two elder sisters

were quite ignorant how the tree came where it stood; but Two-Eyes perceived that it was produced by the goat's entrails, for it stood on the exact spot where she had buried them. As soon as the mother saw it she told One-Eye to break off some of the fruit. One-Eye went up to the tree, and pulled a bough towards her, to pluck off the fruit; but the bough flew back again directly out of her hands; and so it did every time she took hold of it, till she was forced to give up, for she could not obtain a single golden apple in spite of all her endeavours. Then the Mother said to Three-Eyes, "Do you climb up, for you can see better with your three eyes than your sister with her one." Three-Eyes, however, was not more fortunate than her sister, for the golden apples flew back as soon as she touched them. At last the mother got so impatient that she climbed the tree herself; but she met with no more success than either of her daughters, and grasped the air only when she thought she had the fruit. Two-Eyes now thought she would try, and said to her sisters, "Let me get up; perhaps I may be successful." "Oh! you are very likely, indeed," said they, "with your two eyes; you will see well, no doubt!" So Two-Eyes climbed the tree, and directly she touched the boughs the golden apples fell into her hands, so that she plucked them as fast as she could, and filled her apron before she went down. Her mother took them of her, but returned her no thanks; and the two sisters, instead of treating Two-Eyes better than they had done, were only the more envious of her, because she alone could gather the fruits—in fact, they treated her worse.

One morning, not long after the springing up of the apple-tree, the three sisters were all standing together beneath it, when in the distance a young Knight was seen riding towards them. "Make haste, Two-Eyes!" exclaimed the two elder sisters, "make haste and creep out of our way, that we may not be ashamed of you;" and so saying,

they put over her in great haste an empty cask which stood near, and which covered the golden apples as well, which she had just been plucking off. Soon the Knight came up to the tree, and the sisters saw he was a very handsome man, for he stopped to admire the fine silver leaves and golden fruit, and presently asked to whom the tree belonged, for he should like to have a branch off it. One-Eye and Three-Eyes replied that the tree belonged to them; and they tried to pluck a branch off for the Knight. They had their trouble for nothing, however; for the boughs and fruits flew back as soon as they touched them. "This is very wonderful," cried the Knight, "that this tree should belong to you, and yet you cannot pluck the fruit!" The sisters, however, maintained that it was theirs; but while they spoke Two-Eyes rolled a golden apple from underneath the cask, so that it travelled to the feet of the Knight, for she was angry because her elder sisters had not spoken the truth. When he saw the apple he was astonished, and asked where it came from, and One-Eye and Three-Eyes said they had another sister, but they dared not let her be seen, because she had only two eyes, like common folk! The Knight, however, would see her, and called, "Two-Eyes, come here!" and soon she made her appearance from under the cask. The Knight was bewildered at her great beauty, and said, "You, Two-Eyes, can surely break off a bough of this tree for me?" "Yes," she replied, "that I will, for it is my property;" and, climbing up, she easily broke off a branch with silver leaves and golden fruit, which she handed to the Knight. "What can I give you in return, Two-Eyes?" asked the Knight. "Alas! if you will take me with you I shall be happy, for now I suffer hunger and thirst, and am in trouble and grief from early morning to late evening: take me, and save me!" Thereupon the Knight raised Two-Eyes upon his saddle, and took her home to his father's

castle. There he gave her beautiful clothes, and all she wished for to eat or to drink; and afterwards, because his love for her had become so great, he married her, and a very happy wedding they had.

Her two sisters meanwhile were very jealous when Two-Eyes was carried off by the Knight; but they consoled themselves by saying, "The wonderful tree remains still for us; and, even if we cannot get at the fruit, everybody that passes will stop to look at it, and then come and praise it to us. Who knows where our wheat may bloom!" The morning after this speech, however, the tree disappeared, and with it all their hopes; but, when Two-Eyes that same day looked out of her chamber window, behold, the tree stood before it, and there remained!

For a long time after this occurrence Two-Eyes lived in the enjoyment of the greatest happiness; and one morning two poor women came to the palace and begged an alms. Two-Eyes, after looking narrowly at their faces, recognised her two sisters One-Eye and Three-Eyes, who had come to such great poverty that they were forced to wander about, begging their bread from day to day. Two-Eyes, however, bade them welcome, invited them in, and took care of them, till they both repented of the evil which they had done to their sister in the days of their childhood.



CXXVI.

The Fair Catherine and Pif-paf Poltrie.

"GOOD-DAY, Father Hollenthe. How do you do?" "Very well, I thank you, Pif-paf Poltrie." "May I marry your daughter?" "Oh yes! if the mother Malcho (Milk-Cow), the brother Hohenstolz (High and Mighty), the sister Kâsetraut (Cheesemaker), and the fair Catherine are willing, it may be so."

"Where is, then, the mother Malcho?"

"In the stable, milking the cow."

"Good-day, mother Malcho. How do you do?" "Very well, I thank you, Pif-paf Poltrie." "May I marry your daughter?" "Oh yes! if the father Hollenthe, the brother Hohenstolz, the sister Kâsetraut, and the fair Catherine are willing, it may be so."

"Where is, then, the brother Hohenstolz?"

"In the yard, chopping up the wood."

"Good-day, brother Hohenstolz. How are you?" "Very well, I thank you, Pif-paf Poltrie." "May I marry your sister?" "Oh yes! if the father Hollenthe, the mother Malcho, the sister Kâsetraut, and the fair Catherine are willing, it may be so."

"Where is, then, the sister Kâsetraut?"

"In the garden, cutting the cabbages."

"Good-day, sister Kâsetraut. How do you do?" "Very well, I thank you, Pif-paf Poltrie." "May I marry your sister?" "Oh yes! if the father Hollenthe, the mother Malcho, the brother Hohenstolz, and the fair Catherine are willing, it may be so."

"Where is, then, the fair Catherine?"

"In her chamber, counting out her pennies."

"Good-day, fair Catherine. How do you do?" "Very well, I thank you, Pif-paf Poltrie?" "Will you be my bride?" "Oh yes! if the father Hollenthe, the mother Malcho, the brother Hohenstolz, and the sister Kâsetra it are willing, so am I."

"How much money have you, fair Catherine?"

"Fourteen pennies in bare money, two and a half farthings owing to me, half-a-pound of dried apples, a handful of prunes, and a handful of roots; and don't you call that a capital dowry?"

"Pif-paf Poltrie, what trade are you? are you a tailor?" "Better still!" "A shoemaker?" "Better still!" "A ploughman?" "Better still!" "A joiner?" "Better still!" "A smith?" "Better still!" "A miller?" "Better still!" "Perhaps a broom-binder?" "Yes, so am I; now, is not that a pretty trade?"



CXXVII.

The Fox and the Horse.

THERE was once a Farmer who had a Horse which served him faithfully till he was too old to work any longer, and then his master would not give him anything to eat, but said, "I cannot really find any use for you now, but still I mean you well, and so, if you will show yourself strong enough to bring home a Lion, I will requite you; but now you must make yourself scarce in this stable!" So saying, the Farmer drove the poor horse out; and he went with drooping head towards the forest to shelter himself there from the weather. In among the trees he met a Fox, who asked why he looked so careworn and walked so downcast.

"Alas!" said the Horse, "avarice and fidelity dwell not in the same house together: my master has forgotten all the services which I have rendered him for so many years, and, because I am unable now to work any longer, he will not give me any fodder, but has driven me out of the stable."

"Without any hope?" inquired the Fox.

"The hope is poor," replied the Horse; "he said that if I were strong enough to bring him back a Lion he would receive me; but he knows well enough I cannot do that."

"Then I will help you," replied the Fox; "now lay down and stretch yourself out, and do not stir, so that you may appear dead."

The Horse, accordingly, did as he was bid, and the Fox went to the Lion, whose den was not very far off, and said to him, "Near here lies a dead Horse; come with me and you may make a capital meal." The Lion accompanied

the Fox, and when they came to the Horse the Fox said, "Hist! listen to what I am about to say; you can have this at your convenience; I will bind it to you by the tail and you shall then drag it away to your den, and devour it at your leisure." This advice pleased the Lion, and, in order that the Fox might knot the Horse's tail fast to him, he stood with his back towards it quite still. The Fox, however, cunningly tied the Lion's legs together with the hairs of the Horse's tail, and pulled and knotted all so carefully that no strength could have divided it. As soon as his work was finished the Fox tapped the Horse on the shoulder, and cried, "Drag, my friend, drag!" The Horse jumped up at once and drew the Lion away with him. The beast soon began to roar, so that all the birds in the forest flew away for terror, but the Horse let him roar while he quietly dragged him to his master's door. Now, when the Farmer saw this proof of the fidelity of his Horse, he thought better of his former resolution, and said to the faithful animal, "You shall remain with me now, and live at your ease." And so the good Horse had good meals and good treatment till he died.



CXXVIII.

The Six Servants.

A LONG time ago lived an old Queen, who was also an enchantress; and her daughter was the most beautiful creature under the sun. But the old woman was ever thinking how to entice men, in order to kill them, and every suitor, therefore, who came was compelled, before he could marry the daughter, to answer a riddle which the Queen proposed, and which was always so puzzling that it could not be solved; and the unfortunate lover was thereupon forced to kneel down and have his head struck off. Many and many a poor youth had been thus destroyed, for the maiden was very pretty; and still another King's son was found who made up his mind to brave the danger. He had heard of the great beauty of the Princess, and he prayed his father to let him go and win her. "Never!" replied the King, "if you go away, you go to die!" At this answer the son felt very ill, and so continued for seven years nigh unto death's door, for no physician could do him any good. At last, when the old King saw all hope was gone, he said to his son, "Go now and try your fortune, for I know not how else to restore you!" As soon as the Prince heard the word he jumped up from his bed, and felt new strength and vigour return to him while he made ready for his journey.

Soon he set off, and as he rode along across a common he saw at a distance something lying on the ground like a bundle of hay; but, as he approached nearer, he discovered that it was a Man who had stretched himself on the earth, and was as big as a little hill! The fellow waited till the

Prince came up, and then said to him, rising as he spoke, "If you need any one take me into your service!"

"What shall I do with such an uncouth fellow as you?" asked the Prince.

"That matters not," replied the Man, "were I a thousand times as clumsy, if I can render you a service."

"Very well, perhaps I shall need you," said the Prince; "come with me." So Fatty accompanied his new master, and presently they met with another Man, who was also lying on the ground, with his ear close to the grass. "What are you doing there?" asked the Prince.

"I am listening," he replied.

"And to what are you listening so attentively?" pursued the Prince.

'I am listening to what is going on in the world around," said the Man, "for nothing escapes my hearing; I can even hear the grass growing."

"Tell me, then," said the Prince, "tell me what is passing at the court of the old Queen who has such a beautiful daughter."

"I hear," replied the Man, "the whistling of the sword which is about to cut off the head of an unsuccessful wooer."

"Follow me, I can find a use for you," said the Prince to the Listener; and so the three now journeyed together. Presently they came to a spot where were lying two feet and part of two legs, but they could not see the continuation of them till they had walked a good stretch further, and then they came to the body, and at length to the head. "Halloa!" cried the Prince, "what a length you are!"

"Oh!" replied Long-Legs, "not so much of that! why, if I stretch my limbs out as far as I can, I am a thousand times as long, and taller than the highest mountain on the earth; but, if you will take me, I am ready to serve you.'

The Prince accepted his offer, and, as they went along

they came to a man who had his eyes bandaged up. "Have you blood-shot eyes," inquired the Prince, "that you bind your eyes up in that way?"

"No!" replied the Man; "but I dare not take away the bandage, for whatever I look at splits in two, so powerful is my sight; nevertheless, if I am of use, I will accompany you."

Thereupon the Prince accepted also the services of this Man; and, as they went on, they found another fellow, who, although he was lying on the ground in the scorching heat of the sun, trembled and shivered so that not a limb in his body stood still. "What makes you freeze, when the sun shines like this?" asked the Prince.

"Alas! my nature is quite different from anything else!" replied the Man; "the hotter it is the colder I feel, and the frost penetrates all my bones; while the colder it is the hotter I feel; so that I cannot touch ice for the heat of my body, nor yet go near the fire for fear I should freeze it!"

"You are a wonderful fellow!" said the Prince; "come with me, and perhaps I may need you." So the Man followed with the rest; and they came next to a Man who was stretching his neck to such a length that he could see over all the neighbouring hills. "What are you looking at so eagerly?" asked the Prince.

"I have such clear eyes," replied the Man, "that I can see over all the forests, fields, valleys, and hills; in fact, quite round the world!"

"Come with me, then," said the Prince, "for I have need of a companion like you."

The Prince now pursued his way with his six servants to the city where the old Queen dwelt. When he arrived he would not tell his name, but told the Witch if she would give him her daughter he would do all she desired. The old Enchantress was delighted to have such a handsome

young man fall into her clutches, and told him she would set him three tasks, and, if he performed them all, the Princess should become his wife.

"What is the first, then?" asked the Prince.

"You must fetch for me a ring which I have let fall into the Red Sea," said the Queen. Then the Prince returned home to his servants, and said to them, "The first task is no easy one; it is to fetch a ring out of the Red Sea; but let us consult together."

"I will see where it lies," said he with the clear eyes; and, looking down into the water, he continued, "there it hangs on a pointed stone!"

"If I could but see it I would fetch it up," said Long-Arms. "Is that all?" said Fatty, and, lying down on the bank, he held his mouth open to the water and the stream ran in as if into a pit, till at length the whole sea was as dry as a meadow. Long-Arms, thereupon, bent down a little, and fetched out the ring, to the great joy of the Prince, who carried it to the old Witch. She was mightily astonished, but confessed it was the right ring. "The first task you have performed, happily," she said; "but now comes the second. Do you see those three hundred oxen grazing on the meadows before my palace; all those you must consume, flesh, bones, and skins, and horns; then in my cellar are three hundred casks of wine, which must all be drunk out by you; and if you leave a single hair of any of the oxen, or one drop of the wine you will lose your life."

"May I invite any guests to the banquet," asked the Prince, "for no dinner is worth having without?" The old Woman smiled grimly, but told him he might have one guest for company, but no more.

Thereupon the Prince returned again to his servants, and told them what the task was; and then he invited Fatty to be his guest. He came, and quickly consumed

the three hundred oxen, flesh and bones, skin and horns, while he made as if it were only a good breakfast. Next he drank all the wine out of every cask, without so much as using a glass, but draining them all to the very dregs. As soon as the meal was over the Prince went and told the Queen he had performed the second task. She was much astonished, and said no one had ever before got so far as that; but she determined that the Prince should not escape her, for she felt confident he would lose his head about the third task. "This evening," said she, "I will bring my daughter into your room, and you shall hold her round with one arm; but mind you do not fall asleep while you sit there, for at twelve o'clock I shall come, and if my daughter is not with you then you are lost." "This task is easy," thought the Prince to himself; "I shall certainly keep my eyes open." Still he called his servants together, and told them what the old woman had said. "Who knows," said he, "what craftiness may be behind? foresight is necessary; do you keep watch, that nobody passes out of the chamber during the night."

As soon as night came the old Queen brought the Princess to the Prince, and then Long-Arms coiled himself in a circle round the pair, and Fatty placed himself in the doorway, so that not a living soul could enter the room. So there the two sat, and the maiden spoke not a word, but the moon shone through the window upon her face, so that the Prince could see her great beauty. He did nothing but look at her, was full of happiness and love, and felt no weariness at all. This lasted till eleven o'clock, and then the old Witch threw a charm over all, so that they fell fast asleep, and at the same moment the maiden was carried off.

Till a quarter to twelve the three slept soundly, but then the charm lost its strength, and they all awoke again. "Oh, what a terrible misfortune!" cried the Prince as soon

as he awoke, "I am lost!" The faithful servants also began to complain; but the Listener said, "Be quiet and I will hear where she is!" He listened a moment, and then said, The Princess is sitting three hundred miles from hence, inside a cave, bewailing her fate. You alone can help us, Long-Arms; if you set to the task you will be there in a couple of strides." "Certainly!" said Long-Arms; "but Sharp-Eyes must also go with us to pierce the rock." Then he hoisted Sharp-Eyes upon his back, and in a moment, while one could scarcely turn his hand round, they were before the enchanted rock. Immediately Sharp-Eyes removed his bandage, and, looking round, the rocky cave was shattered into a thousand pieces. Then Long-Arms took the Princess out of the ruins and carried her home first, and, immediately returning for his companion, they were all seated, rejoicing at their fortunate escape, before the clock struck twelve.

As soon as it did strike, the old Enchantress slipped into the room, smiling horribly, for she thought her daughter was safe enough in the rocky cave, and the Prince was hers. But when she perceived her daughter in the arms of the Prince she was terrified, and exclaimed, "Here is one who can do more than I can!" She dared not, however, deny her promise, and the maiden was therefore betrothed to the Prince. But the old woman whispered in her daughter's ear, "Shame upon you that you listened to common folks, and dared not to choose a husband after your own wishes!"

With these words the proud heart of the Princess was inflamed, and she thought of revenge; and accordingly, the following day, she caused three hundred bundles of faggots to be heaped together, and then said to the Prince, "The three tasks were soon performed; but still I will not marry you until some one shall be found who will sit upon the fire of these faggots and endure it." She thought none of

his servants would be burnt for their master; and so that, because out of love for her, he would himself sit upon the pile, she would be freed from him. But the servants said that Frosty had done nothing as yet, though they all had, and so they placed him on the top of the pile of wood. The fire was immediately kindled and burnt for three days, until all the wood was consumed; but, when the flames ceased, there stood Frosty in the midst of the ashes, shivering like an aspen-leaf, and declaring that he never before experienced such a frost, and must have perished if it had longer continued!

After this no further excuse could be made, and the beautiful Princess was obliged to take the unknown stranger as her husband. But just as they were going to church the old Queen declared again that she could not bear the shame, and she sent her guards after the wedding party with orders, at all risks, to bring back her daughter. The Listener, however, had kept his ears open, and he discovered the secret designs of the old Witch. "What shall we do?" asked he of Fatty; but the latter was equal to the occasion, and, spitting behind him once or twice a drop or two of the sea-water which he had formerly drunk, there was formed a great lake, in which the Queen's guards were caught and drowned. The Queen as soon as she saw this catastrophe despatched her mounted guards; but the Listener heard the rattlings of their trappings, and unbound the eyes of their fellow-servant, whose look, as soon as he directed it upon the approaching enemy, shivered them like glass. The bridal party now passed on undisturbed; and, as soon as the blessing had been pronounced over the new married pair, the six servants took their leave, saying to their former master, "Your wishes are fulfilled, and you no longer require us; we will therefore journey on and seek our fortunes elsewhere."

Now, about half a mile from the Queen's palace was a

village before which a swineherd was tending his drove of pigs; and, as the Prince and Princess passed by it, the former said to his wife, "Do you know who I really am? I am no King's son, but a swineherd, and this man here with this drove is my father; we two must therefore get out and assist him!" So saying, he dismounted with her from the carriage, and they went together into the inn; and he ordered the host to carry away secretly during the night the royal clothes belonging to his wife. Accordingly, when morning came, the poor Princess had nothing to wear; but the hostess gave her an old gown and a pair of old slippers, and of these things made a great favour, telling her that she certainly would not have lent them to her had not her husband begged for them!

The Princess now began really to believe that her husband was a swineherd, and with him she tended the drove, and thought it was a punishment for her pride and ambition. This continued for eight days, and then she could bear it no longer, for her feet were wounded all over. Just at that time two persons came to her, and asked if she knew who her husband was. "Yes, he is a swineherd," she replied, "and is just now gone to drive a little trade with a few ribands and laces."

"Come with us now, and we will take you to him," said the two strangers to the Princess; and they took her into the palace, where her husband stood arrayed in his royal robes in the great hall. She did not, however, recognise him until he fell on her neck, and said to her, "I have suffered so much for you that it was only right that you should also suffer for me!" and with these words he kissed her lovingly. Soon afterwards their wedding was celebrated with due form, and with so much grandeur that I who tell this story would like to have been there to see!

CXXIX.

The Old Woman in the Wood.

ONCE upon a time a poor Servant Girl was travelling with her boxes through a wood, and just as she got to the middle of it she found herself in the power of a murdering band of robbers. All at once they sprang out of the brushwood, and came towards her; but she jumped out of her cart in terror, and hid herself behind a tree. As soon as the robbers had disappeared with their booty she came from her hiding-place, and saw her great misfortune. She began to cry bitterly, and said to herself, "What shall I do now, a poor girl like me; I cannot find my way out of the wood; nobody lives here, and I must perish with hunger." She looked about for a road, but could not find one; and when evening came she sat down under a tree, and commending herself to God, determined to remain where she was, whatever might happen. She had not sat there a long while before a little White Pigeon came flying towards her, carrying in his beak a small golden key. The bird put the key into the Girl's hand, and said, "Do you see yon great tree? within it is a cupboard, which is opened with this key, and there you will find food enough, so that you need not suffer hunger any longer." The Girl went to the tree, and unlocking it, found pure milk in a jug, and white bread fit to break into it; and of these she made a good meal. When she had finished, she said to herself, "At home now the cocks and hens are gone to roost, and I am so tired I should like to go to bed myself. In a moment the Pigeon flew up, bringing another gold key in his bill, and said, "Do you see yon tree? open it and you will find a bed within!" She opened it, and there stood the

little white bed; and, after saying her prayers and asking God's protection during the night, she went to sleep. In the morning the Pigeon came for the third time, bringing another key, with which he told the Girl to open a certain tree, and there she would find plenty of clothes. When she did so, she found dresses of all kinds ornamented with gold and precious stones, as beautiful as any princess could desire. And here in this spot the maiden dwelt for a time; while the Pigeon every day brought her what she needed; and it was a very quiet and peaceful life.

One day, however, the Pigeon came and asked the Maiden whether she would do an act of love for him. "With all my heart," was her reply. "I wish you then," said the Pigeon, "to come with me to a little cottage, and to go into it, and there on the hearth you will see an old Woman, who will say 'Good day!' But for my sake give her no answer, let her do what she will; but go past her right hand, and you will see a door which you must open, and pass into a room, where upon a table will lie a number of rings of all descriptions, and among them several with glittering stones; but leave them alone, and look out a plain one which will be there, and bring it to me as quickly as possible."

The Maiden thereupon went to the cottage, and stepped in; and there sat an old Woman who made a great face when she saw her, but said, "Good day, my child!" The Maiden made no answer, but went towards the door. "Whither are you going?" cried the old Woman, "that is my house, and nobody shall enter it unless I do wish!" and she tried to detain the Maiden by catching hold of her dress. But she silently loosened herself, and went into the room, and saw the heap of rings upon the table, which glittered and shone before her eyes. She threw them aside and searched for the plain ring, but could not find it; and while she searched she saw the old Woman slip in and

take up a bird-cage, with which she made off. So the Maid pursued her, and took the bird-cage away from her. As she looked at it she saw the ring in the bill of the bird which was in it. She took the ring and ran home, joyfully expecting the White Pigeon would come and fetch the ring, but he did not. So she leaned herself back against her tree and waited for the bird; but presently the tree became as it were weak and yielding, and its branches began to droop. All at once the boughs bent round, and became two arms; and as the Maiden turned round, the tree became a handsome man, who embraced and kissed her, saying, "You have saved me out of the power of the old Woman, who is an evil witch. She changed me into a tree a long while ago, and every day I became a White Pigeon for a couple of hours; but so long as she had possession of the ring I could not regain my human form." Thereupon his servants and horses recovered also from the enchantment, for they likewise had been changed into trees; and once more they accompanied their master to his kingdom (for he was a King's son,) and there he married the Maiden, and they lived happily ever afterwards.



CXXX.

The White and the Black Bride.

ONE fine day a Woman, accompanied by her Daughter and Step-daughter, were walking over the fields in search of food. Presently they met a poor Man, who asked them, "Which is the way to the village?" "If you want to know," replied the Mother, "find it yourself!" and her Daughter continued, "If you have a mind to go right, you had better take a guide with you!" But the Step-daughter said, "Poor man! I will show you; come with me."

Thereupon the Beggar, who was an Angel in disguise, turned his back upon the Mother and Daughter, and wished they might become as black as night and as ugly as owls. But to the other poor Girl the Angel was kind, and went with her till they approached the village, when he gave her a blessing, and said, "Choose now three things, and they shall be given you." "I would wish, then, to be as beautiful and spotless as the sun;" and, as she spoke, her skin became as white and fair as a sunbeam. "I would like next to have a purse of money which should never be empty!" and this also the Angel gave her, saying, "Forget not what is best." "For the third thing," said the Maiden, "I desire to inherit a place in the kingdom of heaven after my death." This also was promised, and then the good Angel disappeared.

By-and-by the Stepmother and Daughter returned home; but as soon as they perceived their own black skins and ugly faces, and saw the pureness and brightness of the other Girl's face, evil thoughts entered their hearts, and they thought how they could injure her. Now the Girl had a brother, Reginald, whom she loved very dearly,

and to him she told all that had happened. "Dear sister," said he to her, "I will paint your portrait, that I may always have you before me; for my love for you is so great I wish never to part with you." "Then let no one ever see it, I beg you," said the Sister. So he painted the portrait, and hung it up in his room at the royal palace, for he was Coachman to the King; and every day he used to stand before it and bless God for his goodness to his Sister. Just at that time, however, the King, his master, had lost his wife, who was such a beautiful woman that nobody had ever yet seen her equal; and the King was consequently in very deep grief. Now, the Coachman's fellow-servants had remarked how he was accustomed every day to stand before a certain picture, and they grew jealous of him, and mentioned it to the King. The King ordered the portrait to be brought to him; and when he saw the likeness to his dear wife, only the Girl was still more beautiful, his sorrows broke out afresh. He summoned the Coachman, and asked whom the picture represented; and when his servant told him it was his Sister, he determined to make her his bride; and, giving the Coachman a carriage and horses and beautiful clothes, he sent him away to fetch his Sister. As soon as Reginald arrived with his message his Sister rejoiced; but the black one was jealous at the other's good fortune, vexed herself above measure, and said to her Mother, "Of what use now are all our arts, since they have never brought me such a luck as this?" "Be quiet!" said the old Woman; "I will turn it to you;" and then, through her witchcraft, she caused a half-blindness to come over the Coachman's eyes, and took away the hearing of her white Daughter-in-law. After this they got into the carriage together; first the Bride, in her beautiful princely robes, and then the Stepmother with her Daughter, while Reginald sat on the box to drive. When they had gone a short distance the Coachman said,

"Now cover yourself, my sister dear,
That the wind may not come too near, too near!
That the rain may not against you beat,
And make you unfit the King to greet!"

"What does my dear brother say?" asked the Bride. 'Oh," said the old Mother, "he says you are to take off your fine golden dress and give it to your sister." She drew it off as she was bid and gave it to her Sister, receiving in exchange an old grey cloak. Then they drove on, and presently the Coachman sang again,

"Now cover yourself, my sister dear,
That the wind may not come too near, too near!
That the rain may not against you beat,
And make you unfit the King to meet!"

"What does my dear brother say?" asked the Bride again. "He says," said the old Woman, "that you must take off your golden hood, and give it to your Sister!" The Bride therefore handed it to her without a word, and placed it on her black hair, and presently the Coachman sang the same words a third time,

"Now cover yourself, my sister dear,
That the wind may not come too near, too near!
That the rain may not against you beat,
And make you unfit the King to greet!"

The Bride asked once more, "What does my brother say this time?" "Alas!" cried the old Stepmother, "he told you to look out of the carriage and see the palace in the distance." Just as she spoke they were passing over a bridge under which ran a deep river; and so when the Bride stood up to look out her Mother and Sister pushed her out of the carriage, and she fell into the water. At the same moment that she sank a snow-white Swan made its appearance on the surface of the stream, and swam down it. But of all these proceedings the Brother had observed and known nothing till he had driven up to the

palace. There he took the black Sister to the King, and presented her as the original of his portrait, for he really thought she was so because his eyes could see nothing but the glitter of the golden dress. But the King was terribly enraged when he saw the ugliness of his proposed bride, and he ordered the Coachman to be flung into a pit full of vipers and snakes. The old Witch, however, contrived to deceive the King, and blinded his eyes so much through her arts, that he received her and her black Daughter, and at length was really married to the latter.

One evening afterwards, when the black Bride was sitting on the King's lap, a white Swan came to the gutter in the kitchen, and, swimming in, said to the Cookmaid,

"Make a good fire, I pray, I pray,
That I my feathers may dry!"

So the maid made up a roaring fire on the hearth, and the Swan placed herself before it, and smoothed her feathers down with her bill. While she did so, she asked,

"What does my brother Reginald?"

The Cookmaid answered,

"He lies buried in the ground,
With vipers all around!"

Then the Swan asked,

"What does the black Witch in this house?"

And the Cookmaid answered,

"She sits by the fire as still as a mouse!"

"Heaven have mercy upon her!"

cried the Swan, and thereupon swam out of the gutter hole. But the following night she came again and asked the same questions, and also the third night, and after that the Kitchenmaid could keep the matter to herself no longer,

and therefore went and told the King everything. The King, however, wished to see the truth of the tale for himself, and so he watched the fourth evening, and when the Swan stretched its neck through the gutter-hole he raised his sword and cut off the bird's head. Immediately the Swan was changed into a beautiful Maiden, and she appeared exactly like the portrait which her Brother had painted of her. The King thereupon was greatly rejoiced, and ordered princely clothes to be brought to the Maiden, in which she arrayed herself. Then she told the King how she had been betrayed by stratagem and cunning, and had been thrown into the river, where she had received the form of a Swan. When she had told all this, she begged, as the first favour, that her Brother should be released from the vipers' pit; and, as soon as the King had done that, he went into the chamber of the old Witch, and asked her what such a person would deserve who should do such things, and told her the tale which the Princess had just related. Now, the old Witch was so blind that she did not perceive what was behind, and replied that such an one would deserve to be placed in a cask stuck all over with nails, and then drawn by a horse, which should be harnessed to it, all through the streets. But in saying this she had pronounced her own fate, for the King ordered her to be so treated, together with her Daughter. Afterwards the King married the beautiful white Bride, and rewarded the faithful Brother, whom he placed in a situation of power and influence.



CXXXI.

The Man of Iron.

ONCE upon a time there was a King who possessed a great wood which lay behind his castle, and wherein it was his pleasure to hunt. One day it happened that one of his huntsmen who had gone into this wood in the morning did not return as usual. The next day, therefore, the King despatched two others to seek him; but they likewise never reappeared; and so the King then ordered all his huntsmen to make themselves ready to scour the whole forest in search of their missing companions. But, after they had set out, not one of them ever returned again, nor even a single dog out of the whole pack that accompanied them. After this occurrence an edict was issued that nobody should venture into the forest; and from that day a profound stillness and deep solitude crept over the whole forest, and one saw nothing but owls or eagles which now and then flew out. This lasted a long time, till once came a strange Huntsman to the King, and, begging an audience, said he was ready to go into the dangerous forest. The King would not at first give his consent, saying, "I am afraid it will fare no better with you than with the others, and that you will never return;" but the Huntsman replied, "I will dare the danger, for I know nothing of fear."

Thereupon the Huntsman entered the forest with his dog, and in a few minutes the hound espying a wild animal on the road pursued it; but it had scarcely gone a couple of yards before it fell into a deep pool, out of which a naked arm stretched itself, and catching the dog drew it down beneath the water. As soon as the Huntsman saw

this he went back and fetched three men who came with pails to bale out the water. When they came to the bottom they found a Wild Man, whose body was brown like rusty iron, and his hair hung over his face down to his knees. They bound him with cords and led him away to the King, who caused an immense iron cage to be fixed in the courtyard, and forbade any one on pain of death to open the door of the cage, of which the Queen had to keep the key in her charge. After this time anybody could go with safety into the forest.

Now, the King had a son eight years old, who was once playing in the courtyard, and during his play his ball accidentally rolled into the iron cage. He ran up to it and demanded his ball of the prisoner. "Not till you open my door," replied the Man. "No, that I cannot," said the Boy, "for my father the King has forbidden it;" and so saying he ran away. But the next morning he came again and demanded his golden ball. "Open my door," said the Wild Man; but the Boy refused. The third morning the King went out a hunting; and presently the Boy went again to the cage, and said, "Even if I would open the door, I have not got the key to do it." "It lies under your mother's pillow," said the Wild Man, "and you can get it if you like." So the Boy, casting all other thoughts to the winds but his wish to have his ball, ran and fetched the key. The door swung heavily, and the boy jammed his finger; but soon it opened, and the Wild Man, giving him the golden ball, stepped out and hurried off. At this the Boy became alarmed, and cried, and called after the Man, "Wild Man, do not go away or I shall be beaten!" The Man turned round, and, raising the boy up, set him upon his shoulders and walked into the forest with hasty strides. As soon afterwards the King returned, he remarked the empty cage, and asked the Queen what had happened. She called her Boy, but no one answered, and

the King sent out people over the fields to search for him but they returned empty-handed. Then he easily guessed what had really happened, and great grief was shown at the royal court.

Meanwhile, as soon as the Wild Man had reached his old haunts, he set the Boy down off his shoulders, and said to him, "Your father and mother you will never see again; but I will keep you with me, for you delivered me, and therefore I pity you. If you do all that I tell you, you will be well treated, for I have enough treasure and money; in fact, more than any one else in the world." That evening the Iron Man let the Boy sleep on some moss, and the next morning he took him to the pool, and said, "See you, this golden water is bright and clear as crystal; hereby you must sit, and watch that nothing falls into it, or it will be dishonoured. Every evening I will come, and see if you have obeyed my commands." So the Boy sat down on the bank of the pool; but by-and-by, while he watched, such a sudden pain seized one of his fingers that he plunged it into the water to cool it. He quickly drew it out again; but lo! it was quite golden, and in spite of all his pains he could not rub off the gold again. In the evening came the Iron Man, and, after looking at the Boy, he asked, "What has happened to my pool?" "Nothing, nothing!" replied the Boy, holding his finger behind him, that it might not be seen. But the Man said, "You have dipped your finger into the water; this time, however, I will overlook it, only take care it does not happen again."

The next day the Boy resumed his post at the first daybreak; but in the course of a little while his finger ached again, and this time he put it to his head, and unluckily pulled off a hair which fell into the water. He took it out again very quickly; but it had changed into gold, and by-and-by the Iron Man returned, already con-

scious of what had occurred. "You have let a hair fall into the pool," he said to the boy; "but once more I will overlook your fault, only if it happens again the pool will be dishonoured, and you can remain with me no longer."

The Boy took his usual seat again on the third morning, and did not once move his finger, in spite of the pain. The time, however, passed so slowly that he fell to looking at his face reflected in the mirror of the waters, and, while he bent down to do so, his long hair fell down from his shoulders into the pool. In a great hurry he raised his head again; but already his locks were turned to gold, and shone in the sun. You may imagine how frightened the poor Boy was! He took his pocket-handkerchief and bound it round his head, so that no one might see his hair; but as soon as the Iron Man returned he said to him, "Untie your handkerchief!" for he knew what had happened. Then the golden hair fell down on the Boy's shoulders, and he tried to excuse himself, but in vain. "You have not stood the proof," said the Iron Man, "and must remain here no longer. Go forth into the world, and there you will see how poverty fares; but because your heart is innocent, and I mean well towards you, I will grant you this one favour—when you are in trouble come to this forest, call my name, and I will come out and help you. My power is great, and I have gold and silver in abundance."

So the young Prince had to leave the forest, and travelled over many rough and smooth roads till he came at length to a large town. There he sought work, but without success, for he had learnt nothing which was of use, and at last he went to the King's palace itself and inquired if they could take him in. The court servants were unaware of any vacancy which he could fill, but because he seemed well favoured they allowed him to remain. Soon afterwards the Cook took him into his service, and told

him he might fetch wood and water for the fire and sweep up the ashes. One day, however, as no one else was at hand, the Prince had to carry in a dish for the royal table but, because he would not allow his golden hair to be seen, he entered the room with his cap on his head. "If you come to the royal table," exclaimed the King when he saw him, "you must pull off your cap!" "Ah! your majesty," replied the Prince, "I dare not, for I have a bad disease on my head." Thereupon the King ordered the Cook into his presence, and scolded him because he had taken such a youth into his service, and further commanded him to discharge him. But the Cook pitied the poor lad and changed him with the Gardener's Boy.

Now, the Prince had to plant and sow, to dig and chop, in spite of all weathers, for he must bear the wind and rain. One day in summer, as he was working alone in the garden, he took off his cap to cool his head in the breeze, and the sun shone so upon his hair that the golden locks glittered, and their brightness became reflected in the mirror in the chamber of the King's daughter. She jumped up to see what it was, and, perceiving the Gardener's Boy, called him, to bring her a nosegay of flowers. In a great hurry he put on his cap and plucked some wild flowers, which he arranged together. But, as he was going up the steps with them to the Princess, the Gardener met him, and said, "How can you take the Princess such a nosegay of bad flowers? go back and fetch the rarest and most beautiful." "Oh, no!" said the Boy, "the wild flowers bloom the longest and will please the best." So he went up to the chamber, and there the Princess said to him, "Take off your cap; it is not becoming of you to wear it here!"

The Boy, however, replied he dared not remove it, because his head was too ugly to look at, but she seized his cap and pulled it off, and his golden hair fell down over his shoulders, most beautiful to see The Boy would

have run away, but the Princess detained him and gave him a handful of ducats. Then he left her and took her money to the Gardener, whom he told to give it to his children to play with, for he despised money. The following day the Princess called him again to give her a bouquet of wild flowers, and when he entered with them she snatched again at his cap, but this time he held it fast with both hands, and would not let it go. She gave him still another handful of ducats, but he would not keep them, but gave them to the Gardener's children for playthings. The third day it was just the same: the Princess could not get his cap and he would not keep her ducats.

Not long after these events the country was drawn into a war, and the King collected all his people, for he knew not whether he should be able to make a stand against the enemy, who was very powerful, and led an immense army. Amongst others, the Gardener's Boy asked for a horse, saying he was grown up and ready to take his part in the fight. The others, however, laughed at him, and said, "When we are gone we will leave behind a horse for you, but take care of yourself!" So, as soon as the rest had set out, the young Prince went into the stable, and found there a horse which was lame, and clicked its feet together. Nevertheless, he mounted it, and rode away to the gloomy forest; and as soon as he arrived there he called, "Iron Man, Iron Man!" in such a loud voice that the trees re-echoed it. Soon the wild man appeared, and asked, "What do you desire?" "I desire a strong horse, for I am going to battle," said the Youth. "That you shall have, and more than you desire," said the Iron Man; and, diving in among the trees, a page suddenly made his appearance, holding a horse so fiery and mettlesome that he was scarcely to be touched. Behind the steed followed a troop of warriors, all clad in iron, with swords which glittered in the sun. The Youth, thereupon, delivered up

his three-legged horse to the page, and, mounting the other rode off at the head of his troop. Just as he reached the field of battle he found the greater part of the King's army already slain, and the rest were on the point of yielding. The Youth, therefore, charged at once with his iron troop, like a storm of hail, against the enemy, and they cut down all who opposed them. The enemy turned and fled, but the young Prince pursued and cut to pieces all the fugitives, so that not one man was left. Then, instead of leading his troop before the King, he rode back with them to the forest, and summoned the Iron Man "What do you desire now?" he inquired.

"Take back all these soldiers and your steed, and restore me my three-legged horse." All this was done as he desired, and he rode home on his limping animal. When the King arrived afterwards, his Daughter greeted him, and congratulated him on his victory. "I do not deserve it," he said; "the victory was owing to a strange knight who came to our aid with his troop." His Daughter inquired then who he was; but the King told her he did not know, for he had pursued the enemy and had not returned again. The Princess afterwards inquired of the Gardener respecting his boy, and he laughed, and said he had just returned home on his three-legged steed; while the others had laughed at him, saying, "Here comes our Hop-a-da-hop!" They asked also behind what hedge he had hid himself, and he replied, "I have done the best I could, and without me you would have fared badly." And for this speech the poor boy was still more mocked.

Some time after this the King said to his Daughter, "I will cause a great festival to be held, which shall last three days, and you shall throw a golden apple, for which perhaps the unknown knight will contend."

As soon as the proclamation was made, the young Prince went to the forest, and called for the Iron Man

"What do you desire?" he asked. "That I may catch the golden apple!"

"It is all the same as if you had it now," said the Iron Man; "but you shall have a red suit of armour for the occasion, and ride there upon a proud fox-coloured horse."

When the appointed day came, the youth ranged himself along with the other knights, and was not recognised by any one. Presently the Princess stepped forward and threw up the golden apple, which nobody could catch but the Red Knight, who coursed away as soon as he obtained it. The second day the Iron Man dressed the youth as a White Knight, and gave him a grey horse; and again he caught the apple, and he alone. The King was angry when the Knight ran away with the prize, and said, "That is not right; he must appear before me and declare his name." Then he ordered, if the Knight who had caught the apple did not return the next day, some one should pursue him; and, if he would not return willingly, cut him to pieces. The third day the Prince received from the Iron Man a black coat of armour and a black steed, and caught again the apple when it was thrown. When he rode away the King's people pursued him, and one came so near him that he wounded the Black Knight with the point of his sword. Still he escaped them; but his horse jumped so violently that the helmet fell off the Knight's head, and his golden hair was seen. The knights thereupon rode back and told the King.

The day following these sports the Princess inquired of the Gardener after his boy. "He is working in the garden," he replied; "the wonderful fellow has also been to the festival, and yesterday evening he returned home and gave my children three golden apples which he won there." When the King knew of this, he caused the Youth to be brought before him, and he appeared as usual with his cap on his head. But the Princess went

up to him and took it off; and then his golden hair fell down over his shoulders, and he appeared so handsome that every one was astonished. "Are you the knight who appeared each day at the festival, and always in a different colour, and won the three golden apples?" asked the King. "Yes!" he replied, "and these are the apples;" and, so saying, he took them out of his pocket and handed them to the King. "If you desire any other proof," he continued, "I will show you the wound which your people gave me as I rode away; but I am also the knight who won the victory for you over your enemy."

"If you can do such deeds," said the King, "you are no gardener's boy; tell me, who is your father?"

"My father is a mighty King, and of gold I have not only my desire, but more even than can be imagined," said the young Prince.

"I own," said the King, "that I am indebted to you; can I do anything to show it?"

"Yes, if you give me your daughter to wife!" replied the Youth. The Princess thereupon laughed, and said, "He makes no roundabout tale; but I saw long ago that he was no gardener's boy from his golden hair;" and with these words she went and kissed him.

By-and-by the wedding was celebrated, and to it came the Prince's father and mother, who had long ago given up their son for dead, and lost all hope of seeing him again.

While they sat at the bridal feast, all at once music was heard, and, the doors opening, a proud King entered, attended by a long train. He went up to the young Prince, and embraced him, and said, "I am the Iron Man, whom you saved from his wild nature; all the treasures which belong to me are henceforth your property!"

CXXXII.

The Three Black Princesses.

OSTENDIEN was besieged by the enemy, and he would not leave the town until he received six hundred dollars. So they made it known by the drummers that whoever could get them together should be Burgomaster. There was a poor Fisherman who fished in the sea with his son, and the enemy came and took his son prisoner, and gave him six hundred dollars for him. So the father went and gave them to the great men in the town; and the enemy marched off, and the Fisherman became Burgomaster. Then it was cried about that whoever did not say Mr. Burgomaster should be hanged.

The Son got out of the enemy's clutches again, and came to a great forest on a high mountain. The mountain opened, and he went into a great enchanted castle, wherein the chairs, tables, and benches were all hung with black. There came three Princesses, who were dressed all in black, and only had a little bit of white on their faces; they told him not to be afraid, they would not do anything to him, and that he could release them. He said he should be glad enough to do so if he only knew how to set about it. They said that for a whole year he must not speak to them, nor even look at them: whatever he wanted he only had to ask for, and when they might answer him they would do so. When he had been there some time, he said he should like to go and see his father. So they said, "Very well;" and that he should have this bag of gold, and put on those clothes, and must be back again in eight days

Then he was lifted up, and was in Ostendien directly. He could not find his father any more in the fishing-hut.

and asked the peop.e where the poor Fisherman had got to? but they told him he must not say that, or he would come to the gallows. He then arrives at his father's, and says, "Fisherman, how did you come to that?" Then he answered, "You must not say that; for if the great men of the town knew it you would come to the gallows." But he would not leave off, so he was taken to the gallows; and when he got there he said, "Oh, gentlemen, pray give me leave to go to the old fishing-hut!" Then he put on his old smock, and went back to the gentlemen, and said, "Do you see now; am I not the son of a poor Fisherman? In this dress I earned the daily bread for my father and mother." Then they knew him again, and begged his pardon, and took him home; and he told them all about what had happened to him; that he had got into a great forest on a high mountain; that the mountain had opened, and that he had gone into an enchanted castle, where everything was black, and three Princesses had come, who were all black, except a little bit of white in the face. They had told him not to be afraid, and that he could release them.

Then his Mother said, "That cannot be right; you must take a hallowed kettle with you, and drop some scalding water into their faces."

He went back again, and he shuddered from fear, and dropped some water into their faces while they were asleep, and they all turned half white. The three Princesses jumped up, and said, "Accursed dog, our blood shall cry for vengeance! now there is no one born in the world, and no one will be born, who can release us. We have three brothers locked in seven chains, and they shall tear you to pieces." Then there was a crash through the whole castle, and he jumped out of a window and broke his leg; and the castle sank into the ground again, and the mountain closed, and nobody knew where it had been.

CXXXIII.

Knoist and his Three Sons.

BETWEEN Werrel and Soist there lived a man, and his name was Knoist. He had three sons: the one was blind, the other was lame, and the third was stark naked. They once went into the fields, and there they saw a hare. The blind one shot it, the lame one caught it, and the naked one put it into his pocket. Then they came to a mighty big piece of water, on which there were three ships: the one floated, the other sank, and the third had no bottom in it. The one that had no bottom they all three got into. Then they came to a mighty great forest, and there was a great mighty tree: in the tree there was a mighty great chapel, in the chapel there was a wizened old Sacristan and a savage old Priest, and they were dealing out holy water with sticks.



The Iron Stove.

IN the days when wishing was having, a certain King's Son was enchanted by an old Witch, and obliged to sit in a great iron stove which stood in a wood! There he passed many years, for nobody could release him; till one day a Princess who had lost herself, and could not find her way back to her father's kingdom, came at last, after nine day's wandering, to the spot where the iron stove stood. As she approached it, she heard a voice say, "Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou?" "I have lost the road to my father's kingdom, and am unable to find my home!" she replied. "I will help you, and that in a short time," said the voice from the iron stove, "if you will consent to what I desire; I am the child of a far greater King than your father, and am willing to marry you."

The Princess was frightened at this proposal, and exclaimed, "What can I do with an iron stove?" but nevertheless, as she was anxious to get home, she consented to what he should wish. Then the Prince told her that she must return after she had been home, and bring with her a knife to cut a hole in the stove; and then he gave her such minute directions as to her road, that in two hours she reached her father's palace. There was great joy there when the Princess returned, and the old King fell on her neck and kissed her; but she was sore troubled, and said, "Alas! my dear father, how things have happened! I should never have reached home out of the great wild wood, had it not been for an iron stove, to which I have therefore promised to return to save it and marry it."

The King was so frightened when he heard this, that he

fell into a swoon; for she was his only daughter When he recovered, they resolved that the miller's daughter, a very pretty girl should take her place; and so she was led to the spot, furnished with a knife, and told to scrape a hole in the iron stove For four-and-twenty hours she scraped and scraped; but without making the least bit of a hole; and when day broke, the voice out of the stove, exclaimed, "It seems to me like daylight." "Yes," replied the girl, "it seems so to me too, and methinks I hear the clapping of my father's mill." "Oh then, you are the miller's daughter," said the voice again; "well, you may go home, and send the Princess to me."

The girl, therefore returned, and told the King the stove would not have her, but his daughter, which frightened the King again, and made the Princess weep. But the King had also in his service, a swine-herd's daughter, prettier still than the miller's, to whom he offered a piece of gold if she would go instead of the princess to the iron stove. Thereupon, this girl went away, and scraped for four-and-twenty hours on the iron without producing any impression; and when day broke, a voice out of the stove, exclaimed, "It seems to me like daylight." "Yes it is so," said the girl; "for I hear my father's horn."

"You are then the swine-herd's daughter," said the voice, "go straight back, and tell the Princess who sent you, that it must be as I said; and therefore, if she does not come to me, everything in the old kingdom shall fall to pieces, and not one stone be left upon another anywhere."

As soon as the Princess heard this, she began to cry; but it was of no use, for her promise must be kept. So she took leave of her father; and carrying a knife with her, set out towards the iron stove in the wood. As soon as she reached it she began to scrape the iron; and before two hours had passed, she had already made a small hole.

Through this she peeped, and beheld inside the stove a handsome Prince, whose dress all glittered with gold and precious stones; and she immediately fell in love with him. So she scraped away faster than before, and soon had made a hole so large that the Prince could get out. "You are mine, and I am thine," he said, as soon as he stood on the earth; "you are my bride, because you have saved me." Then he wanted to take her at once to his father's kingdom; but she begged that she might once more go back to her father, to take leave of him. The Prince consented to this; but said she must not speak more than three words, and immediately return. Thereupon the Princess went home; but alas! she said many more than three words; and the iron stove consequently disappeared, and was carried far away over many icy mountains and snowy valleys; but without the Prince, who was saved, and no longer shut up in his former prison. By-and-by the Princess took leave of her father; and taking some gold with her, but not much, she went back into the wood, and sought for the iron stove, but could find it nowhere. For nine days she searched; and then her hunger became so great, that she knew not how to help herself, and thought she must perish. When evening came she climbed up a little tree, for she feared the wild beasts, which night would bring forth; and just as midnight approached she saw a little light at a distance, "Ah, there I may find help," thought she, and getting down, she went towards the light, saying a prayer as she walked along. Soon she came to a little hut, around which much grass grew; and before the door stood a heap of wood, "Ah, how came you here," thought she to herself, as she peeped through the window and saw nothing but fat little toads; and a table already covered with meat and wine, and plates and dishes made of silver. She took courage and knocked; and immediately a Toad exclaimed:—

"Little Toad, with crooked leg;
Open quick the door, I beg,
And see who stands without!"

As soon as these words were spoken, a little Toad came running up, and opened the door; and the princess walked in. They all bade her welcome, and told her to sit down; and then asked her whence she came, and whither she was going. She told the Toads all that had happened, and how, because she had overstepped the mark in speaking more than three words, the stove had disappeared as well as the Prince: and now she was about to search over hill and valley till she found him. When she had told her tale, the old toad cried out:—

"Little Toad, with crooked leg;
Quickly fetch for me, I beg,
The basket hanging on the peg."

So the little Toad went and brought the basket to the old one, who laid it down, and caused meat and drink to be given to the Princess; and after that showed her a beautiful neat bed, made of silk and velvet, in which, under God's protection, she slept soundly. As soon as day broke the Princess arose; and the old Toad gave her three needles out of the bag, to take with her, for they would be of use, since she would have to pass over a mountain of glass, three sharp swords, and a big lake before she would regain her lover. The old Toad gave her besides the three needles, a ploughwheel and three nuts; and with these the Princess set out on her way; and by-and-by approached the glass mountain which was so smooth that she placed the three needles in the heel of her shoe, and so passed over. When she came to the other side, she placed the three needles in a secure place; and soon coming to the three swords, she rolled over them by means of her ploughwheel. At last she came to the great lake; and when she passed that, she found herself near a fine large castle. Into this she entered; and offered herself as a servant, saying she

was a poor girl: but had a little while back, rescued a King's son out of an iron stove, which stood in the forest. After some delay she was hired as a kitchen-maid, at a very small wage; and soon found out that the Prince had an intention to marry another lady, because he supposed his former favourite was long since dead. One evening when she had washed and made herself neat, she felt in her pocket, and found the three nuts which the old Toad had given her. One of them she cracked, and instead of a kernel found a royal dress, which, when the Bride heard of, she said she must have, for it was no dress for a servant-maid. But the Princess said she would not sell it, but on one condition, which was, that she should be allowed to pass a night by the chamber of the Prince. This request was granted, because the Bride was so anxious to have the dress, since she had none like it; and when evening came she told her lover that the silly girl wanted to pass the night near his room. "If you are contented, so am I," he replied; but she gave him a glass of wine, in which she put a sleeping-draught. In consequence, he slept so soundly, that the poor Princess could not awake him, although she cried the whole night, and kept repeating, "I saved you in the wild forest, and rescued you out of the iron stove; I have sought you, and travelled over a mountain of glass, and over three sharp swords, and across a wide lake, before I found you; and still you will not hear me!" The servants, however, who slept in the anteroom, heard the complaint, and told the King of it the following morning. That evening after the Princess had washed and cleaned herself, she cracked open the second nut and found in it a still more beautiful dress than the former; so that the Bride declared she must have it. But it was not to be purchased except on the same condition as the first; and the Prince allowed her to sleep where she had before. The Bride, however, gave the Prince, another

sleeping-draught; and he slept too soundly to hear the poor Princess complaining and crying as before: "I saved you in the wild forest, and rescued you out of the iron stove; I have sought you, and travelled over a mountain of glass, and over three sharp swords, and across a wide lake, before I found you; and still you will not hear me!" The servants, however, in the ante-room, heard the crying again; and told the Prince of it the next morning.

On the same evening, the poor scullery-maid, broke her third nut; and produced a dress starred with gold, which the Bride declared she must have at any price; and the maid petitioned for the same privilege as before. But the Prince poured out this time the sleeping-draught; and therefore, when the Princess began to cry, "Alas! my dear treasure, have you forgotten how I saved you in the great wild wood, and rescued you out of the iron stove?" the Prince heard her, and jumping up, exclaimed, "You are right, I am thine, and you are mine." Thereupon while the night lasted, he got into a carriage with the Princess; first taking away the clothes of the false Bride, that she might not follow them. When they came to the lake, they rowed over very quickly, and passed the three sharp swords again by means of the ploughwheel. Soon they crossed the glass mountain by the aid of the three needles; and arrived at last at the little old house, which as as soon they entered, was changed into a noble castle. At the same moment all the Toads were disenchanted and returned to their natural positions; for they were the sons of the King of the country. So the wedding was performed, and the Prince and Princess remained in the castle; for it was much larger than that of her father. However, because the old King grieved at his daughter's continual absence, they went and lived with him and joined the government of the two kingdoms in one; and so for many years they reigned in happiness and prosperity.

CXXXV.

The Maid of Brakel.

ONCE upon a time a Girl went from Brakel to the St. Anne's chapel, under the Hinne mountain; and as she would have liked to have a husband, and thought there was nobody else inside, she began to sing—

"Oh, holy St. Anne,
Get me a husband as soon as you can;
You know him quite well,
He lives at the Suttmer gate;
Has a round yellow pate,
You know him quite well."

The Sacristan, however, was standing behind the altar, and heard it all; and he called out in a very gruff voice, "You shan't have him; you shan't have him!"

The Girl thought it was the little infant standing by the mother Anne that had calledout; so she flew into a passion, and cried, "Pepperlepap, little stupid! hold your noise and let the mother speak!"



CXXXVI.

The Little Lamb and the Little Fish.

ONCE upon a time there were a Brother and Sister who loved one another very much. Their own mother was dead, but they had a stepmother who was very unkind to them, and did them privately all the injury she could. One day it happened that the two were playing with other children on the meadow before their house, in the middle of which was a pond which ran past one side of the house. Round this the children used to run, joining hands and singing,

"Eneke, Beneke, let me go,
And I will give my bird to you,
The bird shall fetch of straw a bunch,
And that the cow shall have to munch;
The cow shall give me milk so sweet,
And that I'll to the baker take;
Who with it shall a small cake bake;
The cake the cat shall have to eat,
And for it catch a mouse for me,
Which I will turn to sausage meat,
And cut it all to pieces!"

While they sang they ran round and round, and upon whom the word "pieces" fell he had to run away, and the others must pursue him and catch him. The old Stepmother stood at her window and watched the game, which vexed her very much; but, as she understood witches' arts, she wished that both of the children might be changed, the one into a lamb and the other into a fish. Thereupon the Brother swam round the pond in the form of a fish, and the Sister trotted to and fro on the meadow, sorrowful and unhappy, and would not eat or touch a single blade of grass. Thus a long time passed, till one day foreign

strangers came to the castle on a visit. "Now is a good opportunity!" thought the Step-mother, and called the cook, and bade him fetch the lamb out of the meadow, for there was nothing else for the visitors. The cook went for the lamb, and leading it into the kitchen, tied it by the foot, that it might suffer patiently. While he went for his knife, and was sharpening it on the grindstone, to kill the poor animal with, a little fish swam up the gutter to the sink, and looked at him. But this fish was the Brother, and he had seen the cook carry away his lamb, and had swum from the pond to the house. When the lamb saw him, she cried,

"Ah! my brother in the pond,
Woe is in my heart so fond!
The cook is sharpening now his knife,
To take away my tender life!"

The fish replied:—

"Ah! my sister; woe is me,
That I am far away from thee!
Swimming in this deep, deep sea!"

When the cook heard the lamb speaking, and observed the sorrowful words which she said to the fish, he was frightened, for the thought it could not be a natural animal, but had been bewitched by the wicked woman in the house. So he said to the lamb, "Be still, I will not kill you!" And with these words he fetched another lamb and dressed it for the guests. Then he took the lamb to a good honest countrywoman, and told her all he had seen and heard. Now, this woman was in former days the nurse of the two children, and she conjectured what had really taken place, and went with them to a wise woman. This latter said a blessing over the lamb and fish, and thereby they regained their natural forms. Then the little Brother and Sister went into the forest and built for themselves a little cottage, in which they lived happily and contentedly, though alone.

CXXXVII.

Simeli-Mountain.

ONCE upon a time there lived two Brothers, the one rich and the other poor. The rich man, however, gave nothing to the poor one, who earned a miserable living by treading in corn; and sometimes he was so badly off that he had no bread for his wife or children. Once he was trundling his barrow through the forest, and suddenly he perceived on one side of the road a great mountain, naked and uncultivated; and, because he had never observed it before, he stopped in astonishment. As he stood thus, twelve great Wild Men came up, and, thinking they were robbers, he pushed his barrow among the brushwood, and climbed up a tree to watch their proceedings. The twelve men went up to a mountain and exclaimed, "Semsi-Mountain, Semsi-Mountain, open!" Immediately the hill parted in two, and the twelve men entering it closed again as soon as they had done so. In a little while the mountain opened, and the men came out carrying heavy sacks on their shoulders, and as soon as they had all emerged into daylight they said, "Semsi-Mountain, Semsi-Mountain, shut yourself up!" Then the hill closed directly, and there was no opening to be seen, and the twelve men went away. When they were out of sight the poor man descended from the tree, feeling curious to know what was hidden in the mountain. So he went up and said, "Semsi-Mountain, Semsi-Mountain, open!" It opened directly, and stepping in he found the hill was hollow and filled with gold and silver, and in the further part of it heaps of pearls and precious stones were accumulated like corn. The poor man did not know what to take, for there were so many treasures to choose from; at

length he filled his pockets with gold and silver, and let alone the pearls and precious stones. As soon as he got outside again he said the words, "Semsi-Mountain, close up!" and immediately all appeared as if there were no opening to be made. He went home with his barrow, and had now no cares to trouble him, for with his gold he could buy bread and wine for his wife and children; and could afford to live freely and liberally, besides giving to the poor and doing good to everybody. But when his money came to an end he went to his brother, and borrowed a measure, with which he fetched more money, but touched none of the precious stones. A third time he borrowed this measure, but this time his brother's cupidity was excited, for the rich man had for a long while been dissatisfied with his property, and his already beautiful house, and he could not conceive where his Brother got so well paid, or what he did with the measure. So he bethought himself of a stratagem, and spread the bottom of the measure with pitch; and, when his brother returned to him, he found a gold piece sticking in it. Thereupon he went to his Brother, and asked him what he had measured with the measure. "Corn and beans," said the other. Then the rich man showed the gold piece, and threatened his Brother if he did not tell the truth to take him before the sheriff. The poor Brother therefore related all that happened, and the rich man, harnessing his horses to his carriage, went away, determined to profit by the circumstance, and bring home greater treasures. As soon as he came to the mountain he called out, "Semsi-Mountain, Semsi-Mountain, open!" The hill opened immediately, and he went in. There lay all the treasures before him, and for a long while he stood considering what he should take. At length he seized the precious stones and took as much as he could carry; but when he wanted to leave the mountain he had forgotten its name, for his heart and mind were full of the

treasures which he had seen. "Simeli-Mountain, Simeli-Mountain, open!" he cried; but that was not the right name, and the mountain moved not, but remained closed. Soon he became terrified, but the longer he thought the more bewildered he became, and all his treasures availed nothing. In the evening, however, the mountain opened, and the twelve robbers came in, and as soon as they saw the rich man they laughed and exclaimed, "Ah! have we caught you at last, my bird? did you think we had not remarked your two previous visits, when we could not catch you? but this time you will not go out again."

"It was not me, but my Brother," cried the rich man; but his protestations were of no use, and beg as he might for his life, they had no mercy, but cut off his head.



CXXXVIII.

Going out a-travelling.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor Woman who had a Son so very fond of travelling that his mother used to say to him, "Where can you ride, when you have no money to take with you?" "I can help myself well," said the Son; "and all day long I will say, 'Not much, not much, not much!'"

So he travelled a whole day and kept saying, "Not much, not much, not much!" By-and-by he came to a Fisherman, to whom he said, "God help you, not much!" "How say you, fellow?" cried the Fisherman, "not much!" When he drew out the net there were very few fish, and taking up a stick he beat the Youth, saying, "Have you never seen me thrash?" "What shall I say, then?" asked the Youth. "A good catch, a good catch, a good catch!"

Thereupon the Youth walked a whole day long, crying, "A good catch!" till he came to a gallows, where they were about to hang up a poor Criminal. "Good morning!" said the Youth, "a good catch, a good catch!" "What do you say, fellow?" said the Criminal; "shall there not be a bad man in the world? is one not enough?" So saying he went up the ladder. "What shall I say, then?" asked the Youth. "You should say, 'God comfort a poor soul!'"

The next day accordingly the Youth walked all day long, repeating, "God comfort a poor soul!" Presently he came to a grave, whereby stood a Knacker about to kill an old horse. "Good morning! God comfort the poor soul!" said the Youth. "What do you say, you silly fellow?" said the Knacker, giving the Youth a blow on

the ear, so that he could scarce see out of his eyes. "What shall I say, then?" "You should say, 'There lies a carcase in its grave!'"

So all the next day the Youth went on, saying, "There lies a carcase in its grave!" Presently he met a waggon full of people. "Good morning! there lies a carcase in its grave!" said the Youth. As he spoke the waggon fell into the grave, and the driver, jumping off, gave the Youth a cut with his whip, and drove him home to his Mother.

And all his life long afterwards he never went out a-travelling.



CXXXIX.

The Little Ass.

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen, who were very rich, and possessed all they desired, but children. On this account the Queen used to cry and groan all day long, saying, "I am like a barren field where nothing will grow!" At last her wishes and prayers were answered, and a child was born; but when the nurses took it they said it was a Little Ass, and not a human child. When the mother perceived this, she began to cry and groan again, for she would rather have had no child than a Little Ass, and she ordered them to throw the thing into the water, that it might feed the fishes. The King, however, said, "No! God gave it, and it shall be my son and heir, and at my death sit upon the throne, and wear the royal crown." So the Little Ass was taken care of and brought up well, while its ears grew to a good size and were straight and well formed. Now, it was a frolicsome animal, and used to jump about, and, besides, it had a very great passion for music, so much so that it went to a celebrated Musician, and said, "Teach me your art, that I may strike the lute as well as you." "Ah! my dear sir," replied the Musician, "that would be difficult; your fingers are not altogether made for the purpose; I am afraid you could not touch the strings."

The Ass, however, would not be put off, and, being determined to learn, he applied himself so strenuously and industriously that in the course of time he could play as well as the master himself. One day afterwards the young Prince went out walking in a thoughtful mood, and, presently coming to a running brook, he looked in and saw

his own figure reflected like an ass. The sight made him so sad that he wandered away from his home, attended but by one trusty friend. They travelled to and fro for many months, and at last came to a kingdom over which ruled an old King, who had an only but very beautiful daughter. "Here we will stay," said the Ass Prince; and, knocking at the palace-door, he cried out, "Open, if you please! a visitor stands without who wishes to come in." The door was not opened, and so the Ass sat down on the steps and played his lute in the most charming way with his two fore-feet. At this the guard at the door opened his eyes very wide, and running to the King told him that a young Ass was at the door, who was playing the lute like a regular musician. "Let him come in then," said the King. But, as soon as the Ass entered, all began to laugh at such a lute-player, and he was told to sit down and feed with the slaves at the lower end of the hall. This he would not do, but said, "I am no common animal, I am a distinguished Ass." "If you are so," said the others, "take your place with the soldiers." "No; I will sit by the King himself," said the Ass. The King laughed, but said, good-naturedly, "Yes, it shall be so, as you desire; come up hither." By-and-by the King asked, "How does my daughter please you?" The Ass turned his head towards her, looked at her, and, nodding, said, "The Princess pleases me beyond measure, she is so beautiful as I have never seen any one before." "Well, then, you shall sit by her," said the King. "That is just right," said the Ass, and, sitting down by her side, he ate and drank with her, for he knew how to conduct himself before company.

At this court the noble beast stayed many months; but soon he began to think, "Of what use is all this? I may as well return home;" and, hanging his head down, he went to the King and mentioned his wishes. But the King had become very partial to the Ass, and said, "What is the

matter, my dear friend? you look as sour as a vinegar cruet. Do stop with me, I will give you whatever you desire; do you want money?" "No," said the Ass, shaking his head. "Do you need treasures or jewels?" "No." "Will you have the half of my kingdom?" "Ah, no, no!" "I would I knew what would content you," cried the King; "will you have my beautiful daughter to wife?" "Oh yes! that would please me well," replied the Ass, and his spirits returned at once, for it was the very thing he had wished. So thereupon a large and magnificent wedding was celebrated. At night, when the bride and bridegroom were about to go to their sleeping-apartment, the King took a fancy to know if he would retain his form or not, and so he bade a servant to conceal himself in his room. By-and-by, when they entered, the bridegroom bolted the door after him, and then, believing that he and his wife were alone, he threw off his Ass's skin, and stood up a handsome and well-formed man. "Now you see," said he to his bride, "who I am, and that I am not unworthy of you." She was of course in transports of joy to see the good change, and kissed him, and thenceforth loved him dearly. As soon as morning came over, he got up and put on again his skin, so that no one ever would have known what was concealed beneath it. Soon the old King came, and when he saw the Ass he exclaimed, "Ah! what, up already!" and then turning to his daughter he said to her, "Alas! you are doubtless in grief, because you have not really a human husband." "Oh no, dear father," she replied; "I love him as much as if he were the handsomest man possible, and I will comfort him all my life."

The King went away astonished; but the servant followed him and told him what had happened. "That never can be true," said the King. "Then watch yourself to-night, my lord King," answered the servant; "and you will see with your own eyes the truth of my words; but I

would advise you to snatch away the skin and burn it, and then your son-in-law will be compelled to show himself in his true character. "Your advice is good," said the King; and in the middle of the night, when everybody was asleep, he slipped into the chamber of his son-in-law, and when he looked at the bed the moonbeams showed clearly that it was no Ass, but a fine young man who laid in it, while by the side, the skin had been thrown down on the floor. The King took the skin up and caused a great fire to be made, into which he threw it, and stood by till it was burnt to ashes. He was anxious still to see how the youth would behave when he discovered his loss, and so he stopped the rest of the night watching. At daybreak the youth arose, and looked about for his ass-skin; but he could find it nowhere. Then he was frightened, and cried out in sorrow and anguish, "Alas! I must make my escape!" But as he left the room, he found the King standing outside, who said, "Whither away, my son, in such a hurry? what do you intend? Remain here; you are too handsome a man to be readily parted with. I will give you now the government of half of my kingdom, and at my death you shall have the whole."

"So wish I that this good beginning may have a good ending," said the youth. "I will remain with you."

Thereupon the old King put the half of the kingdom under his care, and, when he died about a year after, the whole government descended to the young King, and in another year he was called upon to rule the kingdom of his own father, who died and left it to him. And over these two countries he ruled so wisely that the people prospered, and his Queen and he were happy and contented.

CXL

The Old Griffin.

THERE was once a King, but where he reigned and how he was called I know nothing about. He had no son, only a daughter who was always ill, and no doctor could cure her; then it was prophesied to the King that his Daughter would eat herself well with an apple. So he made it known all over the kingdom, whoever brought his Daughter some apples with which she could eat herself well should marry her and be king. Now, a Peasant, who had three sons, heard of it; and he said to the eldest, "Go to the garden, take a basket full of those beautiful apples with the red cheeks, and carry them to the court. Perhaps the King's Daughter will be able to eat herself well with them; and then you can marry her and be king." The chap did as he was bid, and took to the road. When he had walked awhile he met quite a little Iron Man, who asked him what he had in his basket. So Hele, for that was his name, said, "Frogs' legs!" The little Man then said, "Well, so it shall be, and remain;" and then went on. At last Hele came to the castle, and had it announced that he had got some apples which would cure the King's Daughter if she ate them. At that the King was mightily pleased, and had Hele in court. Oh, dear! when he opened it, instead of apples, he had frogs' legs in the basket, and they were kicking about still. The King got into a great rage and had him kicked out of the house. When he got home he told his Father how he had fared. Then the Father sent his next son, whose name was Saeme, but it went just the same with him as with Hele. The little Iron Man met him very soon, and asked him what he had in

the basket, and Saeme said, "Sow-bristles;" and the little Man said, "Well, so it shall be, and remain." When he arrived at the King's castle, and said he had apples with which the King's Daughter could eat herself well, they would not let him in, and told him there had already been one who had made fools of them. But Saeme insisted he had really such apples; they should only let him in. At last they believed him, and took him before the King; but when he opened the basket he had nothing but sow-bristles. That annoyed the King most dreadfully, so that he had Saeme whipped out of the house. When he got home he told them what had happened to him. Then came the youngest boy, whom they had always called stupid Jack, and asked the Father whether he, too, might go with apples. "Yes," said the Father, "you are just the right sort of fellow; if the clever ones can't succeed, what will you be able to do?" The boy did not believe it. "Well, Father, I will go too." "Get away, you stupid chap!" said the Father; "you must wait till you grow wiser;" and then turned his back upon him; but the boy tugged at his smock-frock behind and said, "Now, Father, I will go too." "Well, just as you like; go—you will be sure to come back," he answered in a spiteful way. The boy was beyond measure delighted, and jumped for joy. "Ay, there! act like a fool! You get stupider from one day to the next," said the Father. That did not affect Jack a bit, who would not be disturbed in his joy. As night soon came on, he thought he would wait the next morning; any how, he would not be able to get to court that day. He could not sleep that night in bed, and when he only slumbered a little he dreamed of beautiful maidens, of castles, gold, silver, and all that sort of thing. Early next morning he went his way, and soon the little Man in his iron dress met him and asked him what he had in the basket. "Apples," he answered, "with which the King's

Daughter should eat herself well." "Well," said the little Man, "such it shall be, and remain." But at court they would not let Jack in at all; for that there had been two who had said they brought apples, and one had frogs' legs, and the other sow-bristles. But Jack insisted tremendously he had no frogs' legs, but the most beautiful apples that grew in the kingdom. As he spoke so nicely the door-keeper thought he could not be telling a lie, and let him in; and they did quite right too, for, when Jack uncovered the basket before the King, gold-yellow apples came tumbling out. The King was delighted, and had some of them taken to his daughter at once, and waited in anxious expectation until they should bring him word what effect they had. Not long after news is brought him; but what think you it was? It was the Daughter herself! As soon as she had ate of those apples she had jumped out of bed quite well. What the King's delight was cannot be described.

But now the King would not give Jack his Daughter to marry, and said that he must first make him a boat that would swim more like a boat on land than in the water. Jack agrees to the condition, and goes home and tells how he has fared. So the Father sends Hele into the wood to make such a boat; he worked away diligently, and whistled the while. At midday, when the sun was at the highest, comes the little Iron Man, and asks what he is making. "Wooden boat," answers he. The little Man answered, "Well, so it shall be, and remain." In the evening Hele thinks he has made the boat; but, when he is going to get into it, it's nothing but wooden bowls. The next day Saeme goes into the wood; but it went no other with him than with Hele. On the third day stupid Jack goes: he works very hard, so that the wood resounded all through with his heavy blows, and he sang and whistled besides right merrily. The little Man came to him at mid-

day when it was the hottest, and asked him what he was making. "A boat which will go on dry land more like a boat than on the water," he answered, "and that when he had done it he should marry the King's daughter." "Well," said the little Man, "such a one it shall be, and remain." In the evening, when the sun had turned to gold, Jack was ready with his boat and all things belonging to it; he got in and rowed towards the castle; but the boat went as fast as the wind. The King sees it from a long way off; but will not give Jack his Daughter yet, and says he must first take a hundred hares out grazing from early morning to late in the evening, and if one were missing he should not have his Daughter. Jack is quite contented, and the next day goes out with his herd to the meadow, and keeps a sharp look out that none stray away. Not many hours had passed away when a maid comes from the castle, and says, Jack is to give her a hare directly, as some visitors had arrived. But Jack saw through that well enough, and said he would not give her one; the King might treat his visitors to hare-pepper. But the maid did not believe him, and at last set to scolding. So Jack said that if the King's Daughter came herself he would give her a hare. The maid told them that in the castle, and the King's Daughter did go herself. But in the mean time the little Man had come again to Jack and asked him, what he was doing there. "Oh, he had got to watch a hundred hares so that none ran away, and that he was to marry the King's Daughter, and be King." "Good!" said the little Man, "there's a whistle for you, and when one runs away only just whistle and he will come back again." When the King's Daughter came, Jack gave her a hare into her apron. But when she had got about a hundred steps off, Jack whistles, and the hare jumps out of the cloth, and jump, jump! is back to the herd directly. In the evening the hare-herd whistles again, and looks to see they are all right,

and drive them to the castle. The King wondered how Jack had been able to take care of a hundred hares, so that none should run off: but he would not yet give him his Daughter so easily, but said he must get him a feather from the old Griffin's tail.

Jack starts at once, and marches right briskly on. In the evening he arrives at a castle, where he asks for a night's lodging, for at that time there was no such things as hotels; and the master of the castle greets him very civilly and asks him where he is going to? Jack answers, "To the old Griffin." "Oh, indeed! to the old Griffin, they say he knows everything, and I have lost the key to an iron money-chest; perhaps you would be good enough to ask him where it is?" "Certainly," said Jack, "that I will." Early the next morning he started off again on his road, and arrives at another castle, where he again passes the night. When the people learned that he was going to the old Griffin, they said "a daughter was ill in the house; they had already tried every possible remedy, but without effect; would he be kind enough to ask old Griffin what would cure her?" Jack said he would do it with pleasure, and went on again. He arrives at a lake; and, instead of a ferry-boat, there was a big man who had to carry everybody over. The man asked him where he was bound for? "To the old Griffin," said Jack. "When you get to him," said the man, "just ask him why I am obliged to carry everybody over the water." "Yes, to be sure," said Jack; "goodness gracious! yes, willingly!" The man then took him up on his shoulder, and carried him over. At last Jack arrives at the old Griffin's house, and only found the wife at home—not old Griffin. The woman asked him what he wanted, so he told her he must have a feather from old Griffin's tail; and that in a castle they had lost the key to the money-chest, and he was to ask the Griffin where it was; and then, in another castle, the daughter

was ill, and he was to know what would make her well again; then not far from there was the water, and the man who was obliged to carry everybody over, and he should very much like to know why the man was obliged to carry everybody over." "But," said the Woman, "look you, my good friend, no Christian can speak with a Griffin; he eats them all up; but, if you like, you can lie there under his bed, and at night, when he is fast asleep, you can reach out and pull a feather out of his tail; and as to those things that you want to know, I will ask him myself." Jack was quite satisfied with the arrangement, and got under the bed. In the evening old Griffin came home, and when he stepped into the room he said, "Wife, I smell a Christian!" "Yes," said the Wife, "there has been one here to-day, but he went away again." So old Griffin said no more. In the middle of the night, when Griffin was snoring away lustily, Jack reached up and pulled a feather out of his tail.

The Griffin jumped up suddenly, and cried, "Wife, I smell a Christian! and it was just as if some one had been plucking at my tail." The wife said, "You have no doubt been dreaming. I have told you already that one has been here to-day, but that he went away again. He told me all sorts of things: that in a castle they had lost the key of the money-chest, and could not find it." "Oh, the fools!" exclaimed the Griffin; "the key lies in the wood-shed, behind the door, under a log of wood." "And further, he said that in a castle the daughter was ill, and they knew no means to cure her." "Oh, the fools!" said the Griffin, "under the cellar steps a toad has made its nest of her hair, and if she got the hair back again she would be well." "And, then again, he said, at a certain place there was a lake, and a man who was obliged to carry everybody over." "Oh, the fool!" said the old Griffin, "if he were only to put somebody into the middle he need not carry any more over."

Early next morning the old Griffin got up and went out, and so Jack gets from under the bed with such a beautiful feather, and he had heard what the Griffin had said about the key, the daughter, and the man. The wife repeated it all to him so that he should not forget, and then he started off towards home. He came to the man at the water first, and he asked him directly what the Griffin had said; but Jack said he must carry him over first, and then he would tell him. So he carried him over; and when they got there Jack told him he only had to put somebody into the middle and then he need carry no more. The man was delighted beyond measure, and told Jack that out of gratitude he should like to carry him over and back once more. But Jack said nay, he would save him the trouble; he was quite contented with him already, and then went on. Then he arrived at the castle where the daughter was ill; he took her on his shoulder, for she was not able to walk, and carried her down the cellar stairs, and then took the toad's nest from under the bottom step, and put it into the daughter's hand, and all at once she jumps off his shoulder, up the stairs before him, and is quite well. Now the father and mother were delighted indeed, and made Jack presents of gold and silver, and whatever he wanted they gave him. When Jack arrived at the other castle he went straight to the wood-shed, and found the key right enough behind the door, under the log of wood, and took it to the master. He was not a little pleased, and gave Jack in return a great deal of gold that was in the box, and all sorts of things besides, such as cows, and sheep, and goats. When Jack got to the King with all those things, with the money, and gold and silver, and the cows, sheep, and goats, the King asked him wherever he had come by all that. So Jack said the old Griffin would give one as much as one liked. The King thought he could find a use for that sort of thing himself, and so started

off to the Griffin; but when he got to the water he happened to be the first who arrived there since Jack, and the man put him in the middle and walked off, and the King was drowned.

So Jack married the King's Daughter and became King.



CXLI.

Snow-White and Rose-Red.

THERE was once a poor Widow who lived alone in her hut with her two children, who were called Snow-White and Rose-Red, because they were like the flowers which bloomed on two rose-bushes which grew before the cottage. But they were two as pious, good, industrious, and amiable children, as any that were in the world, only Snow-White was more quiet and gentle than Rose-Red. For Rose-Red would run and jump about the meadows, seeking flowers and catching butterflies, while Snow-White sat at home helping her Mother to keep house, or reading to her if there were nothing else to do. The two children loved one another dearly, and always walked hand-in-hand when they went out together; and ever when they talked of it they agreed that they would never separate from each other, and that whatever one had the other should share. Often they ran deep into the forest and gathered wild berries; but no beast ever harmed them. For the hare would eat cauliflowers out of their hands, the fawn would graze at their side, the goats would frisk about them in play, and the birds remained perched on the boughs singing as if nobody were near. No accident ever befell them; and if they stayed late in the forest, and night came upon them, they used to lie down on the moss and sleep till morning, and because their Mother knew they would do so, she felt no concern about them. One time when they had thus passed the night in the forest, and the dawn of morning awoke them, they saw a beautiful Child dressed in shining white sitting near their couch. She got up and looked at them kindly, but without saying anything went into the

forest; and when the children looked round they saw that where they had slept was close to the edge of a pit, into which they would have certainly fallen had they walked a couple of steps further in the dark. Their Mother told them the figure they had seen was doubtless the good angel who watches over children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their Mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to enter it. Every morning in the summer-time Rose-Red would first put the house in order, and then gather a nosegay for her Mother, in which she always placed a bud from each rose-tree. Every winter's morning Snow-White would light the fire and put the kettle on to boil, and although the kettle was made of copper it yet shone like gold, because it was scoured so well. In the evenings, when the flakes of snow were falling, the Mother would say, "Go, Snow-White, and bolt the door;" and then they used to sit down on the hearth, and the mother would put on her spectacles and read out of a great book, while her children sat spinning. By their side, too, laid a little lamb, and on a perch behind them a little white dove reposed with her head under her wing.

One evening, when they were thus sitting comfortably together, there came a knock at the door as if somebody wished to come in. "Make haste, Rose-Red," cried her Mother; "make haste and open the door; perhaps there is some traveller outside who needs shelter." So Rose-Red went and drew the bolt and opened the door, expecting to see some poor man outside; but instead, a great fat Bear poked his black head in. Rose-Red shrieked out and ran back, the little lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on her perch, and Snow-White hid herself behind her mother's bed. The Bear, however, began to speak, and said, "Be not afraid, I will do you no harm; but I am half-frozen, and wish to come in and warm myself."

"Poor Bear!" cried the Mother; "come in and lie

down before the fire; but take care you do not burn your skin;" and then she continued, "Come here, Rose-Red and Snow-White, the Bear will not harm you, he means honourably." So they both came back, and by degrees the lamb too and the dove overcame their fears and welcomed the rough visitor.

"You children!" said the Bear, before he entered, "come and knock the snow off my coat." And they fetched their brooms and swept him clean. Then he stretched himself before the fire and grumbled out his satisfaction; and in a little while the children became familiar enough to play tricks with the unwieldy animal. They pulled his long shaggy skin, set their feet upon his back and rolled him to and fro, and even ventured to beat him with a hazel stick, laughing when he grumbled. The Bear bore all their tricks good temperedly, and if they hit too hard he cried out,

"Leave me my life, you children,
Snow-White and Rose-Red,
Or you'll never wed."

When bed time came and the others were gone, the Mother said to the Bear, "You may sleep here on the hearth if you like, and then you will be safely protected from the cold and bad weather."

As soon as day broke the two children let the Bear out again, and he trotted away over the snow, and ever afterwards he came every evening at a certain hour. He would lie down on the hearth and allow the children to play with him as much as they liked, till by degrees they became so accustomed to him that the door was left unbolted till their black friend arrived.

But as soon as spring returned, and everything out of doors was green again, the Bear one morning told Snow-White that he must leave her, and could not return during

the whole summer. "Where are you going, then, dear Bear?" asked Snow-White. "I am obliged to go into the forest and guard my treasures from the evil Dwarfs; for in winter, when the ground is hard, they are obliged to keep in their holes, and cannot work through; but now, since the sun has thawed the earth and warmed it, the Dwarfs pierce through, and steal all they can find; and what has once passed into their hands, and gets concealed by them in their caves, is not easily brought to light." Snow-White, however, was very sad at the departure of the Bear, and opened the door so hesitatingly that when he pressed through it he left behind on the sneck a piece of his hairy coat; and through the hole which was made in his coat, Snow-White fancied she saw the glittering of gold; but she was not quite certain of it. The Bear, however, ran hastily away, and was soon hidden behind the trees.

Some time afterwards the Mother sent the children into the wood to gather sticks; and while doing so, they came to a tree which was lying across the path, on the trunk of which something kept bobbing up and down from the grass, and they could not imagine what it was. When they came nearer they saw a Dwarf, with an old wrinkled face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of this beard was fixed in a split of the tree, and the little man kept jumping about like a dog tied by a chain, for he did not know how to free himself. He glared at the Maidens with his red fiery eyes, and exclaimed, "Why do you stand there? are you going to pass without offering me any assistance?" "What have you done, little man?" asked Rose-Red. "You stupid, gaping goose!" exclaimed he. "I wanted to have split the tree, in order to get a little wood for my kitchen, for the little wood which we use is soon burnt up with great faggots, not like what you rough greedy people devour! I had driven the wedge in properly, and everything was going on well, when the smooth

wood flew upwards, and the tree closed so suddenly together that I could not draw my beautiful beard out, and here it sticks and I cannot get away. There, don't laugh, you milk-faced things! are you dumb-founded?"

The children took all the pains they could to pull the Dwarf's beard out; but without success. "I will run and fetch some help," cried Rose-Red at length.

"Crackbrained sheep's-head that you are!" snarled the Dwarf; "what are you going to call other people for? You are two too many now for me; can you think of nothing else?"

"Don't be impatient," replied Snow-White; "I have thought of something;" and pulling her scissors out of her pocket she cut off the end of the beard. As soon as the Dwarf found himself at liberty, he snatched up his sack, which laid between the roots of the tree, filled with gold, and throwing it over his shoulder marched off, grumbling and groaning and crying, "Stupid people! to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard. Plague take you!" and away he went without once looking at the children.

Some time afterwards Snow-White and Rose-Red went a-fishing, and as they neared the pond they saw something like a great locust hopping about on the bank, as if going to jump into the water. They ran up and recognised the Dwarf. "What are you after?" asked Rose-Red; "you will fall into the water." "I am not quite such a simpleton as that," replied the Dwarf: "but do you not see this fish will pull me in." The little man had been sitting there angling, and unfortunately the wind had entangled his beard with the fishing line; and so, when a great fish bit at the bait, the strength of the weak little fellow was not able to draw it out, and the fish had the best of the struggle. The Dwarf held on by the reeds and rushes which grew near; but to no purpose, for the fish pulled him where it liked, and he must soon have been drawn into the pond

Luckily just then the two Maidens arrived, and tried to release the beard of the Dwarf from the fishing line; but both were too closely entangled for it to be done. So the Maiden pulled out her scissors again and cut off another piece of the beard. When the Dwarf saw this done he was in a great rage, and exclaimed, "You donkey! that is the way to disfigure my face. Was it not enough to cut it once, but you must now take away the best part of my fine beard? I dare not show myself again now to my own people. I wish you had run the soles off your boots before you had come here!" So saying, he took up a bag of pearls which laid among the rushes, and without speaking another word, slipped off and disappeared behind a stone.

Not many days after this adventure, it chanced that the Mother sent the two Maidens to the next town to buy thread, needles and pins, laces and ribbons. Their road passed over a common, on which here and there great pieces of rock were lying about. Just over their heads they saw a great bird flying round and round, and every now and then, dropping lower and lower, till at last it flew down behind a rock. Immediately afterwards they heard a piercing shriek, and running up they saw with affright that the eagle had caught their old acquaintance, the Dwarf, and was trying to carry him off. The compassionate children thereupon laid hold of the little man, and held him fast till the bird gave up the struggle and flew off. As soon then as the Dwarf had recovered from his fright, he exclaimed in his squeaking voice, "Could you not hold me more gently? You have seized my fine brown coat in such a manner that it is all torn and full of holes, meddling and interfering rubbish that you are!" With these words he shouldered a bag filled with precious stones, and slipped away to his cave among the rocks.

The Maidens were now accustomed to his ingratitude, and so they walked on to the town and transacted their

business there. Coming home, they returned over the same common, and unawares walked up to a certain clean spot on which the Dwarf had shaken out his bag of precious stones, thinking nobody was near. The sun was shining, and the bright stones glittered in its beams and displayed such a variety of colours that the two Maidens stopped to admire them.

"What are you standing there gaping for?" asked the Dwarf, while his face grew as red as copper with rage; he was continuing to abuse the poor Maidens, when a loud roaring noise was heard, and presently a great black Bear came rolling out of the forest. The Dwarf jumped up terrified, but he could not gain his retreat before the Bear overtook him. Thereupon, he cried out, "Spare me, my dear Lord Bear! I will give you all my treasures. See these beautiful precious stones which lie here; only give me my life; for what have you to fear from a little weak fellow like me? you could not touch me with your big teeth. There are two wicked girls, take them; they would make nice morsels, as fat as young quails; eat them for heaven's sake."

The Bear, however, without troubling himself to speak, gave the bad-hearted Dwarf a single blow with his paw, and he never stirred after.

The Maidens were then going to run away, but the Bear called after them, "Snow-White and Rose-Red, fear not! wait a bit and I will accompany you." They recognised his voice and stopped; and when the Bear came, his rough coat suddenly fell off, and he stood up a tall man, dressed entirely in gold. "I am a king's son," he said, "and was condemned by the wicked Dwarf, who stole all my treasures, to wander about in this forest, in the form of a bear, till his death released me. Now he has received his well-deserved punishment."

Then they went home, and Snow-White was married to

the prince, and Rose-Red to his brother, with whom they shared the immense treasure which the Dwarf had collected. The old Mother also lived for many years happily with her two children, and the rose-trees which had stood before the cottage were planted now before the palace, and produced every year beautiful red and white roses.



CXLII.

The Family Servants.

"WHERE are you going to?" "To Walpe."

"I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go."

"Have you got a husband? how do you call your husband?"

"Cham." "My husband Cham, your husband Cham; I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go."

"Have you got a child? how do you call your child?"

"Grild." "My child Grild, your child Grild; my husband Cham, your husband Cham; I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go."

"Have you got a cradle? how do you call your cradle?"

"Hippodadle." "My cradle Hippodadle, your cradle Hippodadle; my child Grild, your child Grild; my husband Cham, your husband Cham; I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go."

"Have you got a man? how do you call your man?"

"Do-as-well-as-you-can." "My man Do-as-well-as-you-can, your man Do-as-well-as-you-can; my cradle Hippodadle, your cradle Hippodadle; my child Grild, your child Grild; my husband Cham, your husband Cham; I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go."



CXLIII.

The Turnip.

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers who had both served as soldiers, but one had got riches while the other remained poor. So the poor man, in order to help himself out of his difficulties, drew off his soldiering coat and turned ploughman. He dug and ploughed over his piece of land, and then sewed some turnip seed. Soon the seed began to show itself above ground, and there grew one turnip immensely large and thick, which seemed as if it would never have done growing, but was a princess among turnips; and as there had never before been seen such a turnip, so also there has never been such another since. At length it was such a size, that it filled of itself a whole cart, and two oxen were required to draw it; but the poor man knew not what to do with it, or whether it would be the making of his fortune, or just the contrary. At last he thought to himself that if he sold it he should not get very much for it; and as to eating it, why the ordinary sized turnips would do as well; and so he resolved to take it to the King and offer it to him. So thinking, he laid it on a cart, and harnessing two oxen, took his turnip to court and presented it to the King. "What curious thing is this?" asked the King; "such a wonderful sight I have never before seen, though I have looked at some curiosities; pray from what seed was this grown? or are you a luck-child who have picked it up?"

"Oh no," said the man, "I am no luck-child, but only a poor soldier, who, because he could not get enough to live on, has pulled off his uniform and turned to tilling land. I have got a brother who is rich and well known

to you, your majesty, but I, because I have nothing, am forgotten by all."

Thereupon the King took compassion on the poor Soldier, and said to him, "Your poverty shall be put an end to, and you shall receive so much from me that you shall be equal to your rich brother." So saying, the King presented the man with much gold, land, flocks, and herds, and made him thereby so rich that his brother's property was not to be compared with his. When the latter heard what his brother had gained by a single turnip, he envied him, and revolved in his own mind how he could manage to happen with the like luck. He thought he would be much cleverer, and took to the King gold and horses as a present, thinking no less than that he would receive a much handsomer present; since his brother had been treated so liberally for a mere turnip, what would not his generous present be requited with! The King received the present very graciously, and told the Soldier he could give him in return nothing richer or rarer than the magnificent turnip! So the wealthy soldier was obliged to lay the turnip upon his carriage and drive it home with him. When he reached his house he knew not what to do with himself for vexation and rage, till by degrees wicked thoughts took possession of him, and he resolved to kill his brother. So he hired some murderers, whom he placed in ambush, and then going to his brother, he said to him, "I know a secret treasure, my dear brother, which we will obtain and share together." The good brother was deceived by these words, and unsuspectingly accompanied the wicked one. But as they went along the murderers burst out upon them, and binding the good man prepared to hang him on a tree. But while they were about it a sudden shouting and laughing was heard at a distance, which frightened the assassins so much that they tumbled their prey head over heels into a sack, and suspended him

on a bough, and then took flight. The Soldier, nowever, worked himself about in the sack till he got his head through a hole at the top, and then he perceived that the noise which had saved him was made by a Student, a young fellow who was singing and shouting snatches of songs as he walked along. As soon as this Student was just under the tree, the man in the sack called out, "I hope you are well at this lucky moment." The Scholar looked about him and wondered where the voice came from, for he could see nobody; at last he said, "Who calls me?" "Raise your eyes and you will see me sitting above here in wisdom's sack. In a short time I have learnt great things; in fact, this place beats all schools hollow! In a little while I shall have learnt everything, and then I shall descend and mix with my fellow men. I understand astronomy and the signs of heaven, the motion of all the winds, the sand in the sea, the art of healing the sick, the virtue of every herb, birds and stones! Were you once in this place you would feel what a noble thing it is to sit in the sack of wisdom!"

When the Scholar heard all this he was astonished, and said, "Blessed be the hour in which I found you! can I not also come a little while into the sack?"

"For a short time I will allow you to take my place in consideration of some reward and your fair speech; but you must first wait an hour, for there is one piece of learning which I have not yet fully mastered."

The Scholar accordingly sat down to wait, but the time appeared to him terribly long, and he soon began to pray to be allowed to take his place, because his thirst for wisdom was so great. The man in the sack at length pitied his impatience, and told him to let the sack down carefully by the rope which held it, and then he should get in. Thereupon the Scholar let him down, and, opening the mouth of the sack, delivered the man, and as soon as he

had done so he got into the sack, and said, "Now pull me up quickly!"

"Stop, stop!" cried the other; "that is not quite right;" and laying hold of the Scholar by the shoulders he thrust him head downwards into the sack. Then he pulled the neck to, and, fastening the rope on, swung the sack up on the bough of the tree, while he exclaimed, "How do you feel now, my good fellow? do you find that wisdom comes with your experience? Sit quietly there till you become wiser."

With these words he mounted the Student's horse and rode off; but in an hour's time he sent somebody to release the poor Student in the sack.



CXLIV.

The Hen Roost.

ONCE upon a time there was an Enchanter who collected around him a great crowd of folks, before whom he performed his wonderful tricks. Among other things he caused an old hen to be brought in, which raised a heavy beam for a roosting-place, as though it were as light as a feather. But there was a Girl standing by who had found a four-bladed leaf of shamrock, through which she became so wise that no trick could deceive her, and she saw the pretended beam was nothing but a straw. So she cried out, "Do you not see, you people, that it is no beam, but a straw which the hen is carrying?" Thereupon the enchantment vanished, and the gazers, perceiving the truth, hunted the Enchanter away with scorn and ridicule.

Some time afterwards the Girl was to be married, and in a very smart dress she walked in great state over the fields which led to the church. All at once she came to a large swollen stream, over which there was no bridge or plank to cross by. Thereupon the bride was in distress, but, holding her dress up, she tried to wade through the water. But just as she came about the middle of it a voice, which was that of the Enchanter, cried derisively, "Ah! where are your eyes, that you take this place for water?" At these words her eyes were opened, and she perceived that she stood holding up her dress in the middle of a field of corn flowers. Then she in her turn got laughed at by the spectators; so the Enchanter turned the tables upon her.

CXLV.

The Old Beggar-Woman.

ONCE upon a time there was an old Woman, who begged as you may have seen other old women do; and when anybody gave her anything she would say, "God bless you!" Now this old Beggar-Woman went to a door, and before the fire stood a good-natured lad warming himself; and, as soon as he saw the poor Woman shivering outside, he said to her, "Come and warm yourself." She went in; but going too near the fire, her old rags began to burn before she was aware of it. The youth stood and looked at her; but should he not have extinguished the fire? Certainly—and if he had no water at hand, he should have caused water to flow out of his eyes: and so two charming little streams would have been given!



CXLVI.

The Three Sluggards.

A CERTAIN King had three Sons, all of whom he loved so much that he did not know which he should name to be King after him. When the day of his death approached, he called them to his bedside, and thus spoke to them: "Dear children, I have something on my mind which I wish to tell you; whichever of you is the laziest, he shall be King when I am dead."

"Then, father, the kingdom belongs to me," said the eldest Son; "for I am so lazy, that if I lie down to sleep, and tears come into my eyes, so that I cannot close them, I yet go to sleep without wiping them away!"

"The kingdom belongs to me," cried the second Son; "for I am so lazy that when I sit by the fire to warm myself, I allow my boots to scorch before I will draw away my feet."

But the third Son said, "The kingdom is mine, father, for I am so lazy that were I about to be hanged, and even had I the rope round my neck, and any one should give me a sharp sword to cut it with, I should suffer myself to be swung off before I took the trouble to cut the rope."

As soon as the Father heard this he said to his youngest Son, "You have shown yourself the laziest of all, and you shall be King."

CXLVII.

The Little Shepherd Boy.

ONCE upon a time there was a little Shepherd Boy who was famed far and wide for the wise answers which he gave to every question. Now the King of the country heard of this lad, but he would not believe what was said about him, so the Boy was ordered to come to court. When he arrived the King said to him, "If you can give me answers to each of the three questions which I will now put to you, I will bring you up as my own child, and you shall live here with me in my palace."

"What are these three questions?" asked the Boy.

"The first is, 'How many drops of water are there in the sea?'"

"My Lord King," replied the Shepherd Boy, "let all the waters be stopped up on the earth, so that not one drop shall run into the sea before I count it, and then I will tell you how many drops there are in the sea!"

"The second question," said the King, "is, 'How many stars are there in the sky?'"

"Give me a large sheet of paper," said the Boy; and then he made in it with a pin so many minute holes that they were far too numerous to see or to count, and dazzled the eyes of whomever looked at them. This done he said, "So many stars are there in the sky as there are holes in this paper; now count them." But nobody was able. Thereupon the King said, "The third question is, 'How many seconds are there in eternity?'"

"In Lower Pomerania is situate the adamantine mountain, one mile in height, one mile in breadth, and one mile deep; and thither comes a bird once in every thousand

years which rubs its beak against the hill, and, when the whole shall be rubbed away, then will the first second of eternity be gone by."

"You have answered the three questions like a sage," said the King, "and from henceforward you shall live with me in my palace, and I will treat you as my own child."



CXLVIII.

The Undutiful Son.

ONCE upon a time a man and his wife were sitting before their house-door, with a roast fowl on a table between them, which they were going to eat together. Presently the man saw his old father coming, and he quickly snatched up the fowl and concealed it, because he grudged sharing it even with his own parent. The old man came, had a draught of water, and then went away again. As soon as he was gone his son went to fetch the roast fowl again; but when he touched it he saw that it was changed into a toad, which sprang upon his face and squatted there, and would not go away. When any one tried to take it off, it spat out poison and seemed about to spring in the face, so that at length nobody dared to meddle with it. Now, this toad the undutiful son was compelled to feed, lest it should feed on his flesh; and with this companion he moved wearily about from place to place, and had no rest anywhere in this world.



CXLIX.

Star Dollars.

ONCE upon a time there was a little Girl whose father and mother were dead; and she became so poor that she had no roof to shelter herself under, and no bed to sleep in; and at last she had nothing left but the clothes on her back, and a loaf of bread in her hand, which a compassionate body had given to her. But she was a good and pious little Girl, and when she found herself forsaken by all the world, she went out into the fields trusting on God. Soon she met a poor Man, who said to her, "Give me something to eat, for I am so hungry." She handed him the whole loaf; and, with a "God bless you!" walked on further. Next she met a little Girl crying very much, who said to her, "Pray give me something to cover my head with, for it is so cold!" So she took off her own bonnet, and gave it away. And in a little while she met another Child who had no cloak, and to her she gave her own cloak. Then she met another who had no dress on, and to this one she gave her own frock. By that time it was growing dark, and our little Girl entered a forest; and presently she met a fourth Maiden, who begged something, and to her she gave her petticoat; for, thought our heroine, "It is growing dark, and nobody will see me, I can give away this." And now she had scarcely anything left to cover herself; and just then some of the stars fell down in the form of silver dollars, and among them she found a petticoat of the finest linen! and in that she collected the star-money which made her rich all the rest of her life-time!

CL.

The Stolen Farthings.

ONCE upon a time a Father sat at table with his wife and children, and with them was a good Friend who had come on a visit. While they sat eating, it struck twelve, and then the Friend saw the door open, and a Child, pale as death, dressed in snow-white garments, come in. It did not look round or speak, but went straight into the next room. Soon it returned and went as silently out at the door again. The second and the third day it happened the same, and then the Friend asked the Father to whom the Child belonged which entered the house every day at noontime. "I have not seen it, nor do I know to whom it belongs," said the Father. So the following day when the Child came the Friend pointed it out to the Father, but he could not see it, nor the Mother either, nor her children. Then the Friend got up, and, going to the chamber door, opened it a little and peeped in. There he saw the Child sitting on the ground, digging and picking industriously between the crevices of the boards; but as soon as it perceived the stranger it disappeared. The Friend now told the Father what he had seen, and described the child exactly, whereupon the Mother recognised his description, and said, "Ah! that is my dear Child who died four weeks ago." Then they broke up the boards of the room and found beneath them two Farthings which the Child had once received from his Mother to give to a poor man, but he had thought to himself, "One can buy biscuits with these," and so he had kept the Farthings and dropped them between the boards. And on that account

he had no rest in his grave, and every mid-day he was compelled to come and seek for the Farthings.

So the parents gave the Farthings to a poor man, and the Child was never once seen again.



CLI.

The Bride Choosing.

THERE was once a young Shepherd who wished to get married; but although he knew three Sisters, each one was as pretty as the others, and the choice was therefore so difficult, that he did not know to which to give the preference. So he asked his Mother's advice; and she told him to invite all three of them to supper, and to place a cheese before them and observe how they cut it. The youth did so; and the first Sister ate her cheese, rind and all; the second cut off the rind so hastily, that she cut with it some of the good cheese and threw it all away; but the third Sister pared the rind off very carefully, neither too much nor too little. The Shepherd thereupon told all this to his Mother, and she said, "Take the youngest Sister to wife."

And he did so, and lived contentedly and happily with her all his life long.



CLII.

The Shreds.

ONCE upon a time there was a Maiden who was very pretty, but lazy and careless. When she used to spin, she was so impatient that, if there chanced to be a little knot in the thread, she snapped off a long bit with it and threw the pieces down on the ground near her. Now she had a Servant-Girl, who was industrious, and used to gather together the shreds of thread, clean them, and weave them, till she had made herself a dress with them.

And a young Man had fallen in love with this lazy Maiden; and their wedding-day was appointed. On the evening before, the industrious Servant-Girl kept dancing about in her fine dress, till the Bride exclaimed:—

> "Ah! how the Girl does jump about,
> Dressed in my shreds and leavings!"

When the Bridegroom heard this, he asked the Bride what she meant, and she told him that the Maid had worked herself a dress with the shreds of thread which she had thrown away. As soon as the Bridegroom heard this, and saw the difference between the laziness of his intended and the industry of her Servant, he gave up the Mistress, and chose the Maid for his wife.



CLIII.

The Sparrow and his Four Children.

A SPARROW had four Young Ones in a swallow's nest, but just as they were fledged some naughty boys discovered the nest and pushed the birds out; but happily a slight breeze was blowing at the time, and bore them up. But the Old Sparrow was sorry because her Children were gone out into the world before she had warned them of its dangers, or taught them good manners.

Now, in the spring time a great many sparrows chanced to meet together in a field of corn, and among them the old Sparrow happily met with his Young Ones and took them home with him in great joy. "Ah! my dear children," he said to them, "what a trouble I have been in about you all the summer, while you faced the world without my advice: now hear my words, and attend to your father, and take care of yourselves, for little birds must needs meet great dangers."

Thereupon he asked his eldest Young One where he had been during the summer, and how he had kept himself. "I have been in a garden," he replied, "eating caterpillars and worms, till the cherries were ripe." "Ah! my dear son," replied the Old Bird, "bill-grubbing is not so bad; but there is great danger in it; therefore keep a good look out, especially if people come into the garden carrying long green poles, which are nevertheless hollow, and have a small hole at the top!"

"Yes, my dear father," replied the young Sparrow; "but what if a green leaf is stuck with wax over that little hole?" "Where have you so seen it?" inquired

the father. "In a merchant's garden," was the reply. 'Oh! my son," cried the Old Bird, "merchants are crafty people; truly you have been among the world's children, and have seen their cunning ways; take care now that you make a good use of what you have learnt; and do not be too confiding."

Then he asked the second Young One where he had been. "At court," he replied. "Sparrows and those sort of birds do not belong to such places as that," said the father; "at court there are much gold, velvet, silk, armour, harness, and such birds as hawks, falcons, and owls. Do you keep to the stables where they store the oats, or thrash out the corn, and then you can satisfy your wants with a daily supply of food." "Yes, father," said the son; "but if the boys weave their straw into knots and meshes, many a one may get hanged by them."

"Where have you seen that?" asked the Old Bird.

"At court among the stable boys."

"Ah! my son, stable boys are bad boys! If you have been at court with the fine lords, and yet have left behind you no feathers, you have learnt carefully, and know how to behave yourself in the world; still keep a sharp watch, for the wolves often eat the cleverest dogs."

"And where have you sought your living?" asked the Old Bird of his third Young One. "On the highways and byways I have turned over tubs and ropes, and so now and then I have happened with corn and barley seed."

"That is, indeed, a fine subsistence," said the father; "but mind you observe the hedges, and see that no one bends down to pick up a stone; for if so, it is time for you to start."

"That is true," said the young Bird; "but what if one should carry little pebbles in his bosom or pocket before stone walls?"

"Where have you seen that?"

"With the miners, dear father" he replied; "for wher

they travel about they carry with them secretly stones to throw at people."

"Oh, miners, working people, curious people they! If you have been among them you have seen and experienced a great deal."

At last the father came to the youngest son, and said, "Ah! my dear Cacklenestle, you were always the weakest and most foolish; do you stop with me, the world has so many wicked and rough birds with sharp beaks and long claws, who attack and devour all the little birds: keep you with me, and let the worms and spiders on the trees and ground near us content you."

"Ah! my dear father, he who finds his own living without injury to others, he fares well, and no hawk, owl, eagle, or falcon shall harm him; for at all times, and every morning and evening he desires of God his daily food,—of God who is both the Creator and Protector of all the forest and village birds, and who also feeds the young ravens, and hears their cries, for without His will no sparrow nor starling falls to the ground."

"Where did you learn all this?" cried the Old Bird, astonished.

"When the breeze took me away," replied the Bird, "I came to a church, where I spent the summer in eating the flies and spiders off the windows, and there I heard the sermon preached, for the Father of all Sparrows nourished me through the summer, and kept me from all misfortune and fierce birds!"

"True, my dear son," said the Old Bird; "fly back to the church and keep the flies and spiders from the windows. Also forget not to chirp to God like the ravens, and pray to the Creator daily, and so you will keep well, were the whole world full of wild knavish birds: for he who commends his affairs to God, endures all, prays, and is gentle and kind, keeps his faith strictly, and his conscience clear, him God will ever protect and defend."

CLIV.

The Tale of Schlauraffenland.

I WAS once in Schlauraffenland, which some folks call "Fool's Paradise," and there saw I Rome and the Lateran hanging by a silken thread, a footless man who outran a quick horse, and a sword sharp as a razor which formed a bridge. There I saw, too, a young ass with a silver nose, which was coursing two hares, and a lime-tree full of foliage, whereon grew hot pancakes. There, too, I saw a clumsy old goat, which carried on its back a hundred cartloads of grease and sixty cartloads of salt. Is not that enough?

There, also, I saw a plough going without horse or wheels, and a one-year-old child threw four mill-stones from Ratisbon to Treves, and from Treves away to Strasburg, and a hawk swam over the Rhine without difficulty! There too I heard fishes caught with one another's cries, and sweet honey flowed like water out of a deep valley up a high mountain!

There were also two crows which mowed a meadow, and I saw two flies building a bridge, and two doves tearing a wolf; two children who threw down two kids, and two frogs threshing corn with might and main!

There I saw two mice consecrate a bishop; two cats who scratched out a bear's tongue, and a snail which slew two lions. There stood a barber who shaved off his wife's beard, and two sucking children who rocked their mother in a cradle! There I saw two greyhounds dragging a mill out of the water, and an old horse-knacker, who said it was all right; and in a stable stood four horses kneading dough

with all their strength, and two goats which heated the oven, and a red cow put the bread into the oven. There also, a cock crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"My tale is over! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"



CLV.

The Lying Tale.

I WILL tell you something. I saw two roast hens flying; they flew quickly, and had their heads to the sky and their tails to the ground! I saw an anvil and a millstone swimming over the Rhine, but slowly and lightly, and a frog sat and ate a ploughshare at Whitsuntide on the ice. There were three fellows wished to catch a hare, and went upon crutches and stilts; the one was deaf, the second blind, and the third dumb, and the fourth could not stir a foot. Do you wish to know how that happened? The blind man saw the hare coursing over the fields, the dumb man called to the lame one, and he caught the hare by the neck.

There were some fellows who wished to sail on dry land, and they spread the sail, and were carried over the meadows; but when they attempted to get up a high mountain they were miserably drowned. A crab was hunting a hare, and high upon the roof lay a cow which had climbed there. In this land flies are as big as goats.

Pray open the window that these lies may escape.



CLVI.

A Puzzling Tale.

THREE Women were once changed into flowers, and grew in a field; but one of them was permitted to go home at night. So one time she said to her Husband, when day was dawning and she was about to return to her companions in the field and become a flower again, "This noontime come and break me off, and then I shall be released and be able to dwell with you in future,"- -and thus it happened.

But now the question is how the Husband knew his Wife; for all the flowers were alike and had no difference at all between them. The answer is this: during the night which she passed at home with her Husband, the dew fell upon her two companions which were in the field; and so he knew his Wife, because there was no dew on her flower!



CLVII.

Wise Hans.

HOW happy is the man, and how well his affairs go on at home, who has a wise boy who listens to every word that is said to him, and then goes and acts according to his own discretion! Such a wise Hans was once sent by his Master to look for a lost cow. He remained a long while absent; but the Master thought, "My trusty Hans spares himself no trouble in his work!" When, however, a still longer time had elapsed, and the Boy did not return, his Master began to fear something had happened, so he made himself ready to go in search of him. He looked about for a long while, and at length found Hans running up and down in a wide field. "Now, my good Hans," cried his master when he had overtaken him, "have you found the cow which I sent you after?"

"No, Master," he replied, "I have not found the Cow, for I have not looked for it."

"What have you been looking for then, Hans?" asked the Master.

"Something better, and I have found it too, luckily."

"What is it, Hans?"

"Three Blackbirds," answered the Boy.

"And where are they?" continued his Master.

"One I hear, the second I see, and the third I am hunting," said the Boy.

Take now example by this; do not trouble yourself with your Master's business or his orders; but do rather whatever may please you at the moment, and then you will be reckoned as fine a fellow as this wise Hans.

CLVIII.

The Glass Coffin.

NEVER tell a body that a tailor cannot travel far, and arrive at as high an honour as he chooses. Nothing more is necessary than that he should go to the right spot, and what is of most consequence, that he should have good luck.

Such a clever and nimble Tailor's lad went out once upon his wanderings, and came to a great forest, in which, because he did not know the road, he lost his way. Night overtook him, and there was nothing else for him to do but to seek a bed in this frightful solitude. He could have easily made a good bed on the soft moss, had he not been afraid of the wild beasts, the thought of which disquieted him so much that he resolved at length to pass the night on a tree. He picked out a lofty oak, to the top of which he climbed, and thanked heaven that he had brought his goose with him, so that the wind which whistled among the trees, could not blow him away. After he had spent some hours in the darkness, not without trembling and shivering, he perceived at a short distance the glimmering of a candle, and thinking that it might be the habitation of some man, where he could find a better resting-place than on the boughs of his trees, he cautiously descended, and walked towards the light. Presently he came to a little hut, built of reeds and rushes, and, knocking boldly at the door, which opened of itself, he saw inside a very old grey-headed man, dressed in a frock made of various coloured rags. "Who are you, and what do you want?" asked this figure in a hoarse voice

"I am a poor Tailor," he replied, "surprised by night

in this forest, and I pray you earnestly to keep me in your hut till the morning." "Go your way," cried the Old Man peevishly; "I will have nothing to do with vagabonds, seek a welcome elsewhere;" and so saying he would have pushed the man out of the house. The Tailor, however caught hold of his coat, and begged so earnestly, that the Old Man, who seemed much rougher than he really was, yielded at length, and took the Tailor into his hut, where he gave him something to eat, and then showed him a bed in a corner.

The weary Tailor needed no rocking, but slept soundly till morning, and even then he would not have got up had he not been aroused by a loud cry. A terrible screaming and moaning pierced through the thin walls of the cottage, and the Tailor, excited by an unusual courage, jumped up, and, drawing his clothes on hastily, went out. Then he saw near the cottage a great black beast and a pretty Goat engaged in a hot contest. They were butting at one another with so much fury that the ground trembled under their feet, and the air resounded with their cries. For some time it was uncertain which would gain the victory; but at last the Goat thrust his horns into his enemy's body with so much force that the latter fell to the ground with a fearful howl, and was soon despatched with a stroke or two more on the part of the Goat.

The Tailor, who had watched the fight with astonishment, was still standing by at its close, and as soon as the Goat perceived him, it rushed at him, and, catching him up on its horns before he could escape, bolted away with him over hedge and ditch, hill and valley, meadow and wood. He held fast to the horns with both his hands (for he had managed to get on the goat's back), and resigned himself to his fate; but it came sooner than he expected, for at last the Goat stopped before a ridge of rocks, and let the Tailor softly down to the ground. More dead than alive, he laid

for a long time before he recovered his senses, and when he did so, the Goat, which had remained by him all the time, thrust his horns with such force into a seeming door in the rock that it split open. Flames of fire came out, and presently a great smoke followed which hid the Goat from the eyes of the Tailor, who now knew not what to do, nor where to turn to get out of the wilderness. While he stood considering, a voice came from the rock, which said, "Step in hither without fear, and no harm shall happen to you." The Tailor hesitated; but drawn by an invisible power, he obeyed the voice, and, passing through the iron door, he found himself in an immense hall, whose roof, walls and floor were formed of bright and polished square stones, on each of which characters unknown to him were engraved. He observed everything with wonder, and was on the point of making his way out again, when the voice said, "Step upon the stone which lies in the middle of the hall, and there await your fate."

The Tailor's courage was up now, and he walked to the spot indicated, and presently the stone give way beneath him, and sank slowly deeper and deeper. When it stopped, and the Tailor looked about him, he saw another large chamber like the first in extent, but there was much more to attract his attention and wonder. In the walls were cut recesses, in which stood vessels of clear glass, some filled with coloured fluids, and others with a bluish smoke. On the ground of the hall stood, opposite each other, two great glass chests, which at once excited his wonder. He stepped up to them, and found that one contained a handsome building similar to a castle, with farm buildings, stables, and outhouses attached, and surrounded by all other necessaries. Everything was diminutive, but made so carefully and delicately that it must have been executed with the greatest ingenuity by a cunning workman. The Tailor could scarcely take his eyes away from this curiosity, but the voice

warned him to desist, and to look instead at what was contained in the other glass chest. To what a pitch was his wonder raised when he perceived in it a beautiful Maiden lying fast asleep, and enveloped from head to foot with her own yellow hair. Her eyes were fast closed, but the fresh colour of her cheeks, and the motion of a riband to and fro, which swayed with her breath, left no doubts as to her being alive. The Tailor looked at her with a beating heart, and all at once she opened her eyes and closed them again with a joyful cry. When she saw him, "Just heaven!" she exclaimed, "my liberty approaches! Quick, quick, help me out of my prison; push back the bolt of my glass cage, and I am free!"

The Tailor obeyed without trembling, and as soon as he raised the glass lid, the Maiden stepped out and hastened to one corner of the hall, where she wrapped herself in a large cloak. Then she sat down upon a stone, and, calling the young Tailor to her, gave him a friendly kiss, and then said, "My long-desired deliverer! a gracious heaven has led you hither to put an end to my sorrows. On the same day that they end, your good fortune shall begin. You are my husband, chosen by heaven, and you shall spend your life in undisturbed peace, beloved by me, and endowed with all my earthly riches. Sit down, now, and hear the history of my misfortunes.

"I am the daughter of a rich Count. My parents died when I was yet in tender childhood, and delivered me as their last request to the care of my elder Brother, by whom I was to be educated. We loved each other dearly, and we were so of one mind in our ways of thinking and acting, that we both resolved to remain single, and live together to the end of our lives. In our house there was never any lack of company; neighbours and friends visited us constantly, and we exercised towards all the greatest possible hospitality. Thus it happened that one evening a Stranger

rode into our castle yard under the pretext of not being able to reach the next town, and requested shelter. We treated his request with our usual courtesy, and he entertained us for the rest of that evening with his conversations and relations of his various adventures. My Brother even took such a fancy to him that he pressed him to stay for a couple of days, to which he consented after some hesitation. Late at night we arose from table, and after the Stranger had been shown to his apartment, I hastened, weary as I was, to lay myself down on the soft feathers of my bed. I had scarcely dropped asleep when I heard the tones of a delicious strain of music. I could not conceive from whence it proceeded, and I resolved to summon my chambermaid, who slept in the adjoining room. To my astonishment it seemed as if a mountain were laid upon my breast, and all power of speech was so taken away from me by some invisible means, that I was unable to utter a single word. Meanwhile, I saw, by the shining of the lamp, the Stranger step into my room through two doors which I supposed were fast closed. He approached me, and said that by the aid of enchantments which were at his service he had caused the notes of the music which had awakened me, and that now he was come at all risks to offer me his heart and hand. My indignation, however, at his enchantments was so great that I deigned no answer to him; and for a long time he remained immovable before me, apparently waiting my favourable decision. As I continued silent, however, he declared passionately that he would revenge himself, and find some means to punish my haughtiness; and so saying he quitted my room. I passed the rest of the night in the greatest anxiety and did not sleep till morning, and then as soon as I awoke I hastened to my Brother to tell him of what had happened to me, but I found him not in his room, and the servants told me that he had ridden out to hunt with the Stranger at daybreak

"This foreboded no good to me. I dressed myself quickly, caused my palfrey to be saddled, and rode, attended only by one servant, at full gallop into the forest. On our way the servant let his horse fall and broke his knees, so that he was unable to follow me; but I continued without a stoppage to hurry on, and in a few minutes I saw the Stranger leading a Goat by a string coming towards me. I asked him where he had left my Brother, and how he had come by the Goat, from whose large eyes tears were streaming. Instead of answering me he began to laugh loudly; and thereupon I became very angry, and, drawing a pistol, fired it at the monster; but the ball rebounded from his breast and pierced the head of my horse. I was thrown to the ground, and the stranger murmured some words which deprived me of sensibility.

"When I recovered again the use of my faculties, I found myself enclosed in a glass coffin, in this subterranean chamber. The black Magician appeared once more, and told me he had changed my Brother into a Goat, enclosed my castle with all its surrounding buildings in another glass case, and shut up my people in the form of smoke in glass bottles. If I were willing, he said, to fulfil his wishes now, nothing was easier for him than to put things in their previous position; he need only to open the cases and everything would return to its natural shape. I answered him, however, as little as before, and he disappeared, leaving me lying in my glass prison-house, where I presently fell into a deep sleep. Among the visions which then came across my dreams was the consoling one that a youth came and delivered me; and when I opened my eyes today, I saw you, and knew my dream was fulfilled. Help me now to complete what I then dreamed. The first thing is to raise this glass chest which contains my castle, and place it on that wide stone."

As soon as the stone was thus laden it began to rise,

carrying with it the Maiden and the Tailor; and at length it passed through the floor of the upper room, and from thence they quickly came into the open air. Here the Maiden raised the lid of the case, and it was wonderful to see how, immediately, castle, farm, buildings, stables, &c., unfolded themselves, and grew with marvellous rapidity to their natural size. Thereupon the Maiden and the Tailor turned back into the subterraneous cave, and caused the stone to raise with them the bottles filled with smoke. Scarcely were they opened, when the blue smoke pressed out and assumed the form of men, whom the Maiden recognised as her servants and attendants. Their joy at this recognition was still further increased when the Brother, whom the Enchanter had changed into a Goat, appeared, coming out of the wood, in his natural form; and the Maiden, in the excess of her joy, gave her hand to the lucky Tailor on the very same day.



CLIX.

Lazy Harry.

HARRY was a lazy fellow, and, although he had nothing further to do than to drive his goat daily to the meadow, he sighed continually when he reached home, after his day's work, and would say: "In truth it is a weary life this, and a troublesome job, year after year, to drive a goat into the field every day till the autumn comes. It were better if one could lie down and sleep; but no! one must always be watching lest the goat should injure the young trees, or creep through the hedge into some garden, and so get away. Now how can I obtain quiet and enjoy life?" Once he sat down to collect his thoughts and consider how he should free his shoulders from their burden. For a long time nothing came of his reflections, till all at once it flashed upon him as if a scale had fallen from his eyes. "I know what I will do," he cried; "I will marry fat Kate; she also has a goat, and she can drive out mine with hers, and so save me the trouble."

So thinking, Harry got up and sat his weary legs in motion to cross over the road (for the distance was no further to the parents of fat Kate) to offer himself as a husband for their industrious and virtuous daughter. The parents did not consider long; "Like and like agree together," thought they, and so consented. Thereupon fat Kate became Harry's wife, and drove out the two goats while her husband passed his time easily, troubling himself about no other labour than his own laziness! Only now and then he went out, because, as he said, he relished the quiet the better afterwards; and if he did not go out he lost all feeling for the rest.

Soon, however, fat Kate became no less lazy. "Dear Harry," said she one day, "why should we sour our lives without necessity, and harass the best part of our young days? Would it not be better if we gave our two goats, which now disturb us every morning in our best sleep, to our neighbour, and let him give us in return a bee-hive which we can place behind the house in a sunny place, and afterwards need trouble no more about it? The bees need no looking after, and have not to be driven every day into the meadow, for they will fly out and return home of themselves and collect their honey without any interference on our part."

"You have spoken like a wise woman," replied lazy Harry; "let us pursue your plan without delay: besides, honey both tastes and nourishes better than goat's milk, and can be kept much longer!"

The neighbour willingly gave a bee-hive in exchange for the two goats, and certainly the bees did fly unceasingly from early morning till late in the evening in and out of their hive, and filled it too with a store of the choicest honey, so that Harry was able to take out a large jar-full in the autumn.

This jar they placed on a board which was nailed to the wall in their sleeping-room; and as they feared it might be stolen from them, or that the mice might manage to get at it, fat Kate fetched a stout hazel-stick and laid it by her bed, so that she could reach it without troubling herself to get up, and drive away by these means the uninvited guests.

Lazy Harry, however, would not leave his bed till noonday; "He who rises early wastes his possessions," he said. One morning when the bright daylight found him still in his bed, and he had just awakened from a long sleep, he said to his wife, "You women like sweets, and you have been stealing some of the honey; it were better, before you eat it all out, that we barter it away with some

one for a goose." "But not before we have a boy to take care of it," replied the fat Kate. "Shall I distress myself about the young geese and waste my strength unnecessarily on their account?"

"Do you think," said Harry, "that a boy will take care of them? Now-a-days the children don't mind anybody, but act just as they think proper, because they fancy themselves wiser than their elders; just like that boy who instead of looking after the cow hunted three blackbirds."

"Oh," replied Kate, "he shall catch it if he does not do what I tell him. I will take a stick and give him no end of blows across the shoulders. See here, Harry," she cried, and caught up the stick which was laid to keep away the mice. "See here, I will lay on him like this." But unluckily, in raising the stick she hit the honey jar, and threw it down on the bed. The jar was shivered to atoms, and the beautiful honey flowed all over the ground. "There lies our goose and goose boy," exclaimed Harry; "they will not want to be tended now. But still it is a lucky thing that the jar did not fall upon my head, so we have good reason to be contented with our fate." So saying, he looked among the broken fragments and discovered one in which some honey was still left. "This we will eat," said he to his wife, "and then rest awhile longer after our fright, for what does it signify if we do lie a little later than usual in bed? the day is long enough!"

"Yes, yes," replied fat Kate, "the affair has happened at a very good time. Do you know, the snail was once invited to a wedding, but he tarried so long on the road, that he arrived at the christening instead. In front of the house he fell over the step, but all he said was, Hurrying is no good."

CLX.

Strong Hans.

THERE was once upon a time a man and his wife, who had but one child, and they lived in a solitary valley all alone. Once it happened that the woman went into the forest to collect firewood, and took with her the little Hans, who was just turned two years of age. It was the beginning of spring, and the child took great delight in the various flowers which were then blooming; and running from one to another, they strayed far into the forest. Suddenly two robbers jumped up out of a thicket, and seizing the mother and child, carried them deep into the black wood, where from year to year nobody ever penetrated. The poor woman begged the robbers earnestly to let her and her child go home, but their hearts were of stone, and they paid no attention to her weeping and prayers, but only used force to drive her on further. After they had thus travelled over two miles, through thorns and bushes, they came to a rock in which was a door, whereat the robbers knocked and immediately it opened of itself. Then they had to pass through a long gloomy passage, and came at length to a great cave lighted by a fire which was burning on the hearth. On the wall were hanging swords, sabres, and other weapons, which shone in the light; and in the middle of the cave was a black table, at which the four robbers sat down to play, and at the head sat the Captain. The latter, as soon as he saw the woman enter, came up to her and said that, if she were quiet and not passionate, they would do her no harm, but she would have to take care of their household; and if she kept everything in good order, she would be well treated. So

saying he gave her something to eat, and showed her the bed where she was to sleep with her child.

The woman remained many years with these robbers, and Hans grew big and strong. His mother told him tales and taught him to read from an old book of chivalry which she found in the cave. When Hans was nine years old, he made himself a staff out of the branch of a fir-tree, and hiding it behind the bed, he went and said to his mother, "Dear mother, do tell me who my father is; I must and will know." But his mother was silent, and would not tell him lest he should become home-sick; besides she knew the wicked robbers would not have allowed Hans to escape; nevertheless, it would have broken her heart had she thought Hans would never see his father again. That night, when the robbers returned from their day's plundering, Hans fetched out his cudgel, and placing himself before the Captain said to him, "I must know who is my father, and if you will not tell me I will knock you down!" But the Captain only laughed at him, and gave him a box on the ears, so that he rolled under the table. Hans soon got up, but held his tongue, thinking, "I will wait a year longer, and then try; perhaps I shall manage better."

So when the year was up, he fetched his cudgel again, sharpened its point and congratulated himself, that it was a trusty and strong weapon. At night the robbers returned, and began to drink wine, one bottle after another, till their heads dropped on the table. Then Hans took his cudgel, and stationing himself before the Captain, asked him again, "Who is my father?" The Captain dealt him a box on the ear by way of answer, which knocked him under the table; but Hans was soon up again, and beat the Captain and his comrades so forcibly about the legs and arms, that they could not stir. The mother meanwhile remained in a corner, astonished at her son's bravery and strength; but

as soon as he had finished his work, he came to her and said, "You see now that I am in earnest, so tell me who is my father." "Dear Hans," she replied, "let us go and seek till we find him."

So saying she robbed the Captain of the key of the outer door, and Hans, fetching a large meal-sack, crammed it full of gold, silver, and all the valuables he could find, and then threw it over his back. They left the cave, but imagine what was the astonishment of Hans, when he emerged from darkness into the light of day, and saw the green trees, the flowers, the birds, and the morning sun shining over all in the clear sky! He stood still and gazed all around him quite bewildered, till his mother began to look for the road to her home, where they happily arrived, after two hours walking, and found it still in the solitary valley.

At the door sat the father, who wept for joy when he recognised his wife, and heard that Hans was his son, whom he had long ago believed to be dead. But Hans, although only twelve years of age, was already a head taller than his father; and they all went together into the house, where Hans put down his sack upon the chimney-corner. As soon as he did so, the house began to crack; and presently the chimney-seat gave way, and then the floor, so that the heavy sack fell quite down into the cellar. "Heaven protect us!" exclaimed the father. "What is that? Why, you have broken our house down!"

"Pray don't let your grey hairs grow on that account, my dear father," replied Hans; "there is in that sack much more than will build a house!"

So, soon after, the father and son began to erect a new cottage, and to buy cattle and land, and go to market. Hans ploughed their fields; and when he went behind the plough and pushed it through the soil, the oxen had no need to draw at all. The following spring, Hans said,

"Father, bestow some money on me, and let me make an exceedingly heavy walking-stick, that I may go into strange lands." When this staff was ready, Hans left his father's house, and walked off, till he came to a large dense forest. There he heard something crackling and crashing, and, looking around, saw a fir-tree, which was coiled round from top to bottom like a rope. And, as he lifted his eyes, he perceived a great fellow who had caught hold of the tree, and was twisting it round like a reed. "Hilloa!" cried Hans, "what are you doing there?" "I have plucked up two fir-stems," replied the fellow, "and am about to make a rope of them for my own use." "He has got some strength," thought Hans to himself; "I might find him useful." And then he called out, "Let them be and come with me." Thereupon the fellow descended the tree, and walked with Hans, than whom he was a head taller, though Hans was by no means little. "You shall be called 'Fir-Twister,'" said Hans to him. As they walked on they heard somebody knocking and hammering so hard, that at every blow the ground shook; and presently they came to a great rock, before which a giant was standing, knocking off great pieces with his fist. When Hans asked him what he was about, he replied, "When I want to go to sleep at night, there come bears, and wolves, and all creatures of that kind, who snuff and prowl around me and prevent me from sleeping, so now I want to build myself a house to rest in."

"Ah, very well, I can use you too," thought Hans; and said to the giant, "Come with me, leave your house-building, and you shall be called 'Rock-Splitter.'"

The man consented, and the three strode along through the forest, and wherever they came the wild beasts fled away from them, terrified. At evening time they came to an old deserted castle, into which they stept, and laid down to sleep in the hall. The following morning Hans went into

the garden, and found it quite a wilderness and full of thorns and weeds. As he walked about, a wild boar suddenly sprung out at him, but he gave it such a blow with his staff, that it fell down at his feet dead. So he threw it over his shoulder, and, taking it home, put it on a spit to roast, and chuckled over the treat it would be. Afterwards, the three agreed that every day they should take it by turns—two to go out and hunt, and the third to remain at home and cook for each nine pounds of meat. The first day the Fir-Twister remained at home; and Hans and the Rock-Splitter went out hunting. While the former was busy at home with his cooking, there came to the castle gate a shrivelled-up little old man, who asked for meat.

"Take yourself off, you sneak!" replied the cook; "you want no meat!" But scarcely had he said these words than, to his great surprise, the little insignificant old man sprang upon him and thrashed him so with his fists, that he could not protect himself from the blows, but was at last forced to drop down, gasping for breath. The little man did not leave till he had fully wreaked his vengeance; but when the other two returned from hunting, the Fir-Twister said nothing to them of the old man or his blows, for he thought, when they remained at home, they might as well have a trial with the fellow; and the bare thought of it pleased him very much.

The following day, accordingly, the Rock-Splitter stopped at home, and it happened to him just as it had done to the Fir-Twister; the old man beat him unmercifully because he would give him no meat. When the others came home at evening, the Fir-Twister perceived at once what had happened; but both held their tongues, thinking that Hans should also taste of the supper.

Hans, whose turn it now was to stay at home, did his work in the kitchen as he thought fit, and just as he was about to polish the kettle, the little man came and de-

manded without ceremony a piece of meat. "This is a poor fellow," thought Hans; "I will give him some of my share, that the others may not come short;" and he handed him a piece of meat. The Dwarf soon devoured it, and demanded another piece, which the good-natured Hans gave him, and said it was such a fine piece he ought to be contented with it. But the Dwarf asked a third time for more meat. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Hans, and gave him nothing. Thereupon the ill-tempered Dwarf tried to spring on him, and serve him as he had done the Fir-Twister and the Rock-Splitter; but he had come at an unlucky moment, and Hans gave him a couple of blows which made the Dwarf jump down the castle steps. Hans would then have pursued him, but he was so tall that he actually fell over him, and when he got up again the Dwarf was off. Hans hurried after him into the forest, and saw him slip into a rocky hole; after which he returned home, first marking the place. But the two others, when they came back, wondered to see Hans so merry, and when he told them all that had passed in their absence, they also concealed no longer the tale of their adventures. Hans laughed at them, and said, "You were served quite right, you should not have been so grudging with your meat; but it is a shame that two such big fellows as you should have allowed yourselves to be beaten by a Dwarf."

After their dinner they took a basket and some cord, and all three went to the rocky hole, into which the Dwarf had crept, and let Hans down in the basket, staff in hand. As soon as he came to the bottom he found a door, on opening which he saw a Maiden more beautiful than I can describe, and near her sat the Dwarf, who grinned at Hans like a sea-cat. But the Maiden was bound by chains, and looked so sadly at Hans that he felt a great compassion for her, and thought to himself, "You must be delivered from the power of this wicked Dwarf;" and he gave the

fellow a blow with his staff, which killed him outright. Immediately the chains fell off the Maiden, and Hans was enchanted with her beauty. She told him she was a Princess, whom a rebellious Count had stolen away from her home, and concealed in a cave, because she would not listen to his offers of marriage. The Dwarf had been placed there by the Count as watchman, and he had caused her daily vexation and trouble. Thereupon Hans placed the Maiden in the basket, and caused her to be drawn up; but when the basket came down again Hans would not trust his two companions, for he thought they had already shown themselves false in not telling about the Dwarf before, and nobody could tell what design they might have now. So he laid his staff in the basket, and it was very lucky he did so, for as soon as the basket was half way up, the two men let it fall again, and Hans, had he been really in it, would have met with his death. But Hans now did not know how he should make his way out of the cave, and although he considered for a long while he could come to no decision. While he walked up and down he came again to the chamber where the Maiden had been sitting, and saw that the Dwarf had a ring on his finger which shone and glittered. This he pulled off and put on, and as soon as it pressed his finger, he heard suddenly some rustling over his head. He looked up, and saw two Spirits fluttering about in the air, who said he was their master, and they asked his wishes. Hans at first was quite astonished, but at last he said he wished to be borne up on the earth. In a moment they obeyed, and he seemed as if he was flying up; but when they set him down on the ground, he saw nobody standing about, and when he went into the castle he could find nobody there either. The Fir-Twister and the Rock-Splitter had made their escape, and carried away with them the beautiful Maiden. Hans, however, pressed the ring and the Spirits came at once, and said the

two false comrades were gone off to sea. Hans thereupon hastened as fast as he could to the sea-shore, and there he perceived far out at sea the ship in which his perfidious friends had embarked. In his passionate haste he actually jumped into the sea, staff in hand, and began to swim; but the tremendous weight of his staff prevented him from keeping his head up. He was just beginning to sink when he bethought himself of his ring, and immediately the Spirits appeared, and carried him on board the ship with the speed of lightning. As soon as he was safely set down, Hans swung his staff round, and gave the wicked traitors their well-merited reward; after which he threw them into the sea! Then he steered the vessel home to the father and mother of the Princess, who had been in the greatest terror while in the hands of the two giants, and from whom he had happily saved her for the second time.

Soon afterwards Hans married the Princess, and their wedding was the occasion of the most splendid rejoicings



CLXI.

Lean Betty.

VERY different from lazy Harry and fat Kate,—who never troubled themselves to disturb their ease,—was lean Betty. She busied herself from morning till night, and gave her husband, tall John, so much to do that he was as heavily burdened as an ass which carries three sacks. But all was in vain, they had nothing, and they gained nothing, and one night when they went to bed and could not move their limbs from weariness, they could not sleep for the thoughts that oppressed them. Lean Betty poked her husband in his side, and said to him, "Listen to me, long John! hear what I have thought. Suppose I should find a florin and some one should give me a second, and then if I borrowed a third, and you gave me a fourth, with these four florins I would buy a young cow."

The husband was pleased with this plan; but he said, "I certainly do not know where I shall get the florin which I am to give you; but, however, supposing you get the money, and can buy a cow with it, you will do well if you follow out your plan. It pleases me to think," he continued, "that if the cow should produce a calf, I could then refresh myself often with a draught of milk!"

"The milk is not for you," returned the wife, "we must let the calf suck, that it may grow big and fat, and then we can sell it for a good price."

"Oh certainly," replied the husband; "but still we will take a little milk, for that can make no difference."

"Whoever taught you anything about cows?" said the wife angrily; "it may or may not do harm, but I will not have it done: and although you may take all the pains

you like, you shall not have a drop of milk. Do you think you lanky John, that because you cannot satisfy yourself you are going to make away with what it has cost me so much trouble to earn?"

"Hold your tongue, woman!" exclaimed the husband, "or I will give you a box on the ear."

"What!" exclaimed she in return; "what, you will strike me, you whipper-snapper! you sneak! you lazy fellow!" And so saying, she tried to catch hold of his hair; but long John, raising himself up, pinioned the thin arms of Betty to her side with one hand, and with the other he kept her head on the pillow, and let her abuse him as she liked, till she fell asleep tired out.

But whether when they awoke they quarrelled again, or went out to look for florins, or found them, I know nothing about!



CLXII.

The House in the Wood.

THERE was a poor Wood-cutter who lived with his Wife and three Daughters in a little hut on the edge of a large forest. One morning, when he went out to his usual work, he said to his wife, "Let my dinner be brought by our eldest Daughter, I shall not be ready to come home; and that she may not lose her way, I will take with me a bag of seeds and strew them on my path."

So when the sun was risen to the centre of the heavens, the Maiden set out on her way carrying a jug of soup. But the field and wood sparrows, the larks, blackbirds, goldfinches, and greenfinches, had many hours ago picked up the seeds, so that the Maiden could find no trace of the way. So she walked on, trusting to fortune, till the sun set and night came on. The trees soon began to rustle in the darkness, the owls to hoot, and the girl began to feel frightened. All at once she perceived a light shining at a distance among the trees. "People must dwell there," she thought, "who will keep me during the night;" and she walked towards the light. In a short time she came to a cottage where the windows were all lighted up, and when she knocked at the door a hoarse voice called from within, "Come in." The girl opened the door and perceived a hoary old man sitting at a table, with his face buried in his hands, and his white beard flowing down over the table on to the ground. On the hearth lay three animals, a Hen, a Cock, and a brindled Cow. The girl told the Old Man her adventures, and begged for a night's lodging. The Man said:—

"Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What have you to say to that?"

"Cluck!" said the animals; and as that meant they were satisfied, the Old Man said to the Maiden, "Here is abundance and to spare; go now into the kitchen and cook some supper for us."

The girl found plenty of everything in the kitchen, and cooked a good meal; but thought nothing about the animals. When she had finished, she carried a full dish into the room, and sitting down opposite the Old Man ate till she satisfied her hunger. When she had done, she said, "I am very tired, where is my bed, where I shall lie down and sleep?" The animals replied:—

"You have eaten with him,
You have drunk too with him;
And yet you have not thought of us;
Still you may pass the night here."

Thereupon the Old Man said, "Step down yon stair, and you will come to a room containing two beds, shake them up and cover them with white sheets, and then I will come and lie down to sleep myself. The maiden stepped down the stair, and, as soon as she had shaken the beds up and covered them afresh, she laid herself down in one bed without waiting for the Old Man. But after some time the Old Man came, and after looking at the girl with the light, shook his head when he saw she was fast asleep; and then, opening a trap-door, dropped her down into the cellar below.

Late in the evening the Wood-cutter arrived at home, and scolded his Wife because she had let him hunger all day long. "It is not my fault," she replied; "the girl was sent out with your dinner; she must have lost her way; but to-morrow she will return, no doubt." At daybreak the Wood-cutter got up to go into the forest, and desired

that the second Daughter should bring him his meal this time. "I will take a bag of peas," he said; "they are larger than corn-seed; and the girl will therefore see them better, and not lose my track." At noon-day, accordingly, the girl set out with her father's dinner; but the peas had all disappeared, for the wood-birds had picked them all up as they had on the day before, and not one was left. So the poor girl wandered about in the forest till it was quite dark, and then she also arrived at the Old Man's hut, was invited in, and begged food and a night's lodging. The Man of the white beard asked his animals again:—

"Pretty Hen, and pretty Cock,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What have you to say to that?"

They answered again, "Cluck!" and everything thereupon occurred the same as on the previous day. The girl cooked a good meal, ate and drank with the Old Man, but never once thought of the animals; and when she asked for her bed, they made answer:—

"You have eaten with him,
You have drunk too with him;
And yet you have not thought of us;
Still you may pass here the night!"

As soon as she was gone to sleep the Old Man came, and after looking at her and shaking his head as before, dropped her into the cellar below.

Meanwhile the third morning arrived, and the Woodcutter told his Wife to send their youngest child with his dinner; "For," said he, "she is always obedient and good; she will keep in the right path, and not run about like those idle hussies her sisters!"

But the Mother refused, and said, "Shall I lose my youngest child too?"

"Be not afraid of that," said her husband; "the girl will not miss her way, she is too steady and prudent; but

for more precaution I will take beans to strew, they are larger still than peas, and will show her the way better."

But, by-and-by, when the girl went out with her basket on her arm, the wood-pigeons had eaten up all the beans; and she knew not which way to turn. She was full of trouble, and thought with grief, how her father would want his dinner, and how her dear Mother would grieve when she did not return. At length, when it became quite dark, she also perceived the lighted cottage, and, entering it, begged very politely to be allowed to pass the night there. The Old Man asked the animals a third time in the same words:—

"Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What have you to say to that?"

"Cluck, cluck!" said they. Thereupon the Maiden stepped up to the fire near which they lay, and fondled the pretty Hen and Cock, smoothing their plumage down with her hands, while she stroked the Cow between her horns. Afterwards, when she had got ready a good supper at the Old Man's request, and had placed the dishes on the table, she thought to herself, "I must not appease my hunger till I have fed these good creatures. There is an abundance in the kitchen, I will serve them first." Thus thinking she went and fetched some corn and strewed it before the fowls, and then she brought an armful of hay and gave it to the Cow. "Now eat away, you good creatures," said she to them, "and when you are thirsty you shall have a nice fresh draught." So saying, she brought in a pail full of water; and the Hen and Cock perched themselves on its edge, put their beaks in, and then threw their heads up as birds do when drinking; the Cow also took a hearty draught. When the animals were thus fed, the Maiden sat down at table with the Old Man and ate what was left for her. In a short while the Hen and the Cock began to

fold their wings over their heads, and the brindled Cow blinked with both eyes. Then the Maiden asked, "Shall we not also take our rest?" The Old Man replied as before

"Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What have you to say to that?"

"Cluck, cluck!" replied the animals, meaning—

"You have eaten with us,
You have drunk too with us,
You have thought of us kindly too,
And we wish you a good night's rest."

So the Maiden went down the stairs, and shook up the feather-beds and laid on clean sheets, and when they were ready, the Old Man came and laid down in one, with his white beard stretching down to his feet. The girl then laid down in the other bed, first saying her prayers before she went to sleep.

She slept quietly till midnight, and at that hour there began such a tumult in the house that it awakened her. Presently it began to crack and rumble in every corner of the room, and the doors were slammed back against the wall, and then the beams groaned as if they were being riven away from their fastenings, and the stairs fell down, and at last it seemed as if the whole roof fell in. Soon after that all was quiet, but the Maiden took no harm, and went quietly off again to sleep. When, however, the bright light of the morning sun awoke her, what a sight met her eyes! She found herself lying in a large chamber, with everything around belonging to regal pomp. On the walls were represented gold flowers growing on a green silk ground: the bed was of ivory and the curtains of red velvet, and on a stool close by was placed a pair of slippers ornamented with pearls. The Maiden thought it was all a dream; but presently in came three servants dressed in

rich liveries, who asked her what were her commands. "Leave me," replied the Maiden; "I will get up at once, and cook some breakfast for the Old Man, and also feed the pretty Hen, the pretty Cock, and the brindled Cow." She spoke thus because she thought the Old Man was already up, but when she looked round at his bed, she saw a stranger to her lying asleep in it. While she was looking at him, and saw that he was both young and handsome, he awoke, and starting up, said to the Maiden; "I am a King's son, who was long ago changed by a wicked old witch into the form of an Old Man, and condemned to live alone in the wood, with nobody to bear me company but my three servants in the form of a Hen, a Cock, and a brindled Cow. And the enchantment was not to end until a Maiden should come so kind-hearted that she should behave as well to my animals as she did to me; and such a one you have been; and therefore this last midnight we were saved through you, and the old wooden hut has again become my royal palace."

When he had thus spoken, the girl and he arose, and the Prince told his three servants to fetch to the palace the Father and Mother of the Maiden, that they might witness her marriage.

"But where are my two Sisters?" she asked. "I have put them in the cellar," replied the Prince, "and there they must remain till to-morrow morning, when they shall be led into the forest and bound as servants to a collier, until they have reformed their tempers, and learnt not to let poor animals suffer hunger."



CLXIII.

Love and Sorrow to share.

ONCE upon a time there was a Tailor so quarrelsome that his poor Wife could never get on with him, although she was both affectionate, pious, and industrious. He was discontented with whatever she did; and would not only mutter and scold, but even knock her about, and beat her. At last the Magistrate was told of his conduct, and the Tailor was summoned and put into prison till he should behave better. For a long time he was kept on bread and water, and at length released, after being admonished to beat his Wife no more, but to live with her in concord, and to share affection and sorrow, as it was fit that married people should do.

For some time all went on well; but soon the Tailor fell into his old habits, and grew more and more discontented and quarrelsome. However, because he dared not beat his Wife, he would pull her hair instead; and one day she escaped from him and rushed out of doors. The Tailor pursued her with his yard measure and shears in his hands, and as he did not gain on her steps he threw the measure and shears at her. The poor woman ran round their court, while her husband continued to throw the shears at her; and if he missed his aim he abused her, and if he hit her he laughed. He kept up this sport so long that the neighbours came to the assistance of his Wife, and he was taken again before the Magistrate and reminded of his promise. "My dear lord," replied the Tailor, "I have kept to what I promised; I have not beaten my Wife, but shared with her affection and sorrow."

"How can that be?" asked the Judge; "when she

has now come a second time with these loud complaints of your conduct!"

"I have not beaten my wife," reiterated the Tailor; "but all I did was to try and comb out her hair, because she looked so wild. But she ran away from me, and would not hear what I said; so then I pursued her, and in order to remind her of her duty, I threw at her what I chanced to have in my hand; I have also shared with her my love and my sorrow, for as often as I hit her she was made sorry and I was glad; and when I missed her she was glad and I was sorry!"

The Judges, however, were not satisfied with this answer, but sentenced him to a well-earned punishment!



CLXIV.

King Wren.

IN the olden times the birds had their own particular language, which each of them understood; now it sounded like a piping, now like a screeching, now like a whistling, and with some like music without words. Once it came into the heads of the birds that they would go no longer without a King, but would choose one among themselves. Only one bird, the Plover, was opposed to this plan; "Free I have lived and free I will die!" he said, and so flew angrily away, crying, "Where shall I rest? where shall I rest?" He flew on till he came to an unfrequented swamp, and there he stayed, and never showed himself again among his fellows.

The birds kept to their first resolution, and one fine May morning they all assembled together from the woods and fields. There were the Eagles and Finches, the Owls and the Crows, the Larks and the Sparrows; (need I name them all?) for even the Cuckoo came, and the Hoopoe his coachman, so called because he always appears two days earlier; also a very small Bird who as yet had no name, mingled in the crowd. The Hen, who by chance had heard nothing of the affair, wondered at the immense assemblage. "Wat, wat, wat, is all this?" she quacked, but the Cock comforted his dear Hen, by telling her what it all meant. It was determined that he should be King who could fly the highest, and thereupon a green Frog which sat among the bushes began to croak, "Natt, natt, natt, natt!" because it thought that there would be many tears shed on that account. But the Crow cried out, "Back, croaker! everything will be kept quiet."

It was next resolved that the trial should be made at once, because it was such a beautiful morning, and in order that no one might afterwards say, "I could easily have flown much higher, but the evening coming on prevented me."

At a given sign the whole assemblage mounted in the air, causing such an immense dust to rise from the field, that it seemed as if a black cloud was formed with the whirring, rustling, and beating of their wings. The small birds, however, soon fell back, for they could not fly very far, and so they alighted on the ground again. The larger birds kept it up longer, but none of them like the Eagle, who mounted so high that he almost touched the sun! Then he perceived that the others were not near him at all, and he thought to himself, "What need I to fly any higher? I am certainly the King!" and so saying, he began to fly downwards. When he alighted, the birds all exclaimed, "You must be our King, nobody has flown higher than you!"

"Except me!" cried the little fellow without a name, who had hid himself among the feathers on the Eagle's back; and so saying he flew up high and higher still than the Eagle. When he had got as high as he possibly could, he folded his wings and dropped down again, exclaiming with his shrill voice, "I am King, I am King!"

"You, our King?" replied the other birds in a rage, "you have gained it by means of craft and stratagem!" So they made another condition that he should be King who should fall deepest into the earth.

How the Goose swam cackling to land with her broad breast! How quickly the Cock grubbed up a hole! The Duck went the boldest to work, for she jumped into a grave, but in so doing sprained her foot, and waddled away to the nearest pond, crying, "Bad work, bad work!" But the Little Bird without a name found a mouse-hole,

into which it crept and called out in its shrill voice, "I am King, I am King!"

"You our King!" replied the other birds in a rage, "do you think your cunning shall gain you anything?" and they resolved to keep the poor Bird in the hole and starve him out. Thereupon the Owl was set to keep watch during the night, and forbidden to let out his charge on pain of death! Then, because they were weary with so much flying, and the evening was come, the other birds went to bed with their wives and children, leaving the Owl standing alone by the mouse-hole, staring into it with both his eyes. By-and-by the Owl began to feel tired, and thought one eye would do to watch that the evil thing did not escape, while he went to sleep with the other. Soon the Little Bird peeped out, and thought about escaping; but the Owl perceived him, and drove him back. Then the Owl began to close first one eye, and go to sleep with that, and then the other, and so he intended to pass the whole night; but unluckily he once forgot to open the one eye when he shut the other, and so going to sleep with both he did not remark the Little Bird, who took advantage of this slip to make his escape.

From that time the Owl dared not any more suffer himself to be seen by day, for fear the other birds should pursue him, and maltreat him. He flies now only during the night and persecutes mice, because they make such, to him, unfortunate holes! The Little Bird, too, did not like to venture among the others, lest he should be injured, or killed. He concealed himself in the hedges: and when he thought himself quite safe, he called out, "I am King, I am King!" Therefore the other birds called him Hedge-King in scorn, and that means the Wren.

CLXV.

The Sole.

THE Fishes once grew very discontented because no order was kept in their dominions. None turned aside for the others, but each swam right or left just as it pleased him, sometimes between those who wished to be together, or else pushed them to one side, and the stronger ones gave the weaker blows with their tails, which made them get out of the way as fast as they could, or else devoured them. "How nice it would be," thought the Fishes, "if we had a king who should exercise the power of judging between us!" And so at last they assembled together to choose a lord, who should be he who could swim the quickest and render help best to the weaker fishes.

So they laid themselves all in rank and file by the shore, and the Pike gave a signal with his tail, on which they started off. Like an arrow darted away the Pike, closely followed by the Herring, the Gudgeon, the Perch, and the Carp, and the rest. Even the Sole swam among them, hoping to gain the prize.

All at once a cry was heard, "The Herring is first, the Herring is first!" "Who is first?" asked the flat envious Sole, in a vexed tone, "who is first?"

"The Herring, the Herring!" was the reply.

'The nak-ed Her-ring, the nak-ed Her-ring!" said the Sole disdainfully. And since that time the Sole's mouth has become all on one side for a punishment.

CLXVI.

The Bittern and the Hoopoe.

"WHERE do you find the best pasturage for your flocks?" asked a Master of an old Cowherd.

"Here, Master, where the grass is neither too thick nor too scarce; else it is no use!"

"Why not?" asked the Master.

"Do you hear that moaning cry out on the meadow?" asked the Cowherd; "that is the Bittern, who was once a herdsman, and the Hoopoe also. I will tell you the tale.

"The Bittern once kept his flocks on a flourishing green meadow, where flowers grew in great abundance, so that the cows became fat and mettlesome. But the Hoopoe drove his cattle to a high and barren hill, where the wind twisted the sand about, and his cows therefore grew thin, and gained no strength. When evening came, and the flocks had to be driven home, the Bittern could not collect his cows, because they were so well fed, and they ran away from him. He called to them, 'Come here, pretty cows!' but in vain, they paid no attention to his words. The Hoopoe, on the contrary, could not get his cows upon their legs, they were become so weary and strengthless. 'Up, up! get up!' he cried; but it was no use, they remained lying on the sand. And so it always happens when one does not keep things in moderation. And to this day, although they no longer keep flocks, the Bittern cries daily, 'Bunt herüm,' and the Hoopoe, 'Up! up! up!'"

CLXVII.

The Owl.

A COUPLE of hundred years ago, when people were not so wise and crafty as they are now-a-days, a curious circumstance occurred in a certain small town. By chance, one of the large Owls, which folks call Screech-Owls, came from a neighbouring forest, and took up its dwelling in a shed belonging to a citizen of the town, from whence it dared not come out except at night, for fear the other birds should raise a great outcry against it for disturbing their peace. One morning when the Stable-boy went into the shed to fetch some straw, he was frightened on perceiving the Owl so dreadfully, that he ran away, and told his Master that a horrible monster, such as he had never before seen in his lifetime, was sitting in one corner of the shed, and rolled its eyes round as if it would devour everything it could see. "I know you of old," replied his Master; "you have courage enough to chase a blackbird over the fields, but if you see a dead hen lying about, you want a stick laid on you before you will approach it. I must now go myself and see what sort of monster this is."

So saying, the Master set off and walked as bold as possible into the shed and peeped round. But as soon as he saw the curious and hideous creature with his own eyes he went into as great a panic as his servant. He made his escape with a couple of leaps and ran to his neighbours, whom he begged with tears in his eyes to come and assist him against an unknown and dangerous animal, or perhaps the whole town might be endangered, if it should make its escape from the shed where it was concealed. Immediately there arose a great outcry and noise in the streets

of the town, and the townsmen came armed with spikes, rakes, spades, and hatchets, as if they were going to attack an enemy. At last appeared the Mayor himself at the head of his councillors, and when they were all arranged in the market-place, they made their way to the shed and surrounded it on all sides. Then one of the bravest of the assemblage stepped before the others and entered the shed armed with a pole; but he came out again directly with a shriek, and looking as pale as death he ran off without saying a word. Two others next made the attempt, but they met with no better success; and at last a tall and very strong man, renowned for his deeds of valour, stepped forward and said, "With bare looking at the monster you will never drive him away; some determination must be used; but I see you are all playing the part of old women, and none of you will beard the enemy." So saying, he caused his body armour, his sword and spear to be brought, and, equipping himself with these, prepared for the attack, while all the others praised his courage, although many of them feared for his life. The two doors of the shed were thrown open, and the warrior perceived the Owl perched in the middle of a large beam which ran across. He caused a ladder to be brought, and when it was fixed ready for him to mount, all called out to him to behave bravely, and reminded him of St. George and the Dragon. He mounted the ladder, and as the owl saw what his intentions were, and became frightened also by the cries of the people outside, who prevented its exit, it rolled its eyes, ruffled its feathers, snapped its beak, and screeched loudly. "Rush on it, rush on it!" exclaimed the crowd to the valiant Soldier. "If you stood where I do," he replied, "you would not be so ready to shout." Then he mounted a stave higher on the ladder; but there he began to tremble, and at length he beat a retreat half fainting!

And now there was no one left who would venture to

face the danger. "The monster," said the crowd, "has all but poisoned and wounded to death with his snapping and breathing, our strongest man, and shall we also venture our lives?" Thereupon, they consulted with one another what they should do to prevent ruin from involving the whole town. For a long time nothing satisfactory was proposed, until at last the Mayor hit on a plan. "My idea is this," he said; "that out of the common purse we purchase and make good to the owner this stable with all that it contains, straw, hay, and corn, and then that the whole building, together with the fearful monster therein, be burnt to ashes, and so no one shall lose his life by this occurrence. There is no time to spare, and parsimony in this case would be badly exercised."

All the rest agreed to this proposal, and so the shed was set light to at the four corners, and the poor Owl miserably burnt to death!



CLXVIII.

Misfortune.

WHEN misfortune pursues any one, it will find him out into whatever corner he may creep, or however far he may flee over the world.

Now, once upon a time, a certain man became so poor, that he had not a single faggot of wood left wherewith to light his fire. So, he went into the forest to fell a tree, but they were all too large and too strong; and he penetrated deeper among them till he found one which he thought would do. Just as he was about to raise his axe he perceived a pack of wolves, coming out of the brushwood, who howled dreadfully as they came nearer. The man threw away his axe, and ran till he came to a bridge. The deep water, however, had rotted the bridge; and so, just as he was about to run over it, it cracked and fell into the water. What was he to do now? If he stopped still, the wolves would overtake him and tear him to pieces; so in his perplexity, he jumped into the water, but there, because he could not swim, he soon began to sink. By chance a couple of fishermen, who sat on the other bank, saw him; and one of them swam after him and brought him to shore. Then they laid him down beneath an old wall, to dry in the sunshine and regain his strength a bit. But just as he recovered his senses, and tried to thank the fishermen for their help, and to tell his tale, the wall fell upon him and crushed him.

CLXIX.

The Duration of Life.

WHEN the world was first created, it was appointed how many years each creature should exist. So the Ass came and inquired how long he was to live. "Thirty years," he was told, and asked, "Is that sufficient?" "Alas!" replied the Ass, "that is a long time. Think how many wearisome burdens I shall have to carry from morning till night; cornsacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, and I receive nothing but blows and kicks, and yet keep always active and obliging! Take away some of my years, I pray!"

So the Ass was pitied, and a life of only eighteen years appointed to him; whereupon he went gladly away, and the Dog then made his appearance, and asked the same. "How long do you wish to live?" was inquired of him; "thirty years were too much for the Ass; but perhaps you will be satisfied." "Do you mean so?" said the Dog; "remember how much I shall have to run; my feet will not last it out; and then when I have lost my voice and cannot bark, and my teeth and cannot bite, what will there be for me to do but to crawl and howl from one corner to another?"

So the Dog's plea was allowed, and twelve years appointed for his age, after which he departed and made room for the Monkey. "You will live thirty years willingly no doubt," was said to the Monkey; "you need not work like the Ass and the Dog, and therefore will always be well off."

"Alas! it should be so," said the Monkey; "but really it is very different. I must always be making comical

faces for people to laugh at; and all the apples they give me to eat turn out sour ones. How often is sadness hidden by a joke! But thirty years I can never endure!"

Thereupon ten years were allowed to him.

Last of all Man appeared, healthy and vigorous, and requested a time to be appointed to him. "You shall live thirty years," was the reply; "is that enough?" "What a short time!" exclaimed Man; "just when I shall have built myself a house, and lighted a fire upon my own hearth, and just when I shall have planted trees to bear me fruit in their season, and I am thinking of enjoying life, I must die! I pray let my life be lengthened!"

"The eighteen years of the Ass shall be added."

"That is not enough!" said Man.

"You shall have also twelve years of the Dog's life"

"Still too little!" replied Man.

"Well, then, you may have the ten years allowed to the Monkey; but you must desire no more."

Man was then obliged to leave, but he was not satisfied.

Thus Man lives seventy years. The first thirty are the days of his manhood, which pass quickly away; he is then healthy and vigorous, works with pleasure, and rejoices in his being. Then follow the eighteen years of the life of the Ass, which bring to him one burden after another; he must work for corn which nourishes others, and abuse and blame become the reward of his labours. Next come the twelve years of the Dog, during which Man has to sit in corners, grumbling because he has no longer any teeth to bite with. And when this time is up, then the ten years of the Monkey bring the close of the scene. Then Man becomes childish and foolish, and does strange things, which make him ridiculous in the eyes of children!

CLXX.

Death's Messengers.

IN olden times, a Giant was once wandering up and down a road, when suddenly an unknown man appeared in his path, and cried, "Stop! not a step further." "What, you stripling!" said the Giant, "why, I could crush you between my fingers; will you stand in my way? Who are you who speak so boldly?"

"I am Death," replied the stranger, "whom nobody opposes, and whose commands you must obey."

The Giant, however, refused, and began to wrestle with Death. It was a long and hasty battle, but at length the Giant got the best of it, and knocked Death down with his fist, so that he dropped like a stone. The Giant, thereupon, went his way, leaving Death vanquished and strengthless, so that he could not rise again. "What will be the consequence?" thought Death; "if I lie here in this corner nobody will die in the world, and it will soon get so full of human beings, that they will not be able to stir for one another." Just then, a Young Man came up the road, strong and healthy, singing a song, and looking well about him. As soon as he perceived the helpless beaten one, he went up to him, and compassionately raising him poured a draught of cordial out of his flask down his throat, and waited till strength returned. "Do you know," asked Death, when he had recovered a bit, "do you know who I am, whom you have thus helped on his legs again?"

"No," replied the Youth, "I know you not." "I am Death," he replied; "I spare no one, and can take no excuse from you even. But, to show you that

I am not ungrateful, I promise not to take you unawares; but I will send my messengers before I come and fetch you."

"Very well," said the Young Man; "that is a bargain, that I shall know when you are coming, and so long shall be safe from your visit."

With this understanding he pursued his way merrily, and lived in prosperity for some time. But youth and health will not remain for ever; soon came sicknesses and troubles to the Young Man, so that he complained by day and could get no rest at night. "I shall not die," he said to himself, "for Death must first send his messengers; but I wish these terrible days of illness were over!"

By-and-by he did get well again, and began to live as usual. One day somebody knocked at the window, and looking round he saw Death standing behind him, who said, "Follow me, the hour is come for your departure from the world."

"How so?" exclaimed the Man; "will you break the promise that you made to me to send your messengers before you came yourself? I have seen none."

"Be silent," replied Death; "have I not sent you one messenger after another?—did not fever come and seize you, shake you, and lay you prostrate?—did not a giddiness oppress your head?—had you not gout in all your limbs?—did not a singing noise injure your ears?—had not you lumbago in your back?—a film over your eyes?—Above all, did not my dear half-brother, Sleep, remind you of me every night when you laid down, as if you were already dead?"

The Man knew not what to reply to all this, and surrendering himse f therefore to his fate he followed Death.

CLXXI.

Master Cobblersawl.

MASTER COBBLERSAWL was a small, meagre, but very active man, who had no rest in him. His face, whose only prominent feature was a turned-up nose, was seamed and deadly pale; his hair was grey and rough; his eyes small, but they peered right and left in a piercing way. He observed everything, found fault with everything, knew everything better and did it better than any one else in his own estimation. When he walked in the streets he swung his two arms about in such a hasty fashion, that once he knocked the pail, which a girl was carrying, so high into the air that the water fell all over him. "Sheep's-head!" he exclaimed, shaking himself, "could you not see that I was following you?" By trade he was a shoemaker; and when he was at work, he pulled his thread out so hastily, that nobody went near him for fear of his elbows poking into their sides. No comrade remained with him longer than a month, for he had always something to remark upon in the best work. Either the stitches were not even, or one shoe was longer than the other, or one heel higher than the other, or the leather was not drawn sufficiently tight. "Wait," he would say to a young hand, "wait, and I will show you how one can whiten the skin!" and so saying, he would fetch a strap and lay it across the shoulders of his victim. He called everybody idle and lazy; but still he did not do much for himself, because he could not sit quiet two quarters of an hour together. If his wife got up early in the morning and lighted a fire, he would jump out of bed and run barefeet into the kitchen, crying out, "Do you want to

burn the house down? there is a fire fit for any one to roast an ox at! Wood costs money."

If the maid, while standing at the washtub, laughed and repeated to herself what she had heard, he would scold her, and say, "There stands a goose, chattering and forgetting her work with her gossip." "Of what use is that fresh soap? shameful waste and a disgraceful dirtiness, for she wants to spare her hands by not properly rubbing out the stains!" So saying, he would jump up and throw down a whole pailful of water, so as to set the kitchen a swimming!

Once they were building a new house near him, and he ran to his window to look on. "There! they are using that red sandstone again which never dries," he said; "nobody in that house will be healthy. And see how quickly the fellows are laying on the stones! The mortar too is not properly mixed; gravel should be put in, not sand. I expect the house will fall some day on the heads of its owners." So saying, he sat down again, and did another stitch or so; but soon he sprang up, and throwing away his apron exclaimed, "I will go and speak to those men myself." The carpenters were at work just then. "How is this?" he asked; "you are not cutting by line. Do you think the beams will lay straight? no, they will come all away from the joists." Then he snatched an axe out of the hand of one of the carpenters to show him how he should cut; but just then a waggon laden with clay chanced to be going past, so Master Cobblersawl threw away the axe, and cried to the peasant who was with it, "You are not rightly humane! who would harness young horses to a heavily laden waggon? the poor beasts will fall down presently."

The peasant, however, gave him no answer, and so he went back to his workshop in a passion. Just as he was about to commence again the job which he had left, his

apprentice handed him a shoe. "What is this, again?" exclaimed Master Cobblersawl; "have I not told you often and often not to stitch your shoes so wide. Who will buy a shoe like this with scarce any sole at all to it? I desire that you will follow my commands to the letter."

"Yes, master," replied the apprentice, "you may be in the right to say that the shoe is worth nothing, but it is the very same that you sewed, and were just now at work upon; for when you ran out you threw it under the table, and I picked it up. But an angel from heaven would not convince you that you were wrong."

A night or two afterwards Master Cobblersawl dreamed that he was dead and on the way to heaven. When he arrived there and knocked at the door, the Apostle Peter opened it to see who desired to enter. "Ah, is it you, Master Cobblersawl?" said the Saint, "I will let you in certainly; but I warn you not to interfere with what you may observe in heaven, or it will be the worse for you."

"You might have spared yourself the trouble of saying that," replied Cobblersawl; "I know very well how to behave myself; and here, thank God, there is nothing to blame, as there is on earth." So saying, he stepped in and walked up and down over the wide expanse of heaven, looking about him right and left, and now and then shaking his head or muttering to himself. Presently he perceived two angels carrying a beam, the same which a certain one once had in his own eye when he perceived the mote in his brother's eye. But they were carrying the beam not longways but crossways, and this caused Master Cobblersawl to say to himself, "Did ever anybody see such stupidity?" Still he held his tongue, thinking that after all it was no matter whether the beam were carried straight or not, provided it did not interfere with anybody. Soon afterwards he saw two angels pouring water out of a spring into a tub which was full of holes, so that the water escaped

on al sides. They were watering the earth with rain. "Alle Hagel!" exclaimed he suddenly; but recollecting himself, he kept his opinions to himself, and thought, "Perhaps it is mere pastime, and intended for a joke, so that one may do idle things here in heaven as well as upon earth." So he went onwards and saw a waggon stuck fast in a deep rut. "No wonder," said he to the person in charge; "who would have filled it so extravagantly? what have you there?"

"Pious wishes," replied the man; "I could not with them get along the right road; but fortunately I was able to get my waggon on it, and they will not let me stick fast."

Just then an angel did really come and harnessed horses to the waggon. "Quite right," thought Cobblersawl; "but two horses are not enough to pull the waggon out: there must be four horses at the least." Presently came a second angel, leading two more horses, but he did not harness them before, but behind. Now this was too much for Master Cobblersawl. "Tallpatsch!" he exclaimed aloud, "what are you about? Did anybody ever as long as the world had stood pull a waggon in that way up this road? You think you know better than I in your conceited pride!" and he would have said more, but one of the inhabitants of heaven caught him by the neck and shoved him out of the place with a stern push. Just outside the gate Master Cobblersawl turned his head round, and saw the waggon raised up by four winged horses.

At the same moment he awoke. "Things are certainly somewhat different in heaven to what they are on earth," he said to himself, "and much may therefore be excused; but who could patiently see two horses harnessed behind a waggon and two before? Certainly they had wings, but I did not observe that at first. However, it is a great absurd-

ity that a horse with four good legs must have wings too! But I must get up, or else they will make further mistakes about that house. Still, after all, it is a very lucky thing that I am not dead."



CLXXII.

The Nix in the Pond.

THERE was once upon a time a Miller who lived very happily with his Wife, for they were very well off, and their prosperity increased year by year. But misfortune comes by night. As their riches had grown, so they disappeared; and thus they melted away yearly till at last the Milller had only his mill, and that he could scarcely call his own property. He became very full of trouble over his losses; and when he lay down after his day's work he could get no rest, but tossed about in his bed, thinking and thinking. One morning he arose before daybreak, and went out into the open air, to consider some way of lightening his heart; and as he passed by the mill-dam the first ray of the sun shone forth, and he heard a rippling in the pond. He turned round and perceived a beautiful Maiden, raising herself slowly out of the water. Her long hair, which she had gathered behind her shoulders with her long fingers, fell down on both sides of her face, and covered her white bosom. The Miller saw at once that it was the Nix of the mill-pond, and he knew not from fear whether to stop or go away. The Nix solved his doubts by calling him by name in a gentle voice, and asking him why he was so sad. At first the Miller was dumb; but as she spoke so kindly to him, he took courage, and told her that he had once lived in riches and prosperity, but he was now so poor he knew not what to do.

"Rest quietly," said the Nix; "I will make you richer and happier than you were before; only you must promise me that you will give me what has just now been born in your house." "That can be nothing else than a puppy or

a kitten," thought the Miller, and so promised the Nix what she desired. Thereupon she dived again under water, and the Miller hastened home to his mill in good spirits. He had almost reached it, when the Maid coming from it met him, and told him to rejoice, for his Wife had just borne him a little boy. The Miller started back, as if struck by lightning, for he at once perceived that the crafty Nix was aware of the fact, and had deceived him. He went into his Wife's room drooping his head; and when she inquired why he did not congratulate her on her happiness, he told her what had happened, and the promise which he had given to the Nix. "Of what use are wealth and good luck to me," he continued, "if I lose my child? but what can I do?" And none of the friends who came to congratulate him on the birth of a son and heir could give any advice.

Meanwhile the luck of the mill returned. What its Master undertook prospered; and it seemed as if chests and coffers filled themselves, for the money in the cupboard increased every night, till before many months had passed away, the Miller was much richer than before. He could not, however, feel any pleasure in the prospect, for his promise to the Nix weighed on his mind; and as often as he passed the pond, he feared lest she should rise and claim her debt. The Boy himself he would never allow to go near the water; but told him continually to beware of doing so, for if he should fall in, a hand would rise and draw him under. Still, as year after year passed away, and the Nix made no second appearance, the Miller began to lose his suspicions.

The Boy grew up a fine youth and was bound to a Huntsman to learn his art, which when he had thoroughly studied, the Lord of the village took him into his service. Now in this village there dwelt a beautiful and good Maiden, who took the fancy of the young Hunter, and

when his Master perceived it, he presented him with a small cottage; and thereupon the two married, and lived happily and lovingly together.

One day the Hunter pursued a stag, and when the animal escaped from the forest into the open fields, he followed it, and at last struck it down with a shot from his gun. But he did not observe that he had come to the brink of the dangerous pond, and so when he had flayed his booty, he went to it to wash his hands free from the blood stains. Scarcely had he touched it when the Nix arose, and smilingly embracing him with her naked arms, drew him so quickly below the surface that the water rippled on without a bubble.

By-and-by, when evening came, and the Hunter did not return home, his wife felt very anxious. She went out to seek him; and as he had often told her that he had to take care of the appearance of the Nix, and not venture too near the mill-pond, she suspected already what had happened. She hastened to the water; and as soon as she saw his gun lying on the bank, she could no longer doubt the misfortune which had befallen her. Wringing her hands with grief and terror, she called her beloved by name, but in vain; she hurried from one side of the pond to the other; she alternately entreated and scolded the Nix; but no answer followed—the surface of the water remained as smooth as a mirror, and only the half-crescent of the moon looked up at her fixedly.

The poor Wife could not leave the water. With quick and hasty steps, she walked round and round the pond without cessation, now silent, and now uttering a fearful shriek, and anon a smothered lament. At length her strength forsook her; and sinking to the earth she fell into a deep sleep, and soon a dream passed over her mind.

She thought she was sorrowfully climbing up between great blocks of stone; thorns and nettles pierced her

feet, the rain beat in her face, and the wind disordered her long hair. But when she reached the top of the height, quite another aspect appeared. The sky was blue, the air balmy, the ground softly declined; and upon a green meadow, spangled with flowers, stood an elegant cottage. She thought she went up to it and opened the door, and saw an Old Woman with white hair sitting within, who beckoned to her kindly; and at that moment she awoke. The day was already dawning, and the poor Wife determined to follow out her dream. There was a hill close by her, and up this she ascended, and found the road as she had seen in her dream. On the other side stood the cottage, and in it an Old Woman, who kindly received her, and showed her a chair to sit down upon. "You must have suffered some misfortune to induce you to seek my solitary hut," said the Old Woman. The Wife related to her with tears what had happened; and the Old Woman replied, "Be comforted, I will help you. Here you have a golden comb; wait now till the rising of the full moon; and then go to the pond, and sit down on the bank, and comb your long black hair with it. When you have done, lie down on the bank, and you will see what happens."

The Wife returned, but the time passed very wearisomely till the rise of the moon. At length the shining orb appeared in the sky, and she went down to the pond, and, sitting on its bank, combed her long black hair with the golden comb, and then lay down on the shore to wait the issue. In a short time the waters began to bubble, and a wave rolling on to the bank, carried away with it the comb as it receded. In as much time as was necessary for the sinking of the comb to the bottom, the waters parted, and the head of the Huntsman appeared. He did not speak, but looked at his Wife sorrowfully; and the same moment another wave rolled on and covered his head. All then disappeared, the water became as placid as before,

and nothing was to be seen in it but the face of the moon.

The Wife turned back uncomforted, and her dreams again showed the Old Woman's hut. So a second time she travelled up the hill, and laid her complaint before the Old Woman, who this time gave her a golden flute, with directions to wait till the next full moon, and then to play a sweet tune upon the shore of the pond, and that finished, to lie down and wait the result as before.

The Wife did exactly as the Old Woman told her, and as soon as she laid the flute down, a bubbling took place in the water, and a rising wave carried away the flute. Then appeared not only the head but half of the body of the Man, and stretched out his arms towards his Wife; but at the same instant a wave came, and covering his head, drew him down again.

"Alas! how am I helped," cried the unhappy Wife, "if I see my Husband only to lose him." Grief again overcame her; but in her dreams she visited again the Old Woman's hut. Accordingly she set out on the journey a third time, and received a spinning-wheel of gold from the Old Woman, who comforted her, and told her, "All is not yet complete; wait till the next full moon, and then sit down as before on the shore of the pond and spin your reel full, which done, lay it down near the water and await the result."

The Wife did everything exactly. As soon as the full moon came she carried her wheel to the shore and spun the reel full; but she had scarcely set it down against the water than the bubbles began to rise quicker than ever, and a huge wave dashing up carried away with it the spinning-wheel. Immediately afterwards the head and whole body of the Man arose, and he, springing quickly to the shore, caught his Wife by the hand and fled away with her. But they had gone but a little distance, when with a

terrible rushing noise the whole pond overflowed its banks, and streamed away into the fields with overwhelming force. The fugitives perceived at once death before their eyes, and in her terror the poor Wife called upon the Old Woman for help, and in a moment they were changed, the one into a Frog and the other into a Toad. The flood which then reached them could not kill them, but it tore them asunder and carried them far away.

When the water subsided again, and the Toad and Frog touched dry ground their human forms returned, but neither knew where the other was, and both were among strange people who knew nothing of their country. High hills and deep valleys lay between them, and in order to earn a livelihood each had to tend sheep; and through many long years they fed their flocks in field and forest, grieving and longing for each other.

When once again spring had covered the earth with its first-fruits, it chanced that both drove their flocks out the same day, and towards the same point. The former Huntsman perceived on a distant peak of a hill a flock, and drove his sheep to the same place. Thus the two came together in a valley; but, without recognising each other, they were glad that they would have no longer to wander in solitude. From that day they drove their flocks together, and without speaking much, they felt a certain comfort steal over them. One evening when the full moon appeared in the heavens, and the flocks were resting, the Shepherd taking a flute from his pocket, played a soft and mournful air. As he finished he saw that the Shepherdess was weeping bitterly, and he asked the reason. "Alas! I remember," she replied, "how the full moon was shining as it is now, when I played that air upon a flute and the head of my beloved rose above the water."

The Shepherd looked at her as she spoke with an earnest gaze, and as if a cloud had been taken away from his

eyes, he recognised his dear Wife. At the same instant she remembered him, for the moon showed his face clearly; and I am sure no one needs to ask how happy they were, and how happy they remained.



CLXXIII.

The Presents of the Little Folk.

A TAILOR and a Goldsmith were once wandering in company, and one evening, when the sun had sunk behind the hills, they heard the sound of distant music, which became clearer and clearer. The tones were uncommon, but so inspiriting, that forgetting their weariness the two walked on. The moon had risen, when they arrived at a hillock on which they perceived a number of little Men and Women, who had joined hands, and were whirling round in a dance with great spirit and delight, and singing thereto in the sweetest manner possible, and so making the music which the travellers had heard. In the middle sat an old Man, taller than the others, who wore a parti-coloured coat and an iron-grey beard, so long that it reached down to his waist. The two stopped, full of wonder, and looked on at the dancers, when the Old Man beckoned to them to join in, while the circle opened readily to receive them. The Goldsmith, who was deformed, and like all other hunchbacks quick enough, stepped in; but the Tailor, feeling shy at first, held back, till, seeing how merry the circle was, he took heart and joined in too. The circle closed again directly, and the Little Folks began to sing and dance in the wildest manner, while the Old Man taking a broad-bladed knife, which hung at his girdle, sharpened it, and when it was fit looked round at the strangers. They became frightened, but they had no time to consider; for the Old Man, seizing the Goldsmith and then the Tailor, shaved off both their beards and hair with the greatest despatch. Their terror, however, disappeared when the Old Man, having completed this work, tapped them both on

the shoulder in a friendly manner, as much as to say they had acted well in having endured his sport without resistance. Then he pointed with his finger towards a heap of coals which stood on one side, and showed them by signs that they should fill their pockets with them. Both obeyed, though neither of them could see of what service the coals would be to them; and then they journeyed in quest of a night's lodging. Just as they came to the next valley the clock of a neighbouring church struck twelve, and at the same moment the singing ceased, all disappeared, and the hill lay solitary in the moonshine.

The two wanderers found a shelter, and, making a straw couch, each of them covered himself with his coat, but forgot through weariness to take the coals out of their pockets. A heavy weight pressed upon their limbs more than usual, and when they awoke in the morning and emptied their pockets, they could not trust their eyes when they saw that they were not filled with coals, but pure gold. Their hair and beard, too, had also grown during the night to their original length. They were now become quite rich, but the Goldsmith was half as rich again as the Tailor, because impelled by his covetous nature, he had filled his pokets much fuller.

Now a miserly man, the more he possesses, desires yet an increase; and so it happened that the Goldsmith, after the lapse of a day or two, made a proposition to the Tailor to go and obtain more gold from the Old Man of the Mountain. The Tailor refused, saying, "I have enough, and am satisfied: now I am become a master-tradesman, and I will marry my object (as he called his sweetheart), and be a happy man." However, he stopped behind a day in order to please his comrade. In the evening, the Goldsmith slung across his shoulders a couple of bags, that he might be well furnished, and then set out on his road to the hillock. He found the little folk singing and dancing, as

on the previous night; and the Old Man, looking at him with a smile, treated him the same as before, and pointed to the heap of coals afterwards. The Goldsmith delayed no longer than was necessary to fill his pockets, and then returned home in high glee, and went to sleep, covered with his coat. "Although the gold does weigh heavily," said he to himself, "I will bear it patiently;" and so he went to sleep with the sweet belief of awaking in the morning a very wealthy man. Judge, therefore, what was his astonishment, when, on awaking and arising, he searched in his pockets, and drew out only black coals, and nothing besides. He consoled himself, however, for his disappointment, by reflecting that he still possessed the gold which he had taken on the previous night, but what was not his rage when he discovered that that also was become coal again! He beat his forehead with his coal-begrimed hands, and then found out that his whole head was bald and smooth as his chin! His mishaps were not yet ended; for he perceived that, during the night, a similar hump to that on his back had made its appearance on his breast. He began to weep bitterly at this sight, for he recognised in it the punishment of his covetousness. The good Tailor, who then awoke, comforted the unhappy man as well as he could, and told him that since he had been his companion during his travels, he should share his treasure and remain with him.

The Tailor kept his word; but the poor Goldsmith had to carry all his lifetime two humps, and to cover his bald head with a wig.



CLXXIV.

The Giant and the Tailor.

A CERTAIN Tailor, who was a large boaster but a very small performer, took it once into his head to go and look about him in the world. As soon as he could he left his workshop, and travelled away over hills and valleys, now on this, and now on that; but still onwards. After he had gone some way, he perceived in the distance a steep mountain, and behind it a lofty tower, which rose from the midst of a wild dense forest. "Good gracious!" cried the Tailor, "what is this?" and driven by his curiosity he went rapidly towards the place. But he opened his mouth and eyes wide enough when he got nearer; for the tower had legs, and sprang in a trice over the steep hill, and stood up a mighty Giant before the Tailor. "What are you about here, you puny fly's legs?" asked the Giant in a voice which rumbled on all sides like thunder. "I am trying to earn a piece of bread in this forest," whispered the Tailor.

"Well, then, it is time you entered my service," said the Giant fiercely.

"If it must be so, why not?" said the Tailor humbly; "but what will you give me?" "What wages shall you have?" repeated the Giant contemptuously; "listen and I will tell you: every year three hundred and sixty-five days, and one besides, if it be leap-year. Is that right?"

"Quite," said the Tailor; but thought to himself, "one must cut according to his cloth; I will seek to make myself free very soon."

"Go, little rascal, and fetch me a glass of water," cried the Giant.

"Why not the whole well and its spring too?" said the Tailor, but fetched as he was bid. "What! the well and its spring too!" bellowed the Giant, who was rather cowardly and weak, and so began to be afraid, thinking to himself, "This fellow can do more than roast apples; he has a heap of courage. I must take care, or he will be too much of a servant for me!" So, when the Tailor returned with the water, the Giant set him to fetch a couple of bundles of faggots from the forest, and bring them home "Why not the whole forest at one stroke, every tree, young and old, knotty and smooth?" asked the Tailor, and went away. "What! the whole forest, and the well too, and its spring!" murmured the frightened Giant in his beard; and he began to be still more afraid, and believed that the Tailor was too great a man for him, and not fit for his servant However, when the Tailor returned with his load of faggots, the Giant told him to shoot two or three wild boars for their supper. "Why not rather a thousand at one shot and the rest afterwards?" cried the boaster. "What, what!" gasped the cowardly Giant, terribly frightened; "Oh! well, that is enough for to-day, you may go to sleep now!"

The poor Giant, however, was so very much afraid of the little Tailor, that he could not close his eyes all the night, but tossed about thinking how to get rid of his servant, whom he regarded as an enchanter conspiring against his life. With time comes counsel. The following morning the Giant and the Dwarf went together to a marsh where a great many willow trees were growing. When they got there the Giant said, "Sit yourself on one of these willow rods, Tailor; on my life I only wish to see if you are in condition to bend it down."

The boasting Tailor climbed the tree, and perched himself on a bough, and then, holding his breath, he made himself heavy enough thereby to bend the tree down

Soon, however, he had to take breath again, and immediately, having been unfortunate enough to come without his goose in his pocket, the bough flew up, and, to the great joy of the Giant, carried with it the Tailor so high into the air that he went out of sight. And whether he has since fallen down again, or is yet flying about in the air, I am unable to tell you satisfactorily.



CLXXV.

The Goose-Girl at the Well.

THERE was once upon a time a very, very old Lady, who dwelt with her flock of geese in a waste place between two hills, where she had a small cottage. The common was surrounded by a large forest, into which this old Woman hobbled every morning on crutches. There she was very active, more than one could have believed considering her great age, in collecting grass for her geese; she gathered also all the wild fruit she could reach, and carried it home on her back. One would have thought so heavy a burden would have bowed her down to the ground, but she always reached home safe and sound. If any one met her, she greeted him kindly, and would say, "Good day to you, my dear countryman; what beautiful weather it is! Ah! you wonder how I get over the ground, but every one must bear his own burden!" People at last, however, grew afraid to meet her, and took a by-path; and if a father passed near with his children, he would say to them, "Take care of that old Woman; she has mischief behind her ears; she is a witch."

One morning a lively young fellow passed through the wood. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing, and a gentle breeze was blowing among the trees and made everything seem gay and pleasant. Still he had met nobody, till he suddenly perceived the old Woman kneeling on the ground, and cutting grass with a sickle. She had already placed a large heap in her handkerchief, and by her side stood two baskets, filled with apples and wild berries. "Ah! my good Woman," exclaimed the youth, "how will you carry all that?" "I must carry it, my

good master," she replied, "but rich people's children do not want to do such things. Will you not help me?" she continued, as the youth remained by her; "you have a straight back yet, and young legs, it will be easy for you. My house is not far from here; it stands on the common behind yon hill. How soon your legs could jump there!"

The youth took compassion on the old Woman, and replied to her, "Certainly; my father is no peasant, but a rich Count; still that you may see it is not only the peasants who carry burdens, I will take your bundle."

"If you will try it," said the old Woman, "I shall be much obliged to you; but there are the apples and berries which you must carry too. It is but an hour's walk which you will have to take, but it will seem much less to you."

The youth became a little thoughtful when he heard of an hour's journey, but the old Woman now would not let him off, but packed the handkerchief of grass on his back, and hung the two baskets on his arms. "See you, how light it is," she said. "No, it is not at all light," answered the young Count, making a rueful face; "the bundle weighs heavily as if it were full of big stones, and the apples and berries seem like lead; I can scarcely breathe!"

So saying he would have liked to lay the bundle down again, but the old Woman would not permit it. "Just see," cried she in scorn; "the young Lord cannot convey what an old Woman like me has so often borne. You people are very ready with your fair words, but when it comes to working, you are equally ready with your excuses. Why do you stand trembling there?" she continued; "come, pick up your legs; nobody will take your bundle off again."

Now so long as the young Count walked on level ground, he managed pretty well, but when he came to the hill and began to ascend it, and the stones rolled under his feet as if they were alive, his strength began to fail. Drops of sweat stood upon his brow, and ran down his back,

now hot and now cold. "My good Woman," he exclaimed, "I can go no further till I have rested a while." "Not here not here," answered the old Woman; "when we arrive at our destination you can rest, but now we must keep on; who knows what good it may do you!"

"You are shameless, you old Woman!" cried the Youth, trying to throw away the bundle, but he wearied himself in vain; it stuck as fast to his back as if it had grown there. He turned and twisted himself, but with no effect; he could not get rid of the bundle, and the old Woman only laughed at his exertions, and danced around him on her crutches. "Don't put yourself in a passion, my dear Lord," she said; "you are getting as red in the face as a turkey-cock. Bear your burden patiently; when we arrive at home, I will give you a good draught to refresh you." What could he do? He was obliged to bear his fate and follow patiently behind the old Woman, who appeared to become more and more active as his burden grew heavier. All at once she made a spring and jumped on the top of the bundle, where she sat down; and thin and withered as she was, her weight was yet more than that of the stoutest farm servant. The Youth's knees trembled and shook, but if he did not keep onwards, the old Woman beat him with a strap and stinging nettles about the legs. Under this continual goading, he at last ascended the hill, and arrived at the old Woman's cottage, just when he was ready to drop. As soon as the geese perceived the old Woman, they stretched out their wings and their necks, and ran towards her crying "Wulle! wulle!" Behind the flock walked a middle-aged Woman with a stick in her hand, who was big and strong, but as ugly as night. "My mother," said she to the old Woman, "has something happened, that you have remained out so long?" "Never fear, my dear daughter," replied the old Woman; "nothing evil has met me, but in fact the young Count there has

carried my bundle for me: only think, when I was tired, he took me also on his back. The road has not been too long either, for we have been merry, and made jokes on one another?" At length the old Woman ceased talking, and took the bundle off the youth's back, and the baskets from his arms, and then looking at him cheerfully she said to him, "Sit down on the bench by the door and rest yourself; you have honestly earned your reward, and it shall not be overlooked;" and turning to the Goose-Girl she continued, "Go into the house, my daughter; it is not correct that you should be alone with this young man; one ought not to pour oil on the fire, and he might fall into love with you."

The young Count did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Such a treasure!" he thought to himself. "Why, even if she were thirty years younger, my heart would not be touched!" Meanwhile the old Woman caressed and stroked her geese, as if they were children, and at last went into the house with her daughter. The youth stretched himself on the bench beneath an apple tree, where the breeze blew softly and gently; while around him was spread a green meadow, covered with primroses, wild thyme, and a thousand other flowers. In the middle of it flowed a clear stream, on which the sun shone; and the white geese kept passing up and down, or paddling in the water. "It is quite lovely here," he said to himself; "but I am so tired that I cannot keep my eyes open: so I will sleep a while, provided that no wind comes and blows away my legs from my body, for they are as tender as tinder!"

After he had slept some time, the old Woman came and shook him till he awoke. "Stand up," she said; "you cannot stop here. Certainly I did treat you rather shabbily, but it has not cost you your life. Now I will give you your reward; it will be neither money nor property,

but something better." With these words she placed in his hands a small book, cut out of a single emerald, saying, "Keep it well, and it will bring you good luck."

The Count thereupon jumped up, and felt himself quite strong and refreshed; so he thanked the old Woman for her present, and set off on his journey, without once looking back for the beautiful daughter. And when he had walked a considerable way he could still hear the loud cackling of the geese in the distance.

The young Count had to wander three days in the wilderness before he could find his way out, and then he came to a large city, where, because nobody knew him, he was led to the royal palace, where the King and Queen sat on their thrones. There the Count sank on one knee, and drawing forth the emerald-book, laid it at the feet of the Queen. She bade him arise and hand the book to her; but scarcely had she opened it and looked at its contents, than she fell as if dead upon the ground. Thereupon the Count was seized by the King's servants, and would have been led off to prison, had not the Queen soon opened her eyes and begged him to be set at liberty, for she must speak with him privately, and therefore every one must leave the room.

As soon as the Queen was left alone, she began to weep bitterly, and to say, "What avails all this honour and pageantry which surrounds me, when every morning I give way to grief and sorrow! I once had three daughters, the youngest of whom was so beautiful that all the world thought her a wonder. She was as white as snow, as red as the bloom of an apple, and her hair was like the shining of a sunbeam. If she cried, her tears were like pearls and gems falling from her eyes. When she was fifteen, her father caused her and her sisters to come before his throne; and you should have seen how the people opened their eyes when she came in, for it was like the appearance

of the sun. The King then said to them, 'My daughters, I know not when my last day will arrive, and therefore to-day I will appoint what each shall do at my death. You all love me, but whoever of you loves me best shall have the best portion.' They each of them said they loved him best; and the King then asked them whether they could not express in words how much they loved him, and then he should be able to judge. So the eldest said she loved him as the sweetest sugar; the second that she loved her father as her smartest dress; but the youngest was silent. 'My dear child, how do you love me?' asked the King. 'I know not,' she replied; 'and I can compare my love with nothing.' Her father, however, pressed her to say something, and at length she said, 'The most delicate food is tasteless to me without salt, and therefore I love you, father, like salt.' At this reply, the King became very angry, and exclaimed, 'If you love me like salt, you shall be rewarded with salt.' Thereupon he divided the kingdom between the two eldest daughters; but he caused a sack of salt to be bound on the shoulders of his youngest child, and two slaves had to lead her into the wild forest. We all wept and prayed for her to the King, but his anger was not to be turned away. How did she not weep when she left us, so that the whole path was strewn with the pearls which fell from her eyes! However, afterwards, the King did repent of his great harshness, and caused a search to be made in the forest for the poor child, but without success. And now, when I think how, perhaps, the wild beasts devoured her, I know not what to do for grief; but many a time I try to comfort myself with the idea that haply she is living still, concealed in some cave, or under the hospitable protection of some one who found her. But imagine my feelings when, on opening your emerald-book, I saw lying therein a pearl of the same kind as used to drop from my daughter's eyes, and then you may also

conceive how my heart was moved at the sight. But now you shall tell me how you came by the pearl."

The young Count then told the Queen that he had received it from an old Woman, living in a wood which seemed to be haunted, and who appeared to be a witch; but of the Queen's child he had neither seen nor heard anything. The King and Queen came to the resolution to seek out this old Woman, for they thought where the pearl had been, there they should also obtain news of their daughter.

The old Woman sat in her house in the wilderness spinning at her wheel. It was dark already, and a faggot, which burnt on the hearth below, gave a feeble light. All at once there was a noise outside; the geese were coming home from the meadow, and they cackled with all their might. Soon afterwards the daughter stepped in, but the old Woman scarcely thanked her, and only shook her head. The daughter sat down, and taking her wheel spun the thread as quickly as a young girl. Thus they sat for two hours, without speaking to one another, till at length something rattled at the window, and two fiery eyes glared in from the outside. It was an old night-owl, which screeched thrice; and then the old Woman, looking up from her work, said, "Now is the time, my daughter, for you to go out, and do your work."

The daughter got up and went away over the meadows deep into a valley beyond. By-and-by, she came to a brook near which stood three oak trees; and at the same time the moon arose round and full above the mountain, and shone so brightly, that one might have picked up a needle by its light. She drew off the mask which covered her face, and then bathing in the brook began to wash herself. As soon as she had done that, she dipped the mask also in the water, and then laid it again on the meadow to dry and bleach in the moonshine. But how was the

Maiden changed! So much as you could never have fancied. Her golden hair fell down like sunbeams, and when she removed the cap which confined it, it covered her whole form. Only her eyes could be seen peeping through the tresses like the stars in heaven, and her cheeks blooming like the soft red of the apple-blossoms.

But the fair Maiden was nevertheless sad; and she sat down and wept bitterly. One tear after another flowed from her eyes, and rolled to the ground between her locks; and thus sitting she would have remained for a long time had she not been disturbed by a rustling noise in the branches of one of the trees. She jumped up and sprang away like a fawn disturbed by the gun of the hunter; and at the same moment a black cloud obscured the moon, under cover of which the Maiden slipped on her old mask and disappeared like a light blown out by the wind. She ran home trembling like an aspen-leaf, and found the old Woman standing before the door; but when she was about to relate what had happened to her, the old Woman laughed, and said she knew already all about it. The old mother then led the Maiden into the room and lighted a fresh faggot; but instead of sitting down to her wheel, she fetched a broom and began to sweep and dust. "It must all be clean and respectable," said she to the Maiden. "But, mother," replied she, "why do you begin at this late hour? what is the matter?"

"Do you then know what hour it is?" inquired the old Mother.

"Not quite midnight, but past eleven," returned the daughter.

"Do you not remember then," continued the old Woman, "that to-day you have been with me three years? Your time is now expired; we can remain together no longer!"

"Alas! dear mother you will not drive me out," said

the Maiden in an alarmed tone; "where shall I go? I have neither home nor friends, and whither could I turn? I have ever done all you desired, and you have been satisfied with me; send me not away!" The old Woman would not however tell the Maiden what was coming, but said, instead, "My dwelling is no longer here, but since the house and this room must be clean when I leave, hinder me not in my work, and cease to care on your own account you shall find a roof under which to dwell, and with the reward which I will give you, you will also be contented."

"But do tell me what is coming," entreated the Maiden.

"I tell you a second time, do not disturb me in my work. Speak not a word more, but go into your own room and pull off the mask from your face, and put on the beautiful dress which you wore when you came to me, and then remain where you are till I call you."

And now I must tell you what befell the King and Queen, who were preparing, when we last heard of them, to go in search of the old Woman in the wilderness. The Count was first of all despatched by night to the forest alone, and for two days he wandered before he found the right road. Along this he went till darkness overtook him, and then he climbed a tree to pass the night, for he feared he might lose his way in the dark. As soon as the moon rose he perceived a figure coming across the mountain, and although she had no rod in her hand he could not doubt but that it was the Goose-Girl, whom he had seen before at home with the old Woman. "Oho!" he exclaimed to himself; "here comes one witch, and when I have got her, I will soon catch the other!" But how astonished he was, when on stepping up to the brook she laid aside her mask and washed herself, and he saw her golden hair fall down and cover her whole figure, and render her more beautiful than any one he had ever before seen! He scarcely ventured to breathe, but he stretched out his neck as far as he

could from the foliage and looked at her with fixed eyes. Unfortunately he bent over too far and the bough cracked beneath his weight, and at the same instant the Maiden disappeared, favoured by a dark cloud, and when the moon appeared again, she was out of sight.

The young Count, however, made haste down from the tree and pursued the Maiden with hasty strides; but before he had gone very far, he perceived two figures wandering over the meadows in the twilight. They were the King and Queen, who had perceived at a distance the light in the old Woman's cottage and were hastening towards it. The Count told them what marvellous things he had witnessed by the brook, and they felt no doubt but that he had seen their lost daughter. Full of joy they journeyed on till they came to the cottage, around which lay the geese, with their heads under their wings, and none stirred at their approach. The three peeped in at the window and saw the old Woman spinning silently, without raising her eyes from her work, but simply nodding her head now and then. The room was as perfectly clean as if it had been inhabited by the Cloud-Men, who carry no dust on their feet; and for some minutes they observed the whole scene in silence; but at last plucking up courage they knocked at the window lightly. Thereupon the old Woman got up, and looking at them kindly as if she had expected them, called out, "Come in; I know who you are."

As soon as the King, Queen, and Count had entered the room the old Woman said, "You might have spared yourselves this long journey if you had not driven out, for three long years in the forest, your child who was so affectionate and so beautiful. She has come to no harm, and for these three years past she has tended my geese; neither has she learnt any evil, but kept her heart pure and spotless. But you have been righteously punished by the sorrow and trouble which you have suffered." With these words she

went to the chamber-door and called to the daughter to come out, and as soon as the Princess made her appearance, dressed in her silk gown, with her golden hair and bright eyes, it seemed like the entrance of an angel into the room.

She went up to her father and mother and fell on their necks and kissed them, which made them both cry with joy. But when she perceived the young Count standing by them, she blushed as red as a moss rose without knowing wherefore.

"My dear child," said the King to her, "what shall I give you, for I have parted my kingdom already?"

"She needs nothing," said the old Woman, "for I present her with the tears which she has wept, which are in reality pearls more beautiful than any that can be found in the sea, and of more value than your entire kingdom. And for a further reward for her services to me I give her this house." As soon as the old Woman had said these words she disappeared, and immediately after a little knocking at the walls, the house became a noble palace, and the room in which they stood a hall, in the midst of which a princely table was set out, with many servants hastening to and fro.

This story ends here, for my grandmother, who related it to me, had partly lost her memory, and so she had forgotten its conclusion. I believe, however, that the beautiful Princess was married to the young Count, and that they remained in the palace, and lived happily so long as God suffered them to remain on earth. But whether the snow-white geese whom the Princess had tended were really men (nobody needs to be offended), whom the old Woman had taken to herself, and then restored to their natural form to wait as servants upon the young Queen, I cannot say, though I suspect it was so. Thus much is certain, that the Old Woman was no witch as people believed, but a wise woman, who had good intentions. Apparently, too, it was she who

at the birth of the Princess had endowed her with the power to weep pearls instead of tears.

At this day, however, that does not happen, else would the poor soon become rich!



CLXXVI.

The Nail.

A TRADESMAN had once transacted a good day's business at a fair, disposed of all his goods, and filled his purse with gold and silver. He prepared afterwards to return, in order to reach home before the evening. So he strapped his portmanteau, with the money in it, upon his horse's back, and rode off. . At noon he baited in a small town, and as he was about to set out again, the Stable-boy who brought his horse said to him, "Sir, a nail is wanting in the shoe on the left hind-foot of your animal."

"Let it be wanting," replied the Tradesman; "I am in a hurry, and the iron will doubtless hold the six hours I have yet to travel."

Late in the afternoon he had to dismount again, and feed his horse, and at this place also the Boy came and told him that a nail was wanting in one of the shoes, and asked him whether he should take the horse to a farrier. "No, no, let it be!" replied the Master; "it will last out the couple of hours that I have now to travel; I am in haste." So saying he rode off; but his horse soon began to limp, and from limping it came to stumbling, and presently the beast fell down and broke its leg. Thereupon the Tradesman had to leave his horse lying on the road, to unbuckle the portmanteau, and to walk home with it upon his shoulder, where he arrived at last late at night."

"And all this misfortune," said he to himself, "is owing to the want of a nail. More haste the less speed!"

CLXXVII.

The Poor Boy in the Grave.

THERE was once upon a time a poor Lad, whose father and mother were dead, so the Magistrate placed him in the house of a rich Farmer to be fed and brought up. But this Man and his Wife too had very bad dispositions; and with all their wealth, they were avaricious and mean, and very angry when any one took any of their bread. So the poor Boy, do what he might, received little to eat and many blows.

One day he was set to watch the hen and her chickens, and she ran through a hole in the paling, and a hawk just then flying by pounced upon her and carried her off to his roost. The Boy cried, "Thief, thief! stop, thief!" but to what end? the hawk kept his prey, and did not return. The Master hearing the noise came out, and perceived that his hen was gone, which put him in such a rage that he beat the Boy so much that for a couple of days afterwards he was unable to stir. Then the poor Lad had to watch the chickens, which was a harder task still, for where one ran the others followed. At last, thinking to make it sure, he tied all the chickens together by a string, so that the hawk could not take one. But what followed? After a couple of days he fell asleep from weariness with watching and with hunger, and then the hawk came and seized one of the chickens, and, because all the others were tied together to that one, he bore them all away and devoured them. Just then the Farmer came home, and perceived the misfortune which had happened, which angered him so much that he beat the Lad so unmercifully that for several days he could not leave his bed.

When he was on his legs again, the Farmer said to him, 'You are so stupid that I can no longer keep you as a watch, and therefore you shall be my errand-boy." So saying he sent him to the Judge, to take him a basket of grapes, and a letter with them. On the way hunger and thirst plagued the Lad so much that he ate two of the grape-bunches. So when he took the basket to the Judge, and the latter had read the letter and counted the grapes, he said, "Two bunches are missing." The Boy then honestly confessed that, driven by hunger and thirst, he had eaten two bunches; wherefore the Judge wrote a letter to the Farmer, and requested more grapes. These, also, the Boy had to carry, with a letter; and again, urged by great hunger and thirst, he devoured two bunches more. But before he went to the Judge he took the letter out of the basket, and laying it under a stone put the stone over it, so that it could not be seen and betray him. The Judge, however, taxed him with the missing grapes. "Alas!" cried the Boy, "how did you know that? the letter could not tell you, for I had laid it previously under a stone." The Judge was forced to laugh at the simplicity of the Lad, but sent the Farmer a letter, in which he advised him to treat the Boy better, and not to allow him to want meat or drink, or he might be taught the difference between justice and injustice.

"I will show you the difference at once!" said the hard-hearted Farmer, when he had read the letter; "if you will eat, you must also work; and if you do anything wrong, you must be recompensed with blows."

The following day he set the poor Boy a hard task, which was to cut a couple of bundles of straw for fodder for the horse. "And," said the Master in a threatening tone, "I shall be back in five hours, and if the straw is not cut to chaff by that time, I will beat you till you cannot stir a limb."

With this speech the Farmer went to market with his Wife and servant, and left nothing behind for the Boy but a small piece of bread. He sat down at the machine, and began to cut the straw with all his strength, and as he became hot he drew off his coat and threw it aside on the straw. Then, in his terror lest he should not get done in time, he caught up, without noticing it, his own coat with a heap of straw, and cut it all to shreds. Too late he became aware of this misfortune, which he could not repair, and cried out, "Alas! now it is all up with me. The bad Master has not threatened in vain; when he comes back and sees what I have done, he will beat me to death. I would rather he took my life at once."

Now the Boy had once heard the Farmer's Wife say that she had set a jar of poison under her bed, but she had only said so to keep away the sweet-tooths, for, in fact, it contained honey. The Boy, however, drew it out and ate the contents, and when he had done so, he thought to himself, "Ah! people have told me that death is bitter, but it tastes sweetly to me! No wonder that the mistress should so often wish for death." So thinking, he sat down on a stool to die; but instead of growing weaker, he felt really strengthened by the nourishing food. Soon he began to think, "This can be no poison, but I recollect the Farmer once said that in his clothes-chest was a bottle of fly poison, which will certainly kill me." But this, also, was no poison, but Hungary wine. The Boy, however, fetched the bottle and drank it out, saying, "This death also tastes sweetly!" Soon the wine began to mount into his head, and to stupify him, so that he thought his death really was at hand. "I feel that I must die," he said; "I will go to the church yard and seek a grave." He reeled out of doors as he spoke, and managed to reach the churchyard, where he dropped into a fresh-opened grave, and at the same time lost all consciousness. Never again in this world did the

poor Boy awake. The fumes of the hot wine, acted upon by the cold dews of evening, took away his life, and he remained in the grave wherein he had laid himself.

By-and-by, when the Farmer received the news of the death of his servant, he was frightened, because he feared he might be taken before the Judge, and his terror was so great that he fell to the earth in a swoon. His Wife, who was turning some butter in a pan over the fire, ran to his assistance, and in a moment the grease caught fire and soon communicated with the whole house, which was burnt to ashes in a few hours.

Then the years during which the Farmer and his Wife lived afterwards were spent by them in misery and poverty.



CLXXVIII.

The True Bride.

ONCE upon a time there lived a Girl, young and pretty, who lost her Mother at an early age, and her Stepmother behaved very cruelly to her. Although she sometimes had to do work beyond her years, she was left to herself, and forced to do, unpitied, more than her strength would allow. She could not by any means touch the heart of the wicked woman, who was always discontented and unsatisfied. The more industriously she worked the more was laid upon her, and the Stepmother was always contriving how to inflict an additional burden, and make her daughter's life more intolerable.

One day the Stepmother said to the Girl, "Here are twelve pounds of quills for you to strip, and remember if you are not ready with them by this evening you will get a good beating. Do you think you are to idle all day?" The poor Girl set to work, while the tears rolled fast down her cheeks, for she saw that it was impossible to finish her work by the time. Every now and then, as the heap of feathers before her increased, she sighed and clasped her hands, and then recollecting herself, stripped the quills quicker than before. Once she put her elbows on the table, and burying her face in her hands, exclaimed, "Alas! then, is there nobody on earth who will pity me?" As she spoke she heard a soft voice reply, "Comfort yourself, my child; I am come to help you." The Girl looked up and saw an Old Woman standing by her side, who took her hand, and said to her, "Trust me and tell me what are your troubles." Encouraged by her kind voice, the Girl told the Old Woman of her sad life, how one burden was heaped upon

another until she could make no end even with the most unremitting labour. She told her also of the beating promised by her Stepmother if she did not finish the feathers that evening. Her tears began to flow again as she concluded her tale, but the Old Woman said to her, "Dry your tears and rest yourself while I go on with your work." The Girl lay down upon a bed and went to sleep; and the Old Woman sat down at the table, and made such short work with her thin fingers that the twelve pounds of feathers were soon ready. When the Girl awoke she found a great heap of snow-white feathers before her, and everything in the room put in order, but the Old Woman had disappeared. So the Girl thanked God, and waited till evening, when, the Stepmother coming into the room, was astonished to see the work finished. "Do you not see, simpleton," she cried, "what one can do when one is industrious? But was there nothing else that you could have begun, instead of sitting there with your hands in your lap?" and she went out muttering, "The Girl can eat more than bread; I must set her some harder job."

The next morning, accordingly, she called the Girl and gave her a spoon, saying, "Take this and empty the pond at the bottom of the garden with it, and mind you know what will follow if you have not finished by the evening." The Girl took the spoon and perceived that it had a hole in it, and even if there had not been she never could have emptied the pond in time. However she fell on her knees by the side of the water and began to scoop it out. Soon the Old Woman appeared again, and as soon as she heard the cause of the Girl's grief, she said to her, "Well, never mind; do you go and lie down in yon thicket, and let me do your work." The Girl did as she was bid, and the good Old Woman, when she was alone, only touched the pond and immediately all the water ascended in the form of vapour and mingled with the clouds. The pond was then

completely dry, and when the sun set, the Girl awoke, and saw nothing but the fishes skipping about in the mud. So she went and told her Stepmother she had done her work. "You ought to have been ready long ago," said she, pale with rage, and turned away to think of some fresh device.

The next morning she said to the Girl, "You must build me a fine palace in yon plain, and get it ready by the evening." The poor Maiden was terrified when she heard this, and asked, "How can I possibly complete such a work?" "I will take no refusal," screamed the Stepmother; "if you can empty a pond with a spoon with a hole in it, you can also build a palace. And I require it done to-day, and should it be wanting in one kitchen or cellar you will catch what you well deserve."

So saying, she drove the Girl out of doors, who went on till she came to the valley where the stones lay piled up; but they were all so heavy that she could not move the very smallest of them. The poor Maiden sat down and cried, but hoped still the good Old Woman would come to her assistance. In a short time she did make her appearance, and bade the Maiden go and sleep in the shade while she erected the castle for her, in which she told her she might dwell when she was happy. As soon as the Old Woman was alone she touched the stones, and immediately they raised themselves and formed the walls as if giants were building. Then the scaffolding raised itself, and it seemed as if countless hands were laying stone upon stone. The tiles were laid on in order on the roofs by invisible hands, and by noonday a large weathercock, in the shape of a figure with a turning wand, appeared on the summit of the tower. The interior of the castle was also completed by the evening,—how the Old Woman did it I know not,—but the walls of the various rooms were hung with silk and velvet, and highly ornamented chairs were also placed in them, and richly carved armchairs by marble

tables, while crystal chandeliers hung in the halls, and mirrored themselves in the smooth walls; green parrots also were there in golden cages, and many other peculiar birds, which sang charmingly; and about everything there was a magnificence as if a king were to inhabit the palace.

The sun was just about to sink when the Maiden awoke and perceived the light of a thousand lamps shining from the castle. With hasty steps she entered it through the open door, passing up a flight of steps covered with red cloth, and adorned with flowers on the gilt balustrade. As soon as she entered the room and saw its magnificence she stood aghast, and how long she might have remained so I know not, had she not thought of her Stepmother. "Ah!" said she to herself, "perhaps if she were established here she would be contented, and harass me no more." With this thought she ran to her Stepmother and pointed to the finished palace. "I will go and see it," said she, and hastened off; but as soon as she entered the hall she was forced to cover her eyes for fear of being blinded by the glare of the lamps.

"You see, now," she said to the Maiden, "how easily it is done; I wish I had set you something harder to do!" and then, going into every room, she peered about in all corners to find out something that was wanting, but she could not. "Now we will go up stairs," said she with an envious look at the Maiden; "I must also inspect the kitchens and cellars, and if there is anything forgotten you shall suffer for it." There was the fire, however, burning on the hearth, the meat cooking in the pots, nippers and scales hanging on the wall, and the bright copper utensils ranged in rows. Nothing was wanting, not even the coal-scuttle or the water-pails! "Where is the door to the cellar?" exclaimed the Old Woman, after she had looked all round. "I warn you; you will catch it, if it is not well filled with wine-casks!" So saying, she raised the

trap-door herself and went down the steps, but, before she had got down very far the heavy door fell upon her. The Maiden heard a cry, and raised the door up as quickly as she could to render assistance, but before she reached the bottom of the stairs she found the Old Woman lying dead upon them. The noble castle belonged now to the Maiden, who dwelt there all alone, and felt quite bewildered with her good fortune. For in every closet the most beautiful dresses were hung upon the walls, with their trains powdered with gold and silver, or with pearls and precious stones; and, moreover, she had not a wish which was not immediately fulfilled. Soon the fame of her beauty and riches went abroad through the whole world, and every day suitors introduced themselves to her presence, but none of them pleased her. At length, however, came a young Prince, who touched her heart, and to whom she betrothed herself. Now, in the castle garden stood a green linden tree, under which they were one day sitting engaged in conversation. "I will go home and obtain my father's consent to our marriage," said the young Prince to his companion; "wait here for me under this tree, for I shall be back in a few hours." The Maiden kissed him first on his left cheek, and said, "Keep true to me, and let nobody kiss you on this cheek, till you return. I will wait for you here."

So she remained under the tree until the sun went down, but the Prince did not return; and, although she waited three days afterwards, from morning till evening, he came not. When the fourth day passed with the same result, the Maiden thought that some misfortune had fallen upon him, and she resolved to go out and search for him till she found him. So she packed up three of her most beautiful dresses: the one powdered with stars of gold, the second with silver moons, and the third with golden suns; she took also a handful of jewels in a handkerchief, and,

thus furnished, began her travels. At every place she came to she inquired after her betrothed lover, but nobody had seen him or knew him. So she wandered on, far and wide over the world, but with no result, and at last, in despair, she hired herself to a farmer as a Shepherdess, and concealed her clothes and jewels under a stone.

Thus she lived for a couple of years tending her flocks in sadness, and ever thinking of her beloved Prince. At this time she possessed a calf which would feed out of her hands, and if she said to it the following rhyme it would kneel down while she stroked it:

"Little calf, little calf, kneel you down,
Forget not your Mistress, deary!
Like the King's son who his sweetheart left
Under the linden, dreary."

When two years had passed, a report was spread everywhere, that the King's daughter was about to be married. Now, the road to the city passed through the village where the Maiden dwelt, and so it happened that one day, as she was watching her flocks, the Bridegroom of the Princess passed by. He was sitting proudly upon his horse and did not observe the Shepherdess, who recognised him at once as her former lover. The shock was, as it were, like a sharp knife thrust into her heart. "Alas!" she cried, "I thought he was true to me, but he has, indeed, forgotten me."

The next day he rode by her again: as he passed she sung—

"Little calf, little calf, kneel you down—
Forget not your Mistress, deary!
Like the King's son who his sweetheart left
Under the linden, dreary."

The Prince looked round when he heard the voice, and stopped his horse. He looked earnestly at the face of the Shepherdess, and pressed his hand to his forehead as if

trying to recollect something; but in a minute or two, he rode on and disappeared. "Alas! alas!" cried the Maiden, "he knows me no longer!"

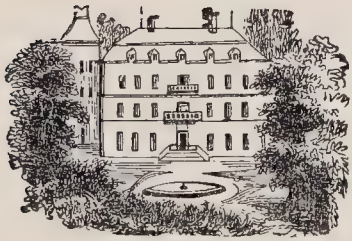
Soon after this occurrence, a great festival of three days duration was appointed to be held at the royal court, and all the King's subjects were invited to it. "Now I will make a last trial," thought the Maiden; and on the evening of the first day, she went to the stone under which she had buried her treasures. She drew out the dress adorned with the golden suns, and, putting it on, bedecked herself also with the jewels. Her hair, which till now she had hidden under a cap, she allowed to fall down in its natural curls, and, thus apparelled, she went to the city unperceived in the dusky twilight. As soon, however, as she entered the well lighted ball-room all were struck with her beauty, but nobody knew who she was. The Prince went up to her but did not recognise her; and after he had danced with her, her manners so enchanted him that he altogether slighted the other bride. As soon as the ball was over, she disappeared in the crowd, and, hastening back to the village, put on her shepherd's dress before the day broke.

The second evening she took out the dress with the silver moons, and adorned her hair with a crescent of precious stones. As soon as she appeared in the ball-room all eyes were turned on her, and the Prince, intoxicated with love, danced with her alone, quite forgetful of any other person. Before she went away he made her promise to come again on the following evening.

When she thus appeared for the third time, she wore her star dress, which glittered with every step she took, not to mention her girdle and head-dress, which were stars of diamonds. The Prince took her arm as soon as she entered the room, and asked who she was, "for," said he, "it seems to me as if I had known you before."

"Have you forgotten what I did when you parted from

me?" asked the Maiden, at the same time kissing him on his left cheek. As soon as she did this, a mist, as it were, fell from his eyes, and he recognised his true Bride. "Come," he said, "I must remain here no longer;" and taking her by the hand he led her out to his carriage. As if the wind were pulling, the horses galloped to the wonderful castle, whose windows were already lighted up, and shone to a long distance. As the carriage passed beneath the linden-tree innumerable glow-worms swarmed among the boughs, so that the leaves were shaken and sent down their fragrance. On the castle steps bloomed the flowers, and from the aviaries came the songs of many rare birds! but in the hall the whole court stood assembled, and the priests to celebrate the marriage of the young Prince and the True Bride.



CLXXIX.

The Hare and the Hedgehog.

THIS tale, my young readers, will seem to you to be quite false; but still it *must* be true, for my Grandfather, who used to tell it to me, would wind up by saying, "All this is true, my son, else it would never have been told to me!" The tale runs thus:—

It was a fine summer's morning just before harvest-time; the buck-wheat was in flower, and the sun was shining brightly in the heaven above; a breeze was blowing over the fields, where the larks were singing; and along the paths the people were going to church dressed in their best. Every creature seemed contented, even the Hedgehog, who stood before his door singing as he best could a joyful song in praise of the fine morning. In-doors, meanwhile, his Wife was washing and drying the kitchen, before going into the fields for a walk to see how the crops were getting on. She was such a long while, however, about her work, that Mr. Hedgehog would wait no longer, and trotted off by himself. He had not walked any very long distance before he came to a small thicket, near a field of cabbages; and there he espied a Hare, who he guessed had come on a similar errand to himself; namely, to devour a few fine heads. As soon as Mr. Hedgehog saw the Hare he wished him a good morning; but the latter, who was in his way a high-minded creature, turned a very fierce and naughty look upon the Hedgehog, and made no reply to his greeting. He asked, instead, in a very majestic tone, how he came to be walking abroad at such an early hour. "I am taking a walk," replied the Hedgehog. "A walk!" re-

peated the Hare in an ironical tone, "methinks you might employ your legs about something better!"

This answer vexed the Hedgehog most dreadfully, for he could have borne anything better than to be quizzed about his legs, because they were naturally short and from no fault of his own. However, he said to the Hare, "Well, you need not be so proud; pray what can you do with those legs of yours?" "That is my affair," replied the Hare. "I expect, if you would venture a trial, that I should beat you in a race," said the Hedgehog.

"You are laughing! you, with your short legs!" said the Hare contemptuously. "But still, since you have such a particular wish, I have no objection to try. What shall the wager be?"

"A gold louis-d'or and a bottle of brandy," replied the Hedgehog.

"Done!" said the Hare, "and it may as well come off at once."

"No! not in such great haste if you please," said the Hedgehog; "I am not quite ready yet; I must first go home and freshen up a bit. Within half-an-hour I will return to this place."

Thereupon the Hedgehog hurried off, leaving the Hare very merry. On his way home, the former thought to himself, "Mr. Hare is very haughty and highminded, but withal he is very stupid; and although he thinks to beat me with his long legs, I will find a way to defeat him." So, as soon as the Hedgehog reached home, he told his Wife to dress herself at once to go into the field with him.

"What is the matter?" asked his Wife.

"I have made a wager with the Hare, for a louis-d'or and a bottle of brandy, to run a race with him, and you must be witness."

"My goodness, man! are you in your senses?" said

the Wife; "do you know what you are about. How can you expect to run as fast as the Hare?"

"Hold your tongue, Wife! that is my affair. Don't you reason about men's business. March, and get ready to come with me."

As soon then as the Hedgehog's Wife was ready they set out together; and on the way he said, "Now attend to what I say. On the long field yonder, we shall decide our bet. The Hare is to run on one side of the hedge and I on the other, and so all you have to do is to stop at one end of the hedge, and then when the Hare arrives on the other side at the same point, you must call out, 'I am here already.'"

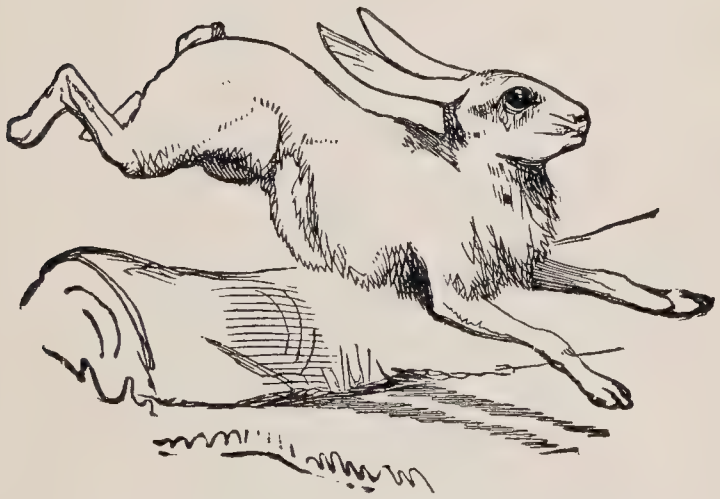
They soon came to the fields and the Hedgehog stationed himself at one end of the hedge, and his Wife at the other end; and as soon as they had taken their places the Hare arrived. "Are you ready to start?" asked the Hare. "Yes," answered the Hedgehog, and each took his place. "Off once, off twice, three times and off!" cried the Hare, and ran up the field like a whirlwind; while the Hedgehog only took three steps and then returned to his place.

The Hare soon arrived at his goal as he ran all the way at top-speed; but before he could reach it, the Hedgehog's Wife on the other side called out, "I am here already!" The Hare was thunderstruck to hear this said, for he thought it was really his opponent, since there was no difference in the appearance of the Hedgehog and his Wife. "This will not do!" thought the Hare to himself; but presently he called out, "Once, twice, and off again;" and away he went as fast as possible, leaving the Hedgehog quietly sitting in her place. "I am here before you," cried Mr. Hedgehog as soon as the Hare approached. "What! again?" exclaimed the Hare in a rage; and added, "Will you dare another trial." "Oh! as many as you like; do

not be afraid on my account," said Mr. Hedgehog courteously.

So the Hare then ran backwards and forwards three and seventy times; but each time the Hedgehogs had the advantage of him, for either Mr. or Mrs. shouted before he could reach the goal, "Here I am already!"

The four and seventieth time, the Hare was unable to run any more. In the middle of the course he stopped and dropped down quite exhausted, and there he lay motionless for some time. But the Hedgehog took the louis-d'or and bottle of brandy which he had won, and went composedly home with his Wife.



CLXXX.

The Spindle, the Shuttle, and the Needle.

THERE was once upon a time a little Girl whose father and mother died when she was quite young. At the end of the village where she lived, her Godmother dwelt in a small cottage, maintaining herself by spinning, weaving, and sewing, and she took the poor child to maintain, teaching her to work and educating her piously. Just when the Girl had reached the age of fifteen, the Godmother fell ill, and calling her to her bedside said to her, "My dear daughter, I feel my end approaching. I leave you this cottage, where you will be protected from wind and weather, and also this Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle, with which you may earn your living." With these words she laid her hands on the Girl's head and blessed her, saying, "So long as you remember God, everything will prosper with you." Soon afterwards the good Godmother closed her eyes in death, and when she was carried to the grave, the poor Maiden followed the coffin, weeping bitterly, to pay her the last respect.

The little Girl now lived alone in her cottage, industriously spinning, weaving, and sewing, and upon everything that she did rested the blessing of God. It seemed as if the flax in her room increased by itself; and when she wove a piece of cloth or tapestry, or hemmed a shirt, she always found a purchaser readily, who paid her so handsomely, that she had enough for herself and could spare a little for others who were poorer.

Now about this time the Son of the King of this country was looking about him for a bride, and as he was not

allowed to marry a poor wife, he would not have a rich one. So he said, "She shall be my bride who is at once the richest and the poorest!" When he came to the village where the Maiden dwelt, he asked, as was his custom, who was the richest and poorest maiden in the place. The people first named the richest, and then told him that the poorest was the Maiden who dwelt in the cottage at the end of the village. The young Prince therefore went first to the rich Maiden, and found her sitting before her door in full dress; but as soon as she saw him approaching, she got up and made him a very low curtsey. He looked at her once, and then, without speaking a word, rode away to the house of the poor Maiden, whom he found not standing at the door, but sitting in her kitchen. He stopped his horse, and, looking through the window into the kitchen, perceived how brightly the sun shone into it and how industriously the girl herself was engaged at her Spinning-wheel. She looked up, but as soon as she saw the Prince peeping at her, she blushed as red as a rose, and looked down again, industriously turning her wheel round. Whether the thread just then was quite even or not, I know not, but she spun on till the Prince rode away. Then she stepped to the window and opened it, saying, "It is so hot in this kitchen!" but she remained at the window looking out as long as she could see the white feathers upon the Prince's hat.

After this she sat down again to her work, and presently a sentence came into her head which her Godmother had oftentimes repeated whilst she was working. She sung:—

"Spindle, Spindle, out with you,
And bring a wooer home.

Scarcely had she spoken the words when the Spindle sprang from her hands and out of the door, and as she sprang up and looked after it, she saw it merrily dancing along, over the field, leaving a golden thread behind it.

In a short time it was out of sight, and then the Maiden, having no other Spindle, took the Shuttle in her hand and began to weave.

Meanwhile the Spindle still danced on, and as the thread came to an end it reached the King's Son. "What do I see?" exclaimed he; "the Spindle showing me the way?" and turning his horse's head round, he rode back guided by the golden thread. At the same time the Girl sitting at work, sang:—

"Shuttle, Shuttle, out with you,
And bring a wooer home."

Immediately it sprang out of her hands and through the door, before which it began to weave a carpet more beautiful than was ever before seen. On both borders were represented roses and lilies blooming, and in the middle, on a golden ground, green vine-branches; hares and rabbits, too, were represented jumping about, and fawns and does rubbing their heads against trees, on whose boughs were sitting pretty birds, who wanted nothing but the gift of song. And all this pattern the Shuttle wove so quickly that it seemed to grow by itself.

But, because the Shuttle had run away, the Maiden sat down to her sewing: and while she stitched her work she sang:—

"Needle, Needle, sharp and fine,
Fit the house for wooer mine."

As soon as she had said this, the Needle flew out of her fingers, and sprang all about the room like a flash of lightning. It seemed as if invisible spirits were at work, for in a few minutes the table and bench were covered with green cloths, the chairs with velvet, and on the walls were hung silken curtains. And scarcely had the Needle put the last stitch to them when the Maiden saw through the window the white feathers on the hat of the Prince, who was com-

ing towards her cottage drawn by the golden thread of the Spindle. As soon as he approached the door he dismounted, and walked upon the carpet into the cottage, and as soon as he entered the room there stood the Maiden in her shabby clothes glowing like a rose in a bush.

"You are the poorest, and yet the richest Maiden," said the Prince to her; "come with me, and you shall be my Bride."

She said nothing, but held out her hand, which the Prince took, and giving her a kiss he led her out of the cottage and seated her behind him on his horse. He took her to the King's castle, where the wedding was performed with great magnificence, and afterwards the Spindle, the Shuttle, and the Needle were placed in the treasure-chamber, and held in great esteem.



CLXXXI.

The Countryman and the Evil Spirit.

ONCE there lived a bold and cunning Countryman, whose tricks are too numerous to be told entire; but one of the best tales is that, showing how he managed to over-reach an Evil Spirit and make a fool of him.

It was growing quite dusky one day, when, having ploughed over his fields, he was preparing to return home. Just then he perceived in the middle of his field a heap of red-hot coals, and as he approached it, full of wonder, he observed a little Black Spirit sitting on the top. "You are sitting upon some treasure?" said the Countryman inquiringly. "Yes, indeed," replied the Spirit; "a treasure containing more gold and silver than you ever saw in your life."

"Then the treasure belongs to me, because it lies on my field," said the Countryman boldly.

"It shall be thine," replied the Spirit, "if you give me for the next two years half of the produce of your land. Of gold I have more than enough, and I wish for some of the fruits of the earth."

To this bargain the Countryman agreed; but first stipulated that to avoid dispute in the division of the produce, what was above ground should belong to the Spirit and what was beneath the surface to himself. To this the Spirit readily consented, but the crafty Countryman sowed turnip seed. So when the harvest time arrived the Spirit appeared to claim his fruits; but he found nothing but withered yellow stalks, while the Countryman contentedly dug up his turnips. "For once you have got the advantage of me," exclaimed the angry Spirit, "but it shall not

happen so again; mine is what grows above the ground and yours what grows below it." "Very well, I am satisfied," said the Countryman; and when sowing time came round he put maize-seed in the ground instead of turnips. The corn ripened in due course, and then the Spirit appeared to fetch away his crops. Just before he came the Countryman had cut and carried all his corn, and so when the Evil Spirit arrived he found nothing else but stubble, and thereupon he hurried off in a terrible rage. "So must one toss foxes in blankets!" cried the Countryman when the Evil Spirit was gone, and went and fetched the treasure.



CLXXXII.

The Robber and his Sons.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a forest a Robber and his band, who concealed themselves in caves and clefts of rocks; and when any princes, nobles, or rich merchants passed near them, they started out and robbed them of their money and other property. But in course of time the head Robber grew old; and then he took an aversion to his employment, and repented of the many bad actions he had done. He determined, therefore, to lead a better life, like an honest man, doing good wherever he could. People wondered to see him change so quickly, but they were nevertheless glad of it. Now he had three Sons, whom, when they were grown up, he called to him, and bade them choose what trade or profession they would be, that they might earn their living honestly. The Sons consulted with one another, and then answered, "The apple falls not far from its tree; we will maintain ourselves as you did, we will become Robbers. A business whereat we must work from morning till night, and yet have a scanty living and little gains, does not please us at all."

"Alas! my dear children," replied the Father, "why will you not live quietly, and be content with little? Honest gains last the longest. Robbery is a wicked and godless trade, which leads to bad endings; in the riches which you may acquire you will have no peace, for that I know from my own experience. I tell you again it has an evil ending; the jug is taken once too often to the well, and gets broken; you will be caught at last and hung on the gallows."

His Sons, however, paid no attention to his warnings,

but remained unconvinced. So the three youths resolved to make a trial, and because they knew that the Queen had a fine horse, of great value, in her stables, they determined to steal it. They were aware that the horse ate no other fodder than a tender kind of grass, which grew in a certain moist wood. Thither they went and cut some of this grass, which they made into a large bundle, and in the middle thereof the two elder brothers hid the younger one so cleverly that he could not be seen. This bundle they carried to the market, and the Queen's stable-keeper purchased it, caused it to be carried to the stable of the horse, and there thrown down. As soon as midnight came and everybody was fast asleep, the boy made his way out of the bundle of grass, and, untying the horse, bridled it with its golden bridle, and laid across it the cloth picked out with gold, which formed the saddle, and the bells which hung from it he stopped with wax, that they might not make any sound. This done he opened the stable door and rode away in great haste back to his brothers. The watchmen in the town, however, remarked the thief, and pursued him; and catching him together with his brothers, they took all three prisoners, and carried them off to gaol.

The next morning they were taken before the Queen; and when she saw how young they were she made inquiries about their parentage, and learnt that they were the three sons of the old Robber who had changed his mode of life, and was now living an obedient subject. She caused them to be taken back to prison, and asked the Father if he would release his Sons. The Old Man said, "My Sons are not worthy of a penny being spent to release them."

"You are a well-known and notable Robber," replied the Queen to him; "tell me the most remarkable adventure which you have met with in your life, and I will release your Sons."

Thus bidden, the old Robber replied, "My lady Queen,

hear my tale of an occurrence which frightened me more than fire or water. While travelling about, I learnt that in a wild wooded ravine between two hills, twenty miles distant from any human habitation, there dwelt a Giant in possession of an immense treasure of many thousand pieces of gold and silver. So I selected from my companions as many as a hundred men, and we set out together to the place. It was a long and toilsome road among rocks and precipices, and when we came to the spot, to our great joy we did not find the Giant at home, so we took as much as we could carry of the gold and silver. Just as we were making our way home with this treasure, and fancied ourselves quite safe, we were unawares surrounded and taken prisoners by the Giant, who was accompanied by ten others. They divided us amongst them, each taking ten, and I with nine others fell to the lot of the Giant from whom we had taken the treasure. He bound our hands behind our backs and carried us like sheep to a rocky cave, and when we offered to ransom ourselves with money or property, he replied, 'I do not want your treasures; I shall keep you and devour you, for that is what I reckon upon.' So saying, he felt of us all, and, singling out one, said, 'This one is the fattest of you all, and I will make a beginning with him.' Then he struck him down, and putting his flesh in morsels into a kettle full of water, he set it on the fire till it was boiled through, and afterwards made his meal of it. Thus every day he devoured one of us, and because I was the leanest I was the last. So when my nine companions were devoured I bethought myself of a stratagem to escape my turn, and at lengh I said to the Giant, 'I see you have bad eyes, and suffer with pain in your face; I am a physician, and well experienced in my profession, and therefore if you will spare my life I will heal your eyes.'

"He promised me my life if I were able to do what I said, and gave me everything that I asked for. I put oil

in a vessel and mixed in with sulphur, pitch, salt, arsenic, and other destructive ingredients, and then I put it over the fire, as if I were preparing a plaster for his eyes. As soon then as the oil boiled I caused the Giant to lie down, and I then poured over his eyes, head, and body the whole contents of the vessel, so that he fully lost his sight and the whole skin of his body, was blistered and burnt. With a fearful howl he jumped up, threw himself then on the ground again, and wallowed here and there, uttering dreadful cries, and roaring like a bull or lion. Then again, springing up in his rage, he caught up a large club which was lying on the ground, and ran all over the cave striking now against the floor and then on the walls, thinking each time to hit me. I could not escape, for the cave was everywhere surrounded with high walls, and the doors were closed with iron bolts. I jumped from one corner to the other, and at last, because I knew not what else to do, I mounted by a ladder to the roof and hung thereon by both hands. There I remained a day and a night, and then, because I could bear it no longer, I climbed down again and mixed with the sheep. There I was obliged to be very active and always run between the Giant's legs with the flock that he might not notice me. At length, I found in one corner of the sheepfold a ram's skin, and managed to draw it on so well that the beast's horns came where my head was. Now the Giant was accustomed when the sheep were going to the meadows to make them run between his legs, by which means he counted them, and also picked out the fattest one, whom he caught and cooked for his dinner. On this occasion I thought I should easily escape by pressing through his legs as the sheep did; but he caught me, and finding me heavy, said, 'You are fat, and shall fill my belly to-day.' I gave one leap and sprang out of his hands, but he caught me again. I escaped a second time but he caught me again; and seven times I

thus alternately eluded and fell into his grasp. Then he flew into a passion, and said to me, 'You may run away, and may the wolves devour you, for you have fooled me enough!' As soon as I was outside the cave I threw off the skin which disguised me, and shouted in a mocking tone to him that I had escaped him in spite of all. While I did so he drew a ring from his finger and held it out to me, saying, 'Take this ring as a pledge from me; you have well deserved it. It would not be becoming either, that so crafty and clever a man should go unrewarded by me.' I took the gold ring and put it on my finger, not knowing that it was enchanted, and that it compelled me to utter, whether I wished or not, the words 'Here I am, here I am.' In consequence of this the Giant was made aware where I was, and pursued me into the forest. But there, because he was blind, he ran every moment against some roots or trunks of trees, and fell down like an immense rock. Each time, however, he quickly raised himself, and, as he had such long legs, and could make such enormous strides, he gained on me very soon, while I still cried, without cessation, 'Here I am! Here I am!' I was well aware that the ring was the cause of my exclamations, and I tried to draw it off but without success. At last, as there was no other resource, I bit off my finger with my own teeth, and, at the same time, I ceased to cry 'Here I am!' and so luckily escaped the Giant. Certainly I thus lost one of my fingers, but I preserved my life by doing so."

Here the Robber broke off and said to the Queen, "Madam, if it please you, I have told you this adventure to ransom one of my Sons; and now, to liberate the second I will narrate what further happened to me:—

"As soon as I had escaped from the Giant, I wandered about the wilderness totally unable to tell which way to turn. I climbed to the tops of the firs and up all the hills, but wherever I looked, far and wide, there was no house,

nor field, nor a single trace of a human habitation: the whole country was one terrible wilderness. From mountains, which reached up to heaven, I reached valleys which were only to be compared with abysses. I encountered lions, bears, buffalos, zebras, poisonous snakes, and fearful reptiles: I saw two wild uncouth men, people with horns and beaks, so frightful, that I shudder even now when I think of them. I hurried on and on, impelled by hunger and thirst, though I feared every minute I should sink with exhaustion. At last, just as the sun was going down, I came to a high mountain, from whence I saw, in a deserted valley, a column of smoke rising, as it were, from a baker's oven. I ran out as quickly as I could down the mountain in the direction of the smoke, and when I got below I saw three dead men hanging on the bough of a tree. The sight terrified me, for I supposed I had fallen into the power of some other Giant, and I feared for my life. However, taking courage, I went on, and soon came to a cottage whose door stood wide open; and by the fire, on the hearth, sat a woman with her child. I entered, greeted her, and asked her why she sat there alone, and where her husband was; I asked, too, if it were far from any human habitation. She told me, in reply, that any country where there were men's dwellings was at a very great distance; and she related, with tears in her eyes how, on the previous night, the wild men of the wood had entered her house and stole her away with her child from the side of her husband, and carried her to this wilderness. She said, too, that that morning the monsters, before going out, had commanded her to kill and dress her own child, that they might devour it on their return. As soon as I had heard this tale I felt great pity for the poor woman and her child, and resolved to rescue them from their situation. So I ran away to the tree, on which hung the three thieves, and, taking down the middle one, who was the stoutest, carried him

into the house. I cut him in pieces and told the woman to give them to the robbers to eat. Her child I concealed in a hollow tree, and then I hid myself behind the house, where I could see when the wild men arrived, and if it were necessary, hasten to the relief of the woman. As soon as the sun set, the three Giants came down from the mountain; they were fearful objects to look at, being similar to apes in their stature and figure. They were dragging behind them a dead body, but I could not see what it was. As soon as they entered the house, they lighted a large fire, and, tearing the body to pieces with their teeth, devoured it uncooked. After that they took the kettle, in which was cooked the flesh of the thief, off the fire, and divided the pieces among them for their supper. As soon as they had done, one of them, who appeared to be the head, asked the woman if what they had eaten were the flesh of her child. She said 'Yes.' And then the monster said, 'I believe that you have concealed your child, and given us to eat one of the thieves off the tree.' So saying, he told his companions to run off and bring him a piece of the flesh of each of the three thieves that he might assure himself they were all there. As soon as I heard this I ran and hung myself by my hands between the two thieves on the rope which had been round the neck of the third. When the monsters came, they cut a piece of flesh from the side of each of us, and I endured the pain without suffering any cry to escape me. I have even now the scar for a witness of the truth of the tale."

Here the Robber again ceased, and told the Queen that what he had said was intended as a ransom for his second Son, and for the third, he would narrate the conclusion of his tale. Then he went on thus:—

"As soon as the wild people had gone away with these three pieces of flesh, I let myself down again and bound up my wound as well as I could with strips of my shirt,

but I could not stop the blood, which streamed down me still. I paid no attention to that, however, but kept thinking still how to perform my promise of saving the woman and her child. I hastened back, therefore, to my concealment, and listened to what was passing in the cottage. I could scarcely keep my attention fixed, however, for I felt so much pain from my wound, and, besides, I was quite worn out with hunger and thirst. I observed, nevertheless, the Giant trying the three pieces of flesh which were brought to him, and when he took up the third, which was mine, he exclaimed to his three comrades, 'Run at once and fetch me the middle thief, for his flesh seems to me the best flavoured!' As soon as I heard this I hurried to the gallows and suspended myself again by the rope between the two thieves. Soon the monsters came, and pulling me down, dragged me over the thorns and stones to the house, where they threw me on the floor. Then, sharpening their knives, they prepared to slay and devour me, but just as they were about to begin, there suddenly rolled such a clap of thunder, accompanied by lightning, over the house, that the monsters themselves trembled and paused in their work. The thunder and lightning continued and the rain fell in torrents, while the wind blew as if the whole cottage would be swept away. In the midst of the noise and confusion the monsters fled out of the cottage through the window and roof and left me lying on the ground. The storm lasted for three hours and then daylight appeared, and soon the sun shone out. I got up, and seeking the woman and her child, we left the ruined hut, and for fourteen days wandered about the wilderness, subsisting on nothing but roots, herbs, and berries, which grew on our path. At length we arrived in a civilized country, and I found the husband of the wife, whose joy we may easily imagine on the return of his wife and child."

Here the Robber ended his tale, and as soon as he had concluded, the Queen said to him, "You have atoned for much evil by your restoration of this poor woman to her husband, and, therefore, I now liberate your three sons."



CLXXXIII.

The Master-Thief.

AN old Man and his Wife were many years ago sitting one day before their miserable hut, resting for a while from their work. All at once a handsome carriage, drawn by four black steeds, drew up at the door, and out of it stepped a well-dressed Man. The Peasant got up and asked the seeming Lord what he wanted, and how he could serve him. The stranger, offering his hand to the Peasant, said, "I desire nothing more than to enjoy a homely repast with you. Cook some potatoes in your usual fashion, and when they are ready I will sit down at your table and eat them."

The Peasant laughed, and replied, "You are some Count, or Prince, or perhaps some Arch-Duke; distinguished lords like you have often such fancies; but your will shall be done."

The Peasant's Wife thereupon went into the kitchen, and began to wash the potatoes, peel them, and make them into dumplings, as they were used to prepare them. While she thus proceeded with her work, the Peasant invited the Lord to come and look round his garden, which yet yielded a little produce. Now, in the garden he had dug holes in order to set trees.

"Have you no children to help you in your work?" asked the Stranger.

"No!" replied the Peasant; "but I once had a son, but he wandered out in the world a long while ago. He was a wild youth, and very spirited, and so, instead of learning anything, he was always up to some tricks; at last he ran away from me, and I have heard nothing of him since."

As the Man spoke he took a young tree, and placing it in one of the holes, planted a pole beside it. Then as he filled in the soil, and pressed it down, he tied the stem at the bottom, middle, and top to the pole, with a straw band.

"But tell me," suddenly said the Stranger, "why you do not bind the crooked, knotty stem, in yon corner, which is almost bent to the ground, likewise to a pole that it may grow straight?"

"My Lord," replied the Peasant, with a laugh, "you talk as you know; one may easily see that you understand nothing of gardening. Yon tree is old and knotted by age, and nobody could make it straight again. Trees should be trained while they are young." "So it is with your son," said the Stranger; "had you trained him when he was young in right ways, he would not have run away; now, he will also grow hardened and knotted."

"Truly, it is long since he went away," replied the old Man, "but perhaps he is changed."

"Would you know him again if he came back?" asked the Stranger abruptly.

"Not by his face, indeed," replied the Peasant; "but he has a mark upon him, a mole upon his shoulder as large as a bean."

At these words the Stranger drew off his coat, and, baring his shoulder, showed the father the mole.

"You are indeed my son," said the old Man, and all his love returned for his child; "but yet, how can you be my son; you have become a great lord, rolling in riches and abundance; by what path have you arrived at this?"

"Alas! my Father," replied the Son, "the young tree was bound to no pole, and grew crooked; now is it too old to become straight again. How have I gained this, you ask; I have been a Thief. But do not be frightened; I am a Master-Thief. Neither locks nor bolts avail against me; whatever I wish for is mine. Think not that

I steal like a common thief; no, I only take from the abundance of the rich. The poor are safe, for I rather give to them than take from them. So also I touch not what I can obtain without craft or skill."

"Alas! my son," replied the old Man, "I can have no pleasure in this; a thief is a thief, whether clever or not, and I warn you comes not to any good end." So saying he led him to his Mother, and when she heard that he was her son she wept for joy, but when she was also told that he had become a thief, two rivers, as it were, of tears flowed from her eyes. At length she said, "He is still my son, although become a Master-Thief, and mine eyes have seen him once more."

The three then sat down to table, and he ate again with his parents the coarse fare which he had not tasted for so long. During the meal the old Peasant said to his son, "If our master the Count of the castle above there, knew who you were, and what you were doing, he would not, methinks, take you in his arms and rock you, as he once did at your christening: he would rather cause you to be hung on the gallows."

"Do not be afraid, my dear Father, he will do nothing to me; I understand my trade too well. To-day even I will go to him."

So when it was evening the Master-Thief got into his carriage and drove to the castle, where the Count received him with courtesy, because he took him for some noble personage. But when the stranger disclosed his real character, the Count turned pale, and sat in silence for some time. At last he said, "Since you are my godson I will forego justice for mercy, and show forbearance to you. But because you profess to be a Master-Thief, I will put your art to the proof, and if then you fail, you must keep your wedding with the hangman's daughter, and the cawing of the rooks shall be the music to celebrate it."

"My lord Count," replied the Master-Thief, "think of three as difficult tasks as you can, and if I do not fulfil my pretensions do with me as you will."

The Count considered for some minutes, and then said, 'For the first task you shall steal out of its stable my favourite horse; for the second, you shall take away from my wife and me, when we are asleep, the counterpane under which we lie, without our knowledge, and also the ring off my wife's finger. For the third and last task, you shall steal out of the church the parson and the clerk. Now mark all this well, for your neck depends upon its due performance."

Thereupon the Master-Thief went to the nearest town and there purchased the old clothes of a country-wife and put them on. Then he dyed his face a deep brown, and fashioned wrinkles on it, so that nobody could have recognised him. Lastly, he filled a small cask with old Hungary wine, in which he mixed a powerful sleeping drug. Then, laying the cask in a basket which he carried upon his shoulder, he walked with wavering and tottering steps to the castle of the Count. It was quite dark when he arrived there, and so, sitting down upon a stone in the courtyard, he began to cough like an asthmatic old woman, and rubbed his hands together as if they were cold. Now before the door of the stables Soldiers were lying round a fire, and one of them remarking the old Woman called to her to come nearer and warm herself. The seeming old Woman trotted up to the group, and taking her basket from her head, sat down near them. "What have you got in your basket, old Woman?" cried one. "A good taste of wine," she replied; "I maintain myself by trading with it; for some money and your fair words I will give you a glassful." "Come along, then," returned the Soldier; but as soon as he drunk what was given him, he said, "Ah! this wine is very good, I would rather have two glasses than

one!" and so he took a second glass, and then his comrades followed his example.

"Holloa, there!" exclaimed one of the Soldiers, to another inside in the stable, "Here is an old Woman with some wine so good, that it will warm your chest more than all the fire." As he spoke she carried her cask into the stable, and saw there three Soldiers; one of whom sat on the saddled horse. Another had the bridle in his hand, and a third held on by the tail. The old Woman served out to them the wine as long as it lasted, and then its effects began to show themselves. He who held the bridle let it drop from his hand, and sinking to the ground soon began to snore; the other let go the tail and fell asleep, snoring louder than the other; and the soldier who was sitting on the horse bent his head upon its neck, and so fell asleep, and snored like the noise of a smith's bellows. The Soldiers outside, also, had long before fallen asleep, and were lying motionless as stones round their fire. When the Master-Thief saw himself so far favoured, he gave to him who had held the bridle a rope in his hand, and to the other who had held the tail a wisp of straw; but what to do with him who still sat on the horse's back puzzled him. He could not throw him off, for that would have awakened him, and he would have called for help, so he was obliged to adopt a stratagem. He unbuckled the saddle-girths, and knotted fast to the saddle a couple of ropes, which passed through rings in the wall. This done he drew the sleeping rider, saddle and all, up in the air, and then made the ropes secure to the posts of the stable. He next unchained the horse, but before he led him over the stone floor of the yard, he wrapped his hoofs round with old rags, so that they might not make any noise which could awaken the watchers. Then he led his prize out cautiously, and swinging himself upon its back rode off in haste.

As soon as day broke the Master-Thief returned to the

castle, mounted on the stolen steed. The Count was up already, and looking out of his window.

"Good morning, sir Count," said the Thief; "here is your horse, which I have luckily taken from its stable. Look around and see your soldiers lying in the yard fast asleep; and if you go into the stable you will find them equally well occupied there."

The Count was forced to laugh, and said, "Well, for once you have succeeded; but this second time you will not come off so easily. And I warn you, if you meet me as a Thief, I shall treat you as a Thief."

By-and-by night came, and the Countess went to bed, with her wedding-ring held fast in her closed hand. "All the doors are locked and bolted," said the Count, "and I shall keep awake and watch for this Thief, that, if he makes his appearance at the window I may shoot him."

The Master-Thief, however, went in the dark to the gallows, and, cutting down from the rope a poor criminal who had been hung there that day, carried him on his back to the castle. There he placed a ladder up to the sleeping-chamber of the Count, and, hoisting the dead man upon his shoulders, began to mount. As soon as he had got so high that the head of the dead man was on a level with the window, the Count, concealed by the curtain, pointed a pistol at it and fired. Immediately the Master-Thief pitched the corpse over, and then rapidly descending the ladder, concealed himself in a corner. The night was bright, with a clear moonshine, and the Master-Thief plainly saw the Count descend the ladder, and bear the dead man away into the garden, where he began to dig a hole in which to bury him. "Now is the lucky moment!" said the Thief to himself; and slipping from his hiding-place, he ran up the ladder, and entered the sleeping-room. "Dear wife," he began, imitating the Count's voice, "the Thief is dead, but he is nevertheless my godson, and more of a rogue

than a criminal; I do not wish, therefore, to put his family to shame, for I pity his poor parents. I wish, therefore, before daybreak, to bury him in the garden, that the affair may be kept quiet. Give me the bed-covering, that I may wrap his body in it and bury him decently."

The Countess gave him the counterpane readily, and as she did so, the Thief continued, "Do you know I have a fit of magnanimity; give me your ring; since this unfortunate fellow has perilled his life for it, I will bury it with him."

The Countess did not wish to disoblige the Count, and so, drawing off her ring, though unwillingly, she handed it to him. Thereupon the Thief made off with both his prizes, and luckily reached his home before the Count had finished his grave-digging.

You may fancy what a long face the Count pulled the next morning when the Master-Thief brought him the bed-covering and the ring. "Are you a wizard?" he said to him: "who has fetched you out of the grave, in which I myself laid you, and who has brought you to life again?"

"You did not bury me," replied the Thief, "but a poor criminal from the gallows;" and then he related circumstantially all that had occurred, so that the Count was compelled to believe that he was a clever and crafty fellow.

"But your tasks are not ended yet," said the Count; "you have still the third to do, and if you do not manage that all your former work will be useless."

The Master-Thief laughed, but made no answer; and when night came he went to the village-church with a long sack on his back, a bundle under his arm, and a lantern in his hand. In the sack he had some crabs, and in the bundle some short wax-lights. When he got into the church-yard he stopped and took a crab from his sack, and fixing one of his wax-lights upon its back he placed it on the ground and made it crawl about. Then he took out a

second, and a third, and so on, till he had emptied the sack. After that he put on a long black cloak, like a monk's gown, and fastened a grey beard with wax to his chin. Then, being thus completely disguised, he took the sack in which the crabs had been, and, going into the church, proceeded up the chancel. At the same moment the steeple-clock struck twelve, and as soon as the last stroke had rung, the Master-Thief began to cry with a clear, loud voice, "Hear all you sinners! hear, hear! the end of the world is come, the eternal day is near; hear, hear! Whoever will go to Heaven with me, let him creep into this sack. I am Peter, who opens and shuts the gate of Heaven. See out there in the church-yard the dead wandering about, collecting their bones together. Come, come, come, and creep into the sack, for the world passes away."

His words resounded through the whole village; but the Parson and Clerk, who lived close to the church, first understood what he said; and when they perceived the lights wandering about in the church-yard, they believed that something uncommon was happening, and went into the church. They listened for a while to the preacher; and at length the Clerk nudged the Parson, and said to him, "It would not be a bad plan if we made use of this opportunity before the dawning of the eternal day, to get to Heaven in an easy way."

"Oh, certainly!" replied the Parson, "that is exactly what I think; if you desire it, we will forthwith enter on the journey."

"Yes!" said the Clerk; "but you have the precedence, Mr. Parson; I will follow you."

So the Parson mounted the chancel steps, and crept into the sack which the Master-Thief held open, closely followed by the Clerk. Immediately the Thief drew the neck of the sack tight, and, swinging it round, dragged it down the steps, and so often as the heads of the poor fel-

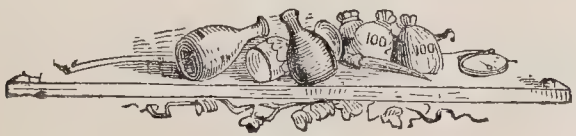
lows in it knocked against the floor, he cried to them, "Ah, now we are going over the mountains!" When they were out of the church he dragged them in the same manner through the village, and called the puddles which the sack went into "the clouds." By-and-by they came to the castle, and as he dragged the sack up the steps he named them as those which led to the gate of Heaven, and said he, "We shall soon be in the entrance-court now." As soon as he got to the top, he pushed the sack into the dove-cote; and when the doves fluttered about he told the Parson and Clerk to listen to the angels fluttering their wings. Then he pushed the bolt to and went away.

The next morning the Master-Thief presented himself before the Count, and told him that he had performed the third task, and drawn the Parson and Clerk out of the church. "Where have you left them then?" asked the Count.

"They are lying in a sack in the dove-cote," said the Thief, "and fancy themselves in Heaven."

The Count went himself, and saw that the Thief had spoken the truth; but he freed the two poor men from their imprisonment. After he had done so, he said to the Thief, "You are indeed an arch-thief, and have won your wager. For this time you may escape with a whole skin, but take care to keep away from my provinces; for if you venture again into my power you shall be elevated on the gallows."

The Master-Thief then took his leave; and after he had said good-bye to his parents, he went away to a distant country, and nobody has seen or heard of him since.



CLXXXIV.

The Drummer.

ONE evening a young Drummer was walking all alone on the sea-shore, and as he went along he perceived three pieces of linen lying on the sand. "What fine linen!" said he; and picking up one of the pieces, he put it in his pocket and went home, thinking no more of his discovery. By-and-by he went to bed; and just as he was about to fall asleep, he fancied he heard some one call his name. He listened, and presently distinguished a gentle voice, calling, "Drummer, Drummer, awake!" He could see nothing, for it was quite dark; but he felt as it were something flitting to and fro over his bed. "What do you want?" he asked at length. "Give me back my shirt," replied the voice, "which you found yesterday on the sea-shore."

"You shall have it again if you tell me who you are."

"Alas! I am the Daughter of a mighty King; but I have fallen into the power of a Witch, who has confined me on the glass mountain. Every day I am allowed to bathe with my two sisters in the sea: but I cannot fly away again without my shirt. Yestereve my sisters escaped as usual, but I was obliged to stay behind, so I beg you to give me my shirt again."

"Rest happy, poor child!" replied the Drummer "I will readily give it back;" and, feeling for it in his pocket, he handed it to her. She hastily snatched it, and would have hurried away, but the Drummer exclaimed, "Wait a moment, perhaps I can help you!"

"That you may do," said the voice, "if you climb up

the glass mountain and free me from the Witch; but you cannot get there, nor yet ascend, were you to try."

"Where there's a will there's a way," said the Drummer. "I pity you, and I fear nothing; but I do not know the way to the glass mountain."

"The path lies through the large forest, where the Giants are," said the child: "more I dare not tell you;" and, so saying, she flew away.

At break of day the Drummer arose, and hanging his drum round him walked straight away without fear into the forest. After he had traversed some distance without perceiving any Giant, he thought to himself he would awake the sleepers; and so, steadying his drum, he beat a roll upon it which disturbed all the birds so much, that they flew off. In a few minutes a Giant raised himself from the ground, where he had been lying asleep on the grass; and his height was that of a fir-tree. "You wretched wight!" he exclaimed, "what are you drumming here for, awaking me out of my best sleep?"

"I am drumming," he replied, "to show the way to the many thousands who follow me."

"What do they want here in my forest?" asked the Giant.

"They are coming to make a path through, and rid it of such monsters as you," said the Drummer.

"Oho! I shall tread them down like ants."

"Do you fancy you will be able to do anything against them?" said the Drummer. "Why if you bend down to catch any of them, others will jump upon your back; and then when you lie down to sleep, they will come from every bush and creep upon you. And each one has a steel hammer in his girdle, with which he means to beat out your brains."

The Giant was terribly frightened to hear all this, and he thought to himself: "If I meddle with these crafty people

they will do me some injury. I can strangle wolves and bears, but these earthworms I cannot guard against." Then speaking aloud he said, "Here, you little fellow, I promise for the future to leave you and your comrades in peace; and if you have a wish, tell it to me, for I will do anything to please you."

"Well then," replied the Drummer, "you have got long legs, and run quicker than I, so carry me to the glass mountain, and I will beat a retreat march to my companions, so that for this time you shall not be disturbed."

"Come hither, you worm," said the Giant, "set yourself on my shoulder, and I will bear you whither you desire."

The Giant took him up; and the Drummer began to beat with all his might and main. "That is the sign," thought the Giant, "for the others to go back." After a while a second Giant started up on the road, and took the Drummer from the shoulders of the first, and put him in his button-hole. The Drummer took hold of the button, which was as big as a plate, to hold on by and looked round in high spirits. By-and-by they met with a third Giant, who took him out of the button-hole and placed him on the rim of his hat. Here the Drummer walked round and round observing the country; and perceiving in the blue distance a mountain, he supposed it to be the glass-mountain, and so it was. The Giant took only a couple more strides and arrived at the foot of the mountain, where he set down the Drummer. The latter desired to be taken to the summit; but the Giant only shook his head and went away, muttering something in his beard.

So there the poor Drummer was left standing before the mountain, which was as high as if three hills had been placed on each other, and withal as smooth as a mirror, so that he knew not how he should ascend it. He began to climb, but it was in vain, he slipped back every step. "Oh

that I were a bird!" he exclaimed; but of what use was wishing? wings never grew for that. While he ruminated, he saw at a little distance, two men hotly quarrelling. He went up to them and found that their dispute related to a saddle, which lay on the ground before them; and for the possession of which they were contending. "What fools you are," he exclaimed, "to quarrel about a saddle for which you have no horse."

"The saddle is worth fighting about," replied one, "for whoever sits upon it, may wish himself where he will, and may go even to the end of the world if he so desire. The saddle belongs to us in common; but it is now my turn to ride and this other will not let me."

"I will soon end your quarrel!" exclaimed the Drummer, walking a few steps forward, and planting a white wand in the ground; "run both of you to that point, and whoever gets there first shall ride first."

The two men started off at once, but they had scarcely gone two steps, when the Drummer sat himself hastily down on their saddle, and wishing himself on the top of the glass mountain, was there before one could turn his hand round. On the summit was a large plain whereon stood an old stone mansion, and before its door a fish-pond, and behind, a dark wood. The Drummer saw neither man nor beast, all was still, but the noise of the wind among the trees; while close above his head the clouds were rolling along. He stepped up to the door of the house and knocked thrice, and after the third time, an old Woman with red eyes and a brown face opened it. She had spectacles upon her nose, and looked at him very sharply before she asked what his business was.

"Entrance, a night's lodging, and provisions," replied the Drummer boldly.

"That you shall have, if you promise to perform three tasks!" said she.

"And why not?" he replied, "I am not afraid of work, be it ever so hard!"

So the old Woman let him come in, and gave him supper, and afterwards a good bed.

The next morning when the Drummer arose, the old Woman handed him a thimble off her withered finger, and said; "Now go to work and empty the pond out there with this thimble, but you must finish it before night; and besides that, you must take out all the fishes, and range them according to their species upon the bank."

"That is a queer job!" said the Drummer; but going to the pond he began to thimble out the water. He worked all the morning, but what could he do with a single thimble if he had kept at work for a thousand years? When noonday came he stopped and sat down; for as he thought, "It is no use, and all the same whether I work or not." Just then, a Girl came from the house and brought him a basket of provisions. "What do you want?" she asked, "that you sit there so sorrowful."

The Drummer looked up, and seeing that the speaker was very beautiful, he replied: "Alas! I cannot perform the first task, and how I shall do the others, I cannot tell! I have come here to seek a King's daughter, who lives hereabouts, but I have not found her, and I must go further."

"Stop here!" said the Girl, "I will assist you out of your trouble. You are tired, so lay your head in my lap and go to sleep; when you awake again the work will be done!"

The Drummer did not need twice telling, and as soon as his eyes were closed, the Maiden pressed a wishing ring which she had, and said; "Out water, out fishes." Immediately the water rose in the air like a white vapour, and rolled away with the other clouds, while the fishes all

jumped out, and arranged themselves on the banks according to their size and species.

By-and-by the Drummer awoke and saw to his astonishment his work completed. "One of the fishes," said the Maiden, "does not lie with its companions, but quite alone; and so, when the old Woman comes this evening and sees that all is done, she will ask why this fish is left out, and you must take it up and throw it in her face, saying, 'That is for you, old Witch.'"

So when it was evening the old Woman came and asked the question, and he immediately threw the fish in her face. She did not appear to notice it, but only looked silently and maliciously at him. The next morning she said to him, "You got off too easily yesterday; I must give you a harder task; to-day you must cut down all my trees, split the wood into faggots, and range them in bundles; and all must be ready by night."

With these words she gave him an axe, a mallet, and two wedges; but the first was made of lead and the others of tin. When, therefore, he began to chop, the axe doubled quite up, while the mallet and wedges stuck together. He knew not what to do; but at noon the Maiden came again with his dinner and comforted him. "Lay your head in my lap," said she, "and when you awake the work will be done." Thereupon she turned her wishing ring, and at the same moment the whole forest fell down with a crash, the timber split of itself and laid itself together in heaps, as if innumerable giants were at work. As soon as the Drummer awoke, the Maiden said to him, "See, here is all your wood properly cut and stacked, with the exception of one bough, which, if the old Woman, when she comes this evening, asks the reason of, give her a blow with it, and say, 'That is for thee, old Witch.'"

Accordingly, when the Old Woman came, she said,

"See how easy the work is; but for whom is this bough left out?"

"For you, old Witch!" he replied, giving her a blow. But she appeared not to feel it, and, laughing fiendishly, said to him, "To-morrow you shall lay all the wood in one pile, and kindle and burn it."

At daybreak he arose and began to work; but how could a single man pile up a whole forest? The work proceeded very slowly. The Maiden, however, did not forget him in his troubles, and brought him as usual his mid-day meal, after eating which he laid his head in her lap and slept. On his awaking he found the whole pile burning in one immense flame, whose tongues of fire reached up to heaven. "Attend to me," said the Maiden to him; "when the Witch comes she will demand something singular, but do what she desires without fear, and you will take no harm; but if you are afraid, the fire will catch and consume you. Lastly, when you have fulfilled her demands, take her with both hands and throw her into the midst of the flames."

Thereupon the Maiden left him, and presently the old Woman slipped in, crying, "Hu! hu! how I freeze! but there is fire to warm me and my old bones; that is well; but," she continued, turning to the Drummer, "there is a log which will not burn, fetch it out for me; come, if you do that, you shall be free and go where you will, only be brisk."

The Drummer plunged into the flames without a moment's consideration; but they did him no harm, not even singeing a single hair. He bore the faggot off and laid it beside the old Witch; but as soon as it touched the earth it changed into the beautiful Maiden who had delivered him from his troubles, and he perceived at once by her silken shining robes that she was the King's daughter. The old Woman laughed fiendishly again, and exclaimed,

"Do you think you have her? not yet, not yet!" And so saying, she would have seized the Maiden; but the Drummer, catching her with both his hands, threw her into the middle of the burning pile, and the flames closed in around her, as if rejoicing in the destruction of such a Witch.

When this was done the Maiden looked at the Drummer, and, seeing that he was a handsome youth, and that he had ventured his life to save hers, she held out her hand to him and said, "You have dared a great deal for me, and I must do something for you; promise me to be true and faithful, and you shall be my husband. For wealth we shall not want; we have enough here in the treasure which the old Witch has gathered together."

Thereupon she led him into the house and showed him chests upon chests which were filled with treasures. They left the gold and silver, and took nothing but diamonds and pearls; and then, as they no longer wished to remain on the glass mountain, the Drummer proposed that they should descend on the wishing saddle. "The old saddle does not please me," said the Maiden, "and I need only turn the ring on my finger and we shall be at home."

"Well, then, wish ourselves at the city gate," replied the Drummer: and in the twinkling of an eye they were there. "I will go and take the news to my parents first," said the Drummer; "wait here for me, for I shall soon be back."

"Ah! I pray you then take care not to kiss your parents when you arrive on the right cheek, else will you forget everything, and I shall be left alone in this field." "How can I forget you?" said he, and promised her faithfully to return in a very short time. When he entered his father's house nobody knew him, he was so altered, for the three days which he had imagined he had spent on the glass mountain were three long years. He soon recalled himself to their remembrance, and his parents hung round

his neck, so that moved by affection, he entirely forgot the Maiden's injunctions and kissed them on both cheeks. Every thought concerning the Princess at once faded from his mind, and emptying his pockets, he laid handfuls of precious stones upon the table. The parents could not tell what to do with so much wealth, till at length they built a noble castle surrounded by gardens, woods, and meadows, and fit for a prince to inhabit. When it was done the Mother of the Drummer said to him, "I have looked out for a wife for you, and you shall be married in three days' time."

Now the Drummer was quite content with all that his Parents proposed; but the poor Princess was very disconsolate. For a long time after he first left her she waited for him in the fields; but when evening fell she believed that he had kissed his Parents on the right cheek, and forgotten all about her. Her heart was full of grief, and she wished herself in some solitary forest that she might not return to her father's court. Every evening she went to the city and passed by the Drummer's house, but although he saw her many times he never recognised her. At last she heard one day the people talking of the wedding of the Drummer, and she thereupon resolved to make a trial if she could regain his love. As soon as the first festival day was appointed, she turned her wishing ring, saying, "A dress as shining as the sun." Immediately the dress lay before her, and seemed as if wove out of the purest sunbeams! Then, as soon as the guests had assembled she slipped into the hall, and everybody admired her beautiful dress; but most of all the bride elect, who had a passion for fine dresses, and went up to her and asked if she would sell it. "Not for money," she replied; "but for the privilege of sleeping for one night next to the chamber of the bridegroom."

The Bride elect could not resist her wish for the dress,

and so she consented; but first of all she mixed in the sleeping-draught of the Bridegroom a strong potion which prevented him from being awakened. By-and-by, when all was quiet, the Princess crept to the chamber door, and opening it slightly, called gently,

"Drummer, Drummer, O list to me,
Forget not what I did for thee;
Think of the mountain of glass so high,
Think of the Witch and her cruelty;
Think of my plighted troth with thee:
Drummer! Drummer! O list to me!"

She cried all in vain, the Drummer did not awake, and when day dawned the Princess was forced to leave. The second evening she turned her wishing-ring, and said, "A dress as silvery as the moon." As soon as she had spoken it lay before her; and when she appeared in it at the ball, the Bride elect wished to have it as well as the other, and the Princess gave it to her for the privilege of passing another night next the chamber of the Bridegroom. And everything passed as on the first night.

The servants in the house, however, had overheard the plaint of the strange Maiden, and they told the Bridegroom about it. They told him also that it was not possible for him to hear anything about what was said because of the potion which was put into his sleeping draught.

The third evening the Princess turned her ring and wished for a dress as glittering as the stars. As soon as she appeared in the ball-room thus arrayed, the Bride elect was enchanted with its beauty, and declared rapturously, "I must and will have it." The Maiden gave it up like the former, for a night's sleep next the Bridegroom's chamber. This time he did not drink his wine as usual, but poured it out behind the bed; and so, when all the house was quiet, he heard a gentle voice repeating,

"Drummer, Drummer, O list to me,
Forget not what I did for thee;
Think of the mountain of glass so high,
Think of the Witch and her cruelty;
Think of my plighted troth with thee:
Drummer! Drummer! O list to me."

All at once his memory returned, and he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! how could I have treated you so heartlessly; but the kisses which I gave my parents on the right cheek in the excess of my joy, they have bewildered me." He jumped up, and taking the Princess by the hand, led her to the bedside of his Parents. This is my true Bride," said he; "and if I marry the other I shall do a grievous wrong." When the Parents heard all that had happened they gave their consent, and thereupon the lights in the hall were rekindled, the drums and trumpets refetched, the friends and visitors invited to come again, and the true wedding was celebrated with great pomp and happiness.

But the second Bride received the three splendid dresses, and was as well contented as if she had been married!



CLXXXV.

The Ears of Wheat.

AGES upon ages ago, when the angels used to wander on earth, the fruitfulness of the ground was much greater than it is now. Then the Ears of Wheat bore, not fifty or sixty-fold, but four times five-hundred-fold. Then the corn grew from the bottom of the stalk to the top; and so long as the stalk was, so long were the Ears. But as men always do in the midst of their abundance, they forgot the blessing which came from God, and became idle and selfish.

One day a Woman went to a corn-field, and her little Child who accompanied her fell into a puddle and soiled her frock. The Mother tore off a handful of Wheat-ears and cleaned her Daughter's dress with them. Just then an Angel passed by, and saw her. He became very angry, and declared to her that henceforth the Wheat-stalks should no longer produce Ears, for, said he, "You mortals are not worthy of heaven's gifts." The bystanders who heard him, fell on their knees, weeping and praying him to leave the Wheat-stalks alone, if not for themselves, yet for the poor fowls, who must otherwise perish with hunger. The Angel pitied their distress and granted part of their prayer; and from that day the Ears of Wheat grew as they do now.

CLXXXVI.

The Grave-Mound.

ONCE upon a time a rich Farmer was standing in his yard, looking out over his fields and gardens, where the corn was growing quite yellow, and the trees hanging down with fruit. The produce of the previous year lay yet in his granaries, and its weight was so great that the beams could scarcely support it. Next he went into his stables, and there stood stall-fed oxen, fat cows, and sleek horses. Lastly, he went back to his kitchen and his parlour, where stood the iron chests in which his gold was contained. Whilst he stood meditating upon his riches he heard suddenly a knock close to him. It was not at the door of his house, but at his heart. He listened, and heard a voice which said to him, "Have you done good with your wealth? have you cared for the troubles of the poor? have you shared your bread with the hungry? have you been contented with what you possess, or have you desired more?" His heart replied without delay, "I have been hard and unmerciful to all; I have done good to no one; when a poor man has come to my door I have turned away my eyes; nor have I concerned myself about a God, but thought only how to increase my riches, and had all that heaven covered been mine, I should not even then have been satisfied!" As soon as these answers had passed through his mind, he became terribly frightened; and his knees trembled so much that he was forced to sit down. Then a second knock was heard by him, but this time it was not at his heart, but at the door. It was his neighbour, a Poor Man, who had a great many children, more than he could satisfy. "I know that my neighbour is

rich," the poor fellow had thought to himself; "but he is also very stingy: I do not believe that he will help me, but my children cry so for bread, I will venture it!" When the Rich Man answered the knock, the Poor Man said to him; "You are not accustomed, I know, to give readily to the poor; but I stand here like one whose head is nearly under water; my children are hungry, lend me four measures of meal?"

The Rich Man looked at him for some time, and soon the first sunbeam of compassion began to melt the ice of his selfishness. "I will not lend you four measures," he replied; "but I will give you eight measures, on one condition!"

"What is that?" asked the Poor Man.

"When I am dead, you must watch three nights by my grave."

This condition caused the Poor Man much secret uneasiness; still, on account of the necessity in which he was, he consented; and promising all, he carried the corn home with him.

It seemed as if the Rich Man had a presentiment of what was to happen, for after three days, he suddenly fell dead on the ground; nobody knew the cause of his decease, but no suspicion was excited. After he was buried, the Poor Man remembered his agreement, from which he wished he could have released himself; but he thought, "The man behaved very compassionately to me, and I satisfied my children's hunger with his corn; and besides, I promised, and must perform."

As soon, then, as night fell, he went to the churchyard and sat down on a grave-mound. All was still, only the moon was shining on the hillocks, and many times an owl flew by, making her doleful cries. As soon as the sun again arose, the poor man returned home wearied out; and in due time passed the second night in similar quiet. But

on the third evening he felt a peculiar terror; it seemed as if something stood before him. As soon as he got out he perceived a man on the wall of the churchyard, whom he had never seen before. He was by no means young, for his face was full of wrinkles; but his eyes shone with a bright light. He was quite enveloped by a large cloak, and only his large jackboots were to be seen. "What are you seeking here?" asked the Peasant; "are you not afraid of the lone churchyard?"

"I fear nothing and desire nothing," replied the Man. "I am like the youth who travelled to learn what shivering meant, and wearied himself in so doing, but still received a Princess for his Wife and great riches; but I have always been poor; I am nothing but a discharged Soldier, and want to pass the night here, because I have no other shelter."

"If you have no fear, then," said the Peasant, "remain with me, and assist me to watch this grassy mound."

"Keeping guard is part of the Soldier's business," replied the stranger; "so, whatever meets us here, whether bad or good, we will bear in common."

To this the Peasant assented, and the pair sat down by the grassy mound. Everything was quiet till midnight; and then all at once a cutting sound was heard in the air, and the two watchers perceived an Evil Spirit standing before them. "Away, you rascals!" he cried, "away! the man who lies in this grave belongs to me; I am come to fetch him, and if you do not take yourselves off I will break your necks." "Captain with the red feather!" replied the Soldier, "you are not my captain; I need not obey you; and to fear I have never learnt. Go your way! we shall stop here."

When the Soldier had spoken this, the Evil Spirit began to think to himself that perhaps he could manage the two watchers better by offering them money; and so mod-

erating his tune, he asked civilly whether they would not be satisfied to go home on the receipt of a purse of gold.

"That deserves consideration," said the Soldier; "but we shall not be sufficiently rewarded with one purseful of gold: if, however, you will give us as much as will fill one of my jackboots, we will leave the field to you and go away."

"I have not so much with me," replied the Evil Spirit; "but I will fetch it. In the neighbouring town lives a banker, who is an intimate friend of mine, and he will readily lend me all I require."

So saying, the Spirit disappeared; and as soon as he was gone, the Soldier, drawing off his left boot, said to his companion, "Ah! now see how we will pull the nose of this coal-burner; only give me your knife, cousin."

He first cut off the sole, and then set the boot upright in the long grass on the edge of a half-dug grave, near the one they were watching. "That is well done," he said: "now the chimney-sweeper may come as soon as he likes."

The pair sat down again to watch, and in a short time the Spirit returned, carrying a bag of gold in his hand.

"Shoot it in!" said the Soldier, raising the boot up a little as he approached; "but that lot will not be enough." The Spirit emptied the bag; but the gold fell through the boot of course, so that there remained nothing in it. "Stupid Spirit!" exclaimed the Soldier; "it is nothing at all, did I not tell you so? You must return and fetch more." Shaking his head, the Spirit went and returned in an hour with a much larger bag under his arm. "Shoot it in!" said the Soldier again, "but I doubt there is still not enough." The gold clinked as it fell, but the boot was still empty, and the Spirit himself, looking in with fiery eyes, convinced himself of the fact. "You have shamefully gulves!" exclaimed the Spirit, making a wry face.

"Did you think," answered the Soldier, "that I had

hoofs like you? Since when have you been so illiberal? Come, make haste and fetch some more gold, or our bargain will be at an end."

The Evil Spirit trotted off a third time, and after some long while returned with a sack upon his shoulders which nearly bent him double. He shot its contents quickly into the boot, but still it remained as empty as before. Thereupon he flew into a dreadful passion, and tried to snatch the boot out of the ground; but at the same moment the first dawn of daylight appeared, and the sun began to rise, so that the Evil Spirit was forced to fly away with loud shrieks. And the body of the rich man thenceforth rested in peace.

The Peasant would have shared the gold which the Spirit had left behind him; but the Soldier said, "No! give to the poor what should belong to me, and I will return with you to your cottage, and there we will spend the remainder of our days in quiet happiness, so long as it shall please God to spare us."



CLXXXVII.

Old Rinkrank.

THERE was once a King who had a Daughter; and he had a glass mountain built, and said that whoever could run over it without tumbling should have this Daughter for his wife. Then there was one who was so fond of the King's Daughter that he asked the King whether he might not marry her. "Yes," said the King, "if you can run over the mountain without tumbling, then you shall have her." The King's Daughter said she would run over with him, so that she might hold him up if he were going to fall; so they ran over together, but when they got up to the middle the King's Daughter slipped and fell, and the glass mountain opened itself, and she tumbled right into it. Her Sweetheart couldn't see a bit where she had gone through, for the mountain had closed again directly. Then he fretted and cried so much, and the King too was so wretched, that he had the mountain broken down again, thinking he would get his daughter out again; but they could never find the place where she had tumbled through. In the mean time the King's Daughter had got quite deep into the ground, in a great cave. There, there came to her an old fellow with a tremendous long grey beard, and he told her that if she would be his servant and do all he bade her, she should remain alive; if not, he would make away with her. So she did all he told her. In the morning he took his ladder out of his pocket and placed it against the mountain, and climbed up out of it. Then he pulled the ladder up after him. She had then to cook his dinner, to make his bed, and to do all his work; and when

he came home again he always brought great heaps of gold and silver with him.

Now, when she had been many years with him, and had already grown quite old, he called her Mother Mansrot, and she had to call him Old Rinkrank. One day, when he was out again, she made his bed, and washed his dishes, and then she shut up all the doors and windows quite close; but there was a little loophole, through which the light shone into the house, and that she left open. When Old Rinkrank came home again he knocked at his door, and called out, "Open the door for me." "Nay, Old Rinkrank," said she; "I sha'n't open the door." Then he said:—

"Here stand I, poor Rinkrank,
Upon my seventeen long shanks;
Mother Mansrot, wash my dishes!"

"I have already washed your dishes," said she. Then he said again:—

"Here stand I, poor Rinkrank,
Upon my seventeen long shanks;
Mother Mansrot, make my bed!"

"I have already made your bed," said she. Then he said again:—

"Here stand I, poor Rinkrank,
Upon my seventeen longshanks;
Mother Mansrot, open the door!"

Then he ran all round about the house, and saw that the little loophole was open, so he thought, "I will just look in there, to see what she is about that she won't open the door for me." So he went and tried to look in, but he couldn't get his head through on account of his long beard, so he poked his beard through the loophole first, and when he had got it quite through Mother Mansrot ran up, and fastened the trap-door with a band which she had tied to it,

and so the beard was fastened in quite tight. Then he began to scream most miserably, it hurt him so; and he begged and prayed she would let him loose; but she said not before he gave her the ladder on which he climbed out of the mountain. Then, whether he willed or not, he was obliged to say where the ladder was. So she tied a very long band to the trap-door, and placed the ladder against the mountain, and climbed up out of it; and when she was up at the top she pulled the trap-door open. She went then to her father and told all about what happened to her. The King was greatly rejoiced; and her Sweetheart was there still; so they went and dug up the mountain, and found Old Rinkrank with all his gold and silver. Then the King had Old Rinkrank killed, and took home all his silver and gold. And the King's Daughter married her old Sweetheart, and they lived right merrily in [illegible] dour and happiness.



CLXXXVIII.

The Ball of Crystal.

THERE was once upon a time an Enchantress who had three sons, who loved one another dearly, but yet their mother would not trust them, and was always suspecting that they would rob her of her power; so she changed the eldest into an Eagle, and condemned him to dwell on the tops of a rocky chain of mountains, where one might see him many times wheeling round and round in the air in great circles. The second brother she changed into a Whale, and he dwelt in the deep sea, where one might see him now and then throwing up a huge stream of water. These two could retake their human form for two hours a day. The third son, however, fearing that he might be changed into some wild beast, bear or lion, secretly took his departure, for he had heard that in the Castle of the Golden Sun sat an enchanted Princess awaiting a deliverer. Many a youth had felt bound to venture his life in her cause, but already had three-and-twenty met with horrible deaths, and only one remained to tell the dreadful tale. Our hero drove away all fear from his mind, and resolved to search out this wonderful castle. For a very long time he had wandered about, when one day he unexpectedly arrived in a large forest, from which he could not get out. He perceived, however, in the distance two Giants, who beckoned him with their hands. He went towards them, and they told him that they were fighting for the possession of a hat; but, as they were both equally strong, neither could gain the mastery, and they wished, therefore, to leave the decision to him, since men of his size were generally very wise and crafty.

"What can induce you to fight for an old hat?" asked the Youth.

"You do not know the wonderful properties which belong to it," answered the Giants; "it is a wishing hat, and whoever wears it may go instantly whither he wishes."

"Give me the hat," said the Youth; "I will go a short way, then do you both run as if for a wager, and whoever comes up to me first shall have the hat." With these words he put the hat on and walked off; but, beginning to think of the Princess, he forgot the Giants, and walked on and on. All at once he heaved a sigh from the bottom of his heart, and exclaimed, "Ah! that I were near the Castle of the Golden Sun." Scarcely had the words passed his lips when he found himself standing on a high mountain before the very place. He entered the Castle by the door and passed through all the rooms till he came to the last, where he found the Princess. But how startled he was when he saw her. Her face was full of wrinkles, her eyes were sunk deep in her head, and her hair was red. "Are you the King's Daughter of whose beauty all the world talks?" asked the Youth. "Alas!" she replied, "this is not my form; the eyes of mortal men can only see me in this hateful guise; but that you may know how beautiful is the reality, look in this mirror which cannot err, that will show you my face as it is in reality." She gave him a mirror, and he beheld in it the portrait of the most beautiful Maiden the earth could contain, and over her cheeks he could even see the tears of sorrow rolling. "How can I save you?" he asked; "no danger will appal me." The Princess replied, "He who can obtain possession of the Crystal Ball, and hold it before the Enchanter, will thereby break his power, and I shall return to my original shape. But, alas! already many a one has met death for me, and I shall grieve for your youthful blood if you dare these great perils."

"Nothing can keep me from the attempt," said the Youth; "but what must I do?"

"You shall know all," said the Princess: "if you descend the mountain on which this castle stands you will find a wild Ox, with which you must fight, and if you are lucky enough to kill it, a Fiery Bird will rise from its carcase, in whose body is a red hot egg, the yolk of which forms the Crystal Ball. This Bird will not drop the egg till it is compelled; but if it falls to the ground it will burn and consume whatever is near it, and then the iron will melt, and with it the Crystal Ball, and all your trouble will be futile."

The Youth, thereupon, descended to the bottom of the mountain, where he saw the Ox, who commenced as soon as he appeared to bellow and run at him. After a long fight the Youth plunged his sword into its body, so that it fell dead to the ground. At the same instant the Fiery Bird rose from the carcase and was about to fly away, when the Eagle, the brother of the Youth, who was just then passing over the spot, swooped down and struck the Bird towards the sea, so that in its endeavours to escape it let fall the egg. The egg, however, did not fall into the sea, but on the roof of a fisherman's hut which stood on the shore. The roof began to burn, for the egg instantly blazed up; but at the moment, immense waves dashed out of the sea, and rolling quite over the hut extinguished the fire. It was the other brother, the Whale, who had caused this, having luckily swum there at the right time. As soon as the fire was out, the Youth searched for the egg, and found it very quickly; it was not quite molten, but the shell was so cracked by the sudden cooling of the cold sea water that he managed easily to extract the Crystal Ball.

The Youth took it at once to show to the Enchanter who, as soon as he saw it, said, "My power is destroyed, and you are henceforth King of the Castle of the Golden

Sun. Your brothers, also, can now return to their human forms.

The Youth then hastened to the Princess, and as soon as he entered the room her former beauty returned in all its glory, and they both exchanged rings with great joy, which means to say, I suppose, that they married and were very happy.



CLXXXIX.

Jungfrau Maleen.

'THERE was once upon a time a King's Son, who went a-wooing the Daughter of another mighty King, and her name was Jungfrau Maleen. Her father, however, refused his permission to the match, because he wished her to marry some one else. But they both still loved one another so dearly, that Jungfrau Maleen told her father she could not and would not marry any one except this Prince. When she said so, her father flew into a great passion, and caused a gloomy tower to be built, into which no ray of either sun or moon could penetrate. When it was completed he said to his Daughter, "For seven years you shall sit therein; and at the end of that period I will come and see if your stubborn disposition is conquered." Meat and drink sufficient for these seven years were carried into the tower, and then the Princess and her Maid were led into it, and bricked up, so that earth and heaven were shut out from them. They were quite in darkness, and knew no difference between day and night. The Prince often came to the outside of the tower and called their names, but they heard nothing, for no sound could penetrate through the thick walls. What could they do, then, except weep and lament their fate! So time passed by; and, by the decreasing of their food and drink they perceived that the end of their imprisonment was approaching. They imagined that their release was at hand; but no sound of a hammer was to be heard, nor were any stones picked out of the wall, and it seemed as if the King had forgotten them. So, when they had sufficient food left for only a few days, and the prospect of a miserable death stared

them in the face, Jungfrau Maleen said to her companion, "It is time now that we should try to break through the wall."

So saying, she took their bread-knife, and picked and scraped away the mortar round one stone; and when she was tired the Maid assisted her. After a long time they succeeded in taking out one stone, then a second, and a third, and thus, after three days' labour, a ray of light illumined their cell; and then they made the opening so large that they could peep through it. The heaven was blue, and a fresh breeze came in their faces, but how mournful looked everything around! The castle of the King lay in ruins; the towns and villages, as far as the eye could reach, were burnt to the ground; the fields far and near were laid waste; and not one human being was to be seen. Soon the opening in the wall was so large that they could pass through it; and the Maiden first jumping out, her Mistress followed her. But where were they to turn? Enemies had depopulated the whole kingdom, and driven away or slain the King, with all his subjects. The pair therefore wandered on and on, seeking some other country; but nowhere could they find a shelter, or any man to give them bread to eat, and their hunger compelled them to eat the burnt roots of nettles.

However, after much weary travelling, they did at last come to cultivated land, and there, at every house, they offered their services; but nobody would take them in, or show them any pity. At last they arrived at a large city, and went to the King's palace; but there, also, they were on the point of being turned back, when the cook told them they might stop and serve as kitchenmaids if they liked.

Now the son of this King was the very same who was betrothed to Jungfrau Maleen, and his father had engaged him to another maiden, who was as wickedly disposed in

her heart as she was ugly in her looks. When the two travellers arrived, the wedding-day had been already appointed, and the bride was come, but she had shut herself up in her room, and would not be seen, because of her ugliness, and Jungfrau Maleen was ordered to take in her meals. When the day came that the betrothed couple should go to church, the bride elect was so ashamed of her ugliness that she feared she should be laughed at, and derided by the common people if she showed herself to them. So she said to Jungfrau Maleen, "A great piece of luck is presented to you, for I have hurt my foot and cannot walk at all on the road; so you shall put on my bridal clothes, and take my place: a greater honour could not have fallen to your share."

Jungfrau Maleen, however, refused, and said, "I desire no honour that does not belong to me;" and she would not be tempted even with gold. At last the bride elect exclaimed passionately, "If you do not obey me, it shall cost you your life. I have only to say one word, and your head will lie at my feet."

Jungfrau Maleen was now forced to comply, and she arrayed herself in the bridal clothes and ornaments. As soon as she appeared in the royal apartments all were astonished at her great beauty, and the King told his son she was the bride whom he had chosen for him, and it was time now to go to church. The Prince was astonished, and thought to himself, "She looks like my Jungfrau Maleen, and I almost believe it is she; but no! she is dead, or shut up in the tower." He took the Maiden by the hand, and led her to the church, and on the road they passed a nettle-bush, whereupon the bride sang in a strange language—

"Nettle bush! oh, nettle bush!
Have you forgot the day
When I cooked your juicy roots,
My hunger sharp to stay?"

"What did *you* say, then?" asked the Prince. "Nothing! I was only thinking of Jungfrau Maleen," replied the seeming bride. He marvelled that she should know her, but he said nothing, and when they came to the church steps she sang—

"Church-steps! break not, I pray,
The true bride comes not to-day."

"What did you say?" asked the Prince. "Nothing," she replied, as before: "I was but thinking of Jungfrau Maleen."

"Do you know that maiden, then?" asked the Prince. "No, how should I? I have only heard of her," said she; and when they passed through the church-door she sang—

"Church-door! crack not, I pray,
The true bride comes not to-day."

"What did you say?" asked the Prince a third time. "Alas! I was only thinking of Jungfrau Maleen," she said. Then he drew out a costly chain, and fastened it around her neck; and thereupon they walked into the church, and the priest, joining their hands together at the altar, married them in due form. The ceremony over, the bridegroom led back the bride, but she never spoke a single word all the way home. As soon as they arrived at the palace, she hastened into the bride's chamber, and, laying aside her beautiful clothes and ornaments, she put on her grey kirtle, but kept the chain round her neck which she had received from the bridegroom.

When night came, and it was time for the bride to be ushered into the bridegroom's chamber, the ugly maiden let fall her veil over her features, that the deceit might not be discovered. As soon as they were alone, the bridegroom asked her, "What did you say to the nettle-bush which we passed on the road?"

"To what nettle-bush?" she asked, "I spoke to no nettle-bush!"

"If you did not, you are not my real Bride," said he. Thereupon she left the room, and seeking Jungfrau Maleen, asked her what she had said to the nettle-bush. She sang the words over—

"Nettle-bush, oh nettle-bush,
Have you forgot the day
When I cooked your juicy roots,
My hunger sharp to stay?"

And as soon as she had done, the Bride ran back to the room and repeated them to the Prince. "But what did you say to the church-steps as we passed up them?" he inquired. "To the church-steps!" she echoed in surprise; "I spoke to none." "Then you are not the right Bride," said the Bridegroom again. "I will go and ask my Maid what my thoughts were," said the Bride; and seeking Jungfrau Maleen, she inquired of her what she had said. The Maid repeated the words—

"Church-steps, break not, I pray,
The true Bride comes not to-day."

"That shall cost you your life!" exclaimed the Bride; but, hastening back to the chamber, she told the Prince the words which she had just heard. "But what did you say to the church-door?" he inquired next. "To the church-door!" she replied; "I spoke to no church-door."

"Then you are not the right Bride," said the Prince. Thereupon away she went a third time to Jungfrau Maleen, and inquired what she had said. The Maid repeated the words—

"Church-door, break not, I pray,
The true Bride comes not to-day."

"Your neck shall be broken for saying so," exclaimed the

Bride in a rage; but hastening back to the chamber, she repeated the words she had just heard to the Bridegroom.

"But where have you put the chain I gave you at the church-door?" asked the Prince.

"What chain? you gave me no chain!" exclaimed the Bride. "But I hung it round your neck myself; and fastened it myself; and if you do not remember that, you are not the right Bride." With that he tore the veil from her face, and when he saw her extreme ugliness, he exclaimed, springing away from her, "Who are you? whence come you?"

"I am your betrothed Bride," she replied; "but because I feared the people would mock me if I showed myself to them, I ordered our Kitchen-Girl to put on my dresses, and to go to church in my place."

"Where is the Girl, then, now? Go and fetch her immediately," said the Prince.

She went out and told the other servants that the Kitchen-Girl was an enchantress, and that they must drag her away from the court and cut off her head. The servants soon caught the Maiden, and would have done as they were told; but she cried so loudly for help, that the Prince heard her voice, and hastening out of his room gave orders for the Maiden's instant release. Lights were immediately brought, and then the Prince perceived round the Maiden's neck the golden chain which he had given her at the church-door.

You are the true Bride who went to church with me," he exclaimed; "come with me now." As soon as they were alone, he said to her, "On the way to church you named Jungfrau Maleen, who was once betrothed to me. Now, if I thought it possible, I should say that you were that Maiden, for you are so like to her."

"I am Jungfrau Maleen," she replied, "and for seven long years have I been shut up in darkness; hunger and

thirst, too, I have suffered, and in poverty and distress have I lived ever since; but on this day the sun shines again. I did indeed accompany you to church, and it was to me that you were married."

So the Prince recovered his true Bride, Jungfrau Maleen, and with her lived happily for many long years.

But the false Bride had her head cut off.



CXC.

The Boots made of Buffalo-Leather.

A SOLDIER who is afraid of nothing, cares for nothing. Now such an one had received his discharge, and because he had learnt no trade, he could earn no money; and so he wandered about hither and thither, begging alms of good people. Over his shoulders hung an old weather-proof cloak, and he had still left a pair of Buffalo-leather Boots. One day, thus equipped, he went on walking through the fields without attending to the guide-posts, and at last he came to an immense forest. He did not know where he was, but he saw a man sitting upon the trunk of a tree, who was well dressed in a green huntsman's coat. The Soldier held out his hand to him, and then laying himself down on the grass stretched out his legs. "I see you have a pair of fine shining boots on," said he to the Huntsman; "but if you had to walk about as much as I, they would not last you very long. Look at mine! they are made of Buffalo-leather, and although they have served me a long time, they would still 'go through thick and thin.'" The Hnntsman made no answer; and after a while the Soldier got up and said, "I can stop here no longer; hunger urges me forward; but pray, Brother Thin-Boots, where does this path lead?" "I do not know myself," replied the Huntsman; "I have lost myself in this forest." "Then you are in the same plight as I," returned the Soldier; "like and like please one another; we will remain together and seek the way." The Huntsman only laughed, but they set out together, and kept on till nightfall. "We shall not get out of this forest to-night," exclaimed the Soldier at last; "but I can see a light glim-

mering in the distance, where they will give us something to eat." It was a stone cottage, and when they knocked at the door, an old Woman opened it. "We are seeking a night's lodging," said the Soldier to her, "and some fodder for our stomachs, for mine is as empty as my purse."

"You cannot stop here," answered the old Woman; "this is a robbers' house, and you will be wise if you go away before they return, or you will be lost."

"It cannot be worse," said the Soldier; "for two days I have not eaten a morsel; and so it is all one to me whether I perish in this house or out in the forest. I shall come in and risk it!"

The Huntsman did not wish to follow, but the Soldier drawing his arm within his own, drew him in, saying "Come, comrade; we will suffer together!"

"The old Woman pitied them, and told them to creep behind the oven, and then when the robbers were satisfied and slept, she would give them something to eat. Scarcely had they hid snugly in the corner, than in came the twelve robbers; and placing themselves round the table, demanded their supper with harsh language. The old Woman soon brought in an immense dish of baked meat, and the robbers prepared to fall to. Soon the smell of the savoury mess ascended the Soldier's nose, and he said to the Huntsman, "I can hold out no longer, I must sit down at the table and take a share!" "You will lose your life!" whispered the Huntsman, holding him fast by the arm. The Soldier began to cough loudly, and as soon as the robbers heard this, they threw aside their knives and forks, and rising hastily from the table discovered the pair behind the oven. "Aha, you rascals!" they called; "what are you sitting there in that corner for? Are you sent as spies? Just wait a bit and you shall learn how to fly on a bare branch!" "Oh! have some manners, if you please!" returned the Soldier; "give us something to eat first, and

afterwards you shall do what you like with us!" The robbers were astonished to hear such bold words, and the Captain said; "Good! I see you are not afraid; eat you shall, but afterwards you shall die." "That is to be seen," muttered the Soldier; and sitting down at the table, he began to cut and eat in earnest. "Brother Thin-Boots, he exclaimed to the Huntsman, "come and eat; you are hungry as well as I, and a better joint than this you could not have at home." The Huntsman however refused; and the robbers looking at the Soldier, said to one another, "This fellow makes no ceremony." When he had done eating, he asked for something to drink, saying, "Well! the meat was good enough; now let us have a good draught of wine." The Captain happened to be in a good humour, and so he told the old Woman to fetch a bottle of the very best wine out of the cellar. When it was brought, the Soldier drew out the cork so that it made a great noise; and then going to the Huntsman he whispered to him, "Pay attention, my brother, and you shall see a grand wonder; I will now drink the health of the whole company!" So saying, he swung the bottle over the heads of the robbers, at the same time shouting out, "You shall all live, but with your mouths open and your right hands uplifted!" Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, than the robbers all sat motionless as if they were made of stone, their mouths open and their right arms stretched out. "I see," said the Huntsman to the Soldier, "you can do any other trick you please; but, come now, let us go home." "Oh no, Brother Thin-Shoes!" replied the Soldier, "that were too early to march away; we have beaten the enemy and now we must take the booty. Come now, eat and drink what you like." So they stopped there three days, and every day the old Woman had to fetch up fresh wine. The fourth day the Soldier said to his companion, "It is time now to break the spell, but that we may have

a short march the old Woman shall show us the nearest road."

As soon as they arrived at the town the Soldier went to his old comrades, and told them that he had found in the forest a nest of thieves, and if they wished he would show them where. They agreed to go, and the Soldier pursuaded the Huntsman to accompany him again, and see how the robbers behaved when they were caught. So first he placed the soldiers round the robbers in a circle, and then drinking a draught of wine out of the bottle, he swung it over them and exclaimed, "You shall all live." In a moment they had the power of motion again, but they were soon thrown down and bound hand and foot with ropes. Then they were thrown like sacks upon a waggon, and the Soldier bade his comrades drive it away to the prison. But the Huntsman, taking aside one of the soldiers, gave him a commission and sent him off to the town. They walked on, and by-and-by, as they approached the town, the Soldier perceived an immense crowd of men rushing out at the gates, hurraing loudly and waving green branches of trees in the air. Soon he saw that it was the body-guards of the King who were approaching them; and turning to the Huntsman he asked, "What does this mean?" "Do you not know," he replied, "that the King has been absent from his kingdom for a length of time? To-day he returns and these are coming out to meet him." "But where is the King? I do not see him," said the Soldier. "Here he is," answered the Huntsman; "I am the King, and I caused my return to be proclaimed." With these words he opened his hunting-coat and showed his royal dress. The Soldier was frightened, and falling on his knees he begged the King's pardon for having treated him so unceremoniously, and called him by such names. The King, however, holding out his hand, said to him, "You are a brave Soldier, and have saved my life; you shall en-

dure poverty no longer; I will care for you, and if at any time you need a piece of meat as good as we had in the robber house, come to my palace and dine with me. But before you drink healths, you must ask my permission."



CXCI.

Joseph in the Forest.

THERE was once upon a time a Mother who had three Daughters, the eldest of whom was stupid and bad-tempered; the second, however, was much better, though she, too, had her faults; but the youngest was a pious, good child. The Mother was odd in her tastes, for she loved the eldest the most, and could not endure her youngest Daughter; and therefore she often sent the poor girl out into the forest, where she hoped to be rid from her, hoping that she would wander about so as to lose herself. Her guardian angel, however, (and such an one watches over every good child,) did not forsake her, but led her always along the right road. Once the angel seemed to have forsaken her, and the Child wandered on by herself. She walked on till evening, and then saw a light burning in the distance. She went up to it, and found a little cottage, and knocking at the door it opened, and she came to a second door, where she knocked again. An old man, with a snow-white beard and a venerable countenance, opened it, and he was no other than St. Joseph. In a friendly voice he said, "Come in, dear Child; sit down on my stool by the fire and warm yourself; I will fetch you some clear water if you are thirsty but I have nothing for you to eat but a couple of roots, and those you must scrape and cook for yourself." With these words St. Joseph handed her the roots, and carefully peeling them, she took up a small

saucepan and put them in. Then she added to them some water and the bread which her Mother had given her, and put them over the fire till they were boiled down to a soup. When it was done, St. Joseph said, "I am so hungry, give me some of your broth to eat." This the Girl very willingly did, and gave him more than she took for herself. Still, however, with God's blessing, she had quite sufficient. As soon as they had finished their supper, St. Joseph said, "It is time now to go to bed, but as I have only one bed, do you lie down in that, and I will make my bed of straw." "No, no," she replied; "keep you your own bed, the straw is tender enough for me." St. Joseph, however, would carry her to the bed, and there laying her down, she went to sleep as soon as she had said her prayers. The next morning when she awoke, she would have said, "Good morning!" to St. Joseph, but she could nowhere see him. She arose and looked for him, but she could not find him in any corner; and while she searched she perceived hanging behind the door a sack full of money, on which it was written that it was for the Maiden who had slept there that night. She took the sack, and jumping merrily along under its weight, took it to her Mother, who was obliged for once to be satisfied with her youngest Daughter.

The following day the second Daughter also took a fancy to go into the forest, and her Mother gave her a much larger pancake and a piece of bread. It happened to her the same as it had done to her Sister. Towards evening she came to the cottage where St. Joseph lived, and he told her to make herself some soup. As soon as it was ready he said as before, "I pray you give me some of that to eat, for I am so hungry." The child told him to eat with her; and when afterwards he proposed to give her his bed and lie himself on the straw, she said to him, "Share the bed with me, there is room enough for us both!" But St. Joseph laid her down in the bed by herself and slept on the straw,

and by the next morning, when she awoke, he had disappeared. Behind the door she found a small bag of gold, as long as her hand, and on it was written that it was for the Maiden who had slept there that night. She took the bag and hastened home to her Mother, but she kept secretly two pieces of the gold for herself.

Now, the eldest Sister became covetous, and the next morning she prepared to go to the forest. Her Mother gave her several pancakes, as many as she liked, and not only bread, but cheese. About evening she arrived, like her Sisters, at the cottage of St. Joseph, and found him there. She was also bidden to cook her soup, and when it was ready St. Joseph said, "I am so hungry, give me some of your soup to eat." But the Maiden replied, "Wait until I am satisfied, and then what I leave you shall have." So she went on eating till she had nearly finished, and St. Joseph had only the scrapings of the basin. The good old man, however, offered her his bed, and said he would lie on the straw, and this kindness she took as if it were her due, and she let the Holy Joseph lie down on his hard couch. The next morning, when she awoke, he had disappeared, but she cared nothing about that, and thought only of the bag of gold, which she expected to find behind the door. She certainly did see something lying there, but because she could not exactly tell what it was, she bent herself down so that her nose touched it. It stuck to her nose, and when she stood up and looked at herself she found to her terror that it was a second nose growing from the first! She began to howl and shriek, but to what purpose? she could not help seeing her nose, because it was so long. She ran out of the house with a loud cry, and ran on till she met St. Joseph, and as soon as she saw him she fell down on her knees and begged him to take away the second nose. Out of pity for her, he did at last remove it and gave her two pennies. As soon as she reached home her Mother met her at the door

and asked her what she had received. She told a lie, and answered, "A great sack full of money, but I lost it on the way." "Lost it!" repeated the Mother, "then let us look for it again;" and catching her Daughter's hand, she dragged her back to search. At first she wept and would not go, but at length she consented and on they went. At every step they took, snakes and lizards started up, so many that they could not guard them off; and soon one stuck its fang into the breast of the Daughter and she fell dead, and then another pierced the foot of the Mother because she had not brought her Child up better.



CXCII.

Humility and Poverty lead to Heaven.

ONCE upon a time there was a King's Son, who went out into the fields sad and thoughtful. He looked up at the sky, which was so beautifully blue and clear, and said with a sigh, "Ah! how happy must they be who are in heaven." At the same moment he perceived a grey old Man, who was walking the same way, and he asked him the question how he could go to heaven. "Through humility and poverty," answered the old Man. "Put on my old clothes, and wander about the world for seven years to learn what misery is: take no money with you, but when you are hungry, beg a piece of bread of charitable people, and thus you will approach gradually the gate of heaven."

Thus advised, the Prince drew off his fine clothing, and putting on instead the Beggar's rags, he went forth into the world, and endured much misery. He took only the scantiest meals, spoke never a word, but prayed daily to God, to take him, if he pleased, to Heaven. When seven years had passed, he returned to his father's house, but nobody recognised him. He told the servants to go and tell his parents that he was returned; but the servants would not believe him, and only laughed at his pretensions. "Then go and tell my brothers," said he, "that they may come to me, for I should like to see them once again." This request they also refused; but at length one went and told the King's children, but they troubled not their heads about it. Then he wrote a letter to his mother, and depicted all his misery, but said nothing about his being her

son. The Queen pitying his misfortunes, caused a place to be made for him below the staircase, and there two servants daily had to bring him food. But one of them was wicked at heart, and asked, "What shall the Beggar do with good food?" and so he kept it for himself, or gave it to the dogs, while he took the poor weak, half-starved Prince nothing but water. The other servant, however, was honest, and took him daily what he received for him. It was only a little, but still enough to sustain life for a long while; and with it he was quite content, though he grew weaker and weaker. But when his illness increased, he desired to receive the last rites of the church, and while the service was performing, all at once every bell in the city and the country round tolled. As soon as the service was over, the Priest went to the poor Beggar, and found him lying dead, holding in one hand a rose, and in the other a lily; and near him lay a paper whereon was written his history.

And after he was buried, there grew on one side of his grave a rose, and on the other a lily.



CXCIII.

The Three Green Twigs.

ONCE upon a time there lived a Hermit at the foot of a mountain near the forest, who spent his time in prayer and good works, and each evening he carried up the hill a pail of water as an act of penitence. Many a beast refreshed himself from this pail, and many a flower also was revived, for on the height blew continually a hot wind, which dried the air and the earth. The wild fowls also who avoided human beings would circle down near the water and dip their long beaks into it. And because the Hermit was so pious, unseen an Angel always accompanied him up the hill, counting his steps, and bringing him, when the work was done, a meal, like as was done to that Prophet who, at God's command, was fed by the ravens. Thus the Hermit grew older and more pious every day; and once it happened that as he ascended the hill, he saw at a distance a poor sinner led to the gallows. As he looked he said, "Now is he judged rightly!" and as soon as he had so said the Angel left him and brought him no food that evening. He grew frightened, and tried in his heart to think how he had offended God; but he could remember nothing. He ceased to eat or drink, and, throwing himself on the earth, prayed all day and night long. Once, as he was bitterly weeping in the forest, he heard a little Bird singing clearly and beautifully, and the sound so disturbed him that he exclaimed, "Alas! you sing merrily, because you are happy; but I would that you could tell me wherein I have offended God that I might do penance, and so my heart become glad again." Presently the Bird spoke, "You did wrong, because you condemned a poor

criminal whom you saw led to the gallows, and therefore was God angry, because to him alone belongs the right of judgment. Still, if you are penitent and confess your sins, God will yet pardon you." At the moment the Bird finished speaking the Angel stood once more beside the Hermit, and giving a withered branch, said to him, "You shall carry this till Three Green Twigs spring from it; and at night when you sleep you must always place it beneath your head. Your bread you must beg from door to door, and you must not remain in any house more than one night. This is the penance which God imposes on you."

So the Hermit took the dry branch and went back to the world which he had not seen for so long. He ate and drank nothing but what was given to him at the door of charitable people, although at many houses his prayer was refused, and many a door was shut against him, and thus he often passed whole days without a crumb of bread. One day he had thus passed, door after door was shut against him, and nobody would give him anything, or shelter him for the night; so he went into the wood and found a tumble-down cottage, in which an old Woman was sitting. He went in and said to her, "Pray shelter me this night, my good woman." She replied, "No, I dare not, even if I would; I have three sons, wild and wicked, who, if they come home from their plundering and find you here, will kill us both." "Let me stop, nevertheless," entreated the Hermit; "they will do nothing to either you or me." So the old Woman took compassion on him, and bade him sit down. He laid himself down in a corner with the dry branch under his head, and when the old Woman observed this she inquired the reason, and he told her that he carried it as a penance, and was forced to use it every night for his pillow. "I have offended God," he said, "because, when I saw a poor criminal led to the gallows, I said that justice

was done to him. The old Woman began to weep bitterly as he finished his tale, and exclaimed, "Alas! if God so punishes for a single word, how will he judge my sons when they appear before him!"

At midnight the Robbers came home shouting and laughing. They lighted a fire, and as the blaze lit up the cottage they saw the old Man lying in one corner. In a rage they started up and asked their Mother, "Who is this man? Have we not forbidden you ever to allow any one to enter our house?"

"Let him be, he is only a poor sinner doing penance for his sins," pleaded the Mother. "What has he done?" asked the Robbers; and turning to the old Man they said, "Tell us your crimes." So the Hermit lifted himself up, and related how he had sinned by saying a few words, for which God was very angry with him, and had made him do penance. As he finished his tale the hearts of the Three Brothers were powerfully affected, and they were so frightened with the remembrance of their daily lives that they began to repent with heartfelt sorrow. Meanwhile, the old Hermit having thus turned the three sinners from their evil ways, laid down to sleep. In the morning he was found dead, and from the dry branch which formed his pillow Three Green Twigs had burst forth.

And by this it was known that God had fully pardoned him.



CXCIV.

The Old Widow.

IN a certain large town there once lived an Old Widow who sat every evening alone in her room, thinking how, one by one, she had lost and buried her husband, her two sons, and all her relations and friends, so that now she was quite alone in the world. Her heart grew very sorrowful with these thoughts; but the loss of her two sons troubled her the most, and she wept for them very bitterly. She sat quite still, lost in thought, and all at once she heard the bell ringing for early prayers in the church. She wondered how she could have passed all the night in sorrowing; but lighting her lantern she went to the church. As she entered she saw it was already lit up; but not as usual with tapers, but a glimmering light shone through the whole building. It was already filled with wôrshippers, and every seat was occupied, so that when the Poor Widow went to her accustomed place, she found it already filled. As she looked round at the people, she perceived that they were her deceased relations, who sat there in their old every-day dresses; but with pale countenances. They neither spoke nor sang, but a gentle whisper and hum floated through the church. Presently an Aunt of the Poor Widow got up and said to her, "Look towards the altar, and you will see your two sons." She looked and saw her two children, the one hanging on the gallows, and the other broken on the wheel. "See," continued the Aunt, "thus would it have happened to them, had life been given to them, instead of their being mercifully taken by God when they were innocent children." With trembling steps the Old Widow

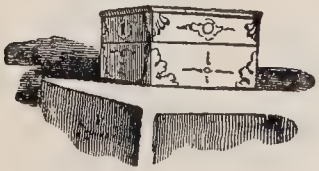
went home, and on her knees thanked God that he had dealt so much better with her than her heart had imagined. But on the third day she laid down on her bed and died.



CXCV.

The Golden Key.

ONE winter, when a deep snow was lying on the ground a poor Boy had to go out in a sledge to fetch wood. As soon as he had collected together a sufficient quantity, he thought that before he returned home he would make a fire to warm himself at, because his limbs were so frozen. So sweeping the snow away he made a clear space, and presently found a small gold key. As soon as he picked it up, he began to think that where there was a key there must also be a lock; and digging in the earth he found a small iron chest. "I hope the key will fit," thought he to himself; "there are certainly great treasures in this box!" He looked all over it, but could not find any key-hole; till at last he did discover one, which was, however, so small, that it could scarcely be seen. He tried the key, and behold! it fitted exactly. Then he turned it once round, and now we must wait until he has quite unlocked it, and lifted the lid up, and then we shall learn what wonderful treasures were in the chest!



CXCVI.

The Rose.

THERE was once a poor Woman who had two Children, and the youngest went every day into the forest to fetch wood. Once, when it had strayed far away, looking for branches, a little, but strong and healthy Child came to it and helped it to pick up wood, and carried the bundles up to the house; but then in less than a moment he was gone. The Child told its Mother of this; but she would not believe it. At last the Child brought home a Rose, and told its Mother that the beautiful Child had given it, and had said that when the Rose was in full bloom then he would come again. The Mother put the Rose into water One morning the Child did not get out of bed, and the Mother went to it and found it dead; but it lay looking quite happy and pleased, and the Rose that same morning was in full bloom.



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